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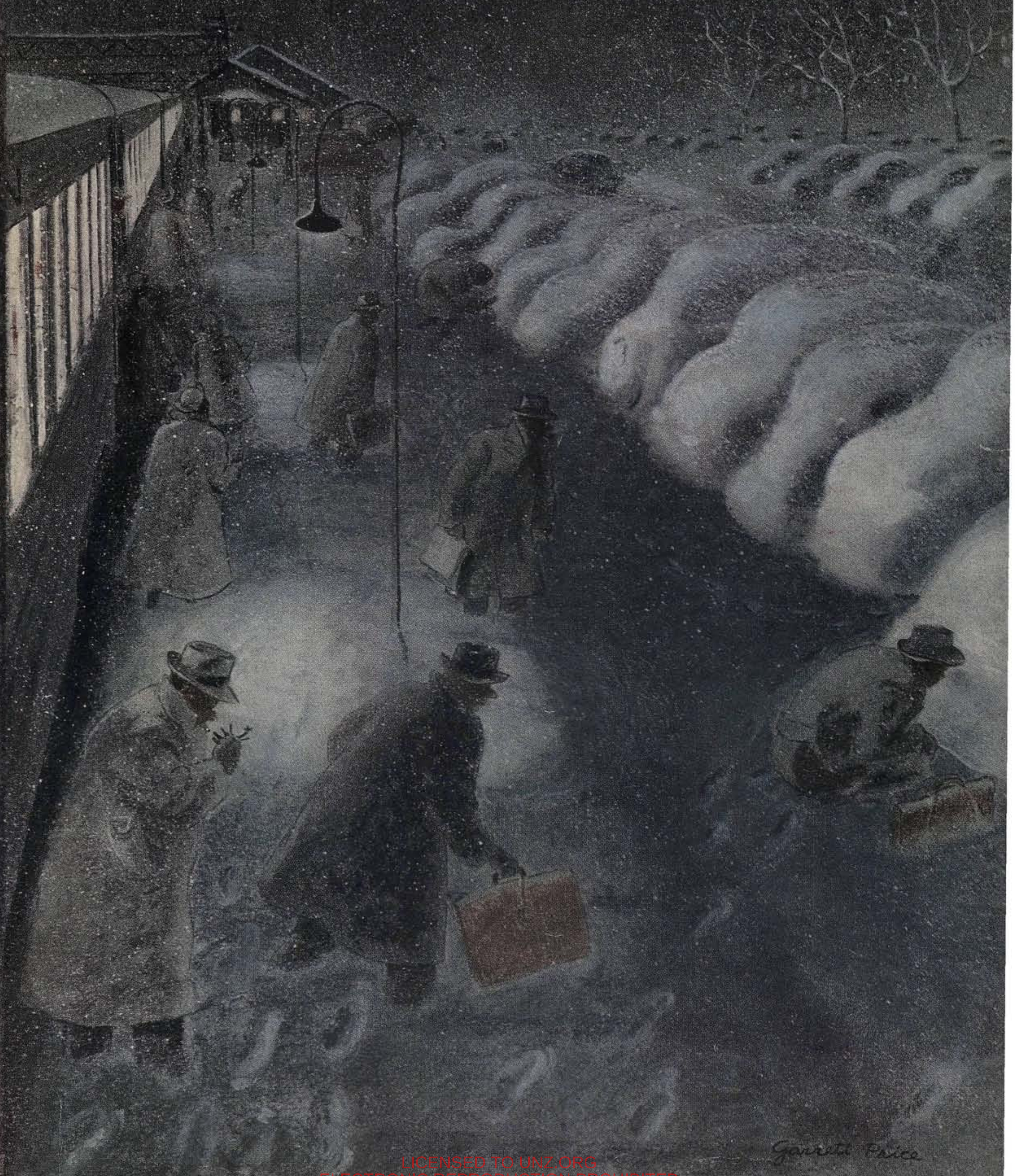
THE NEW YORKER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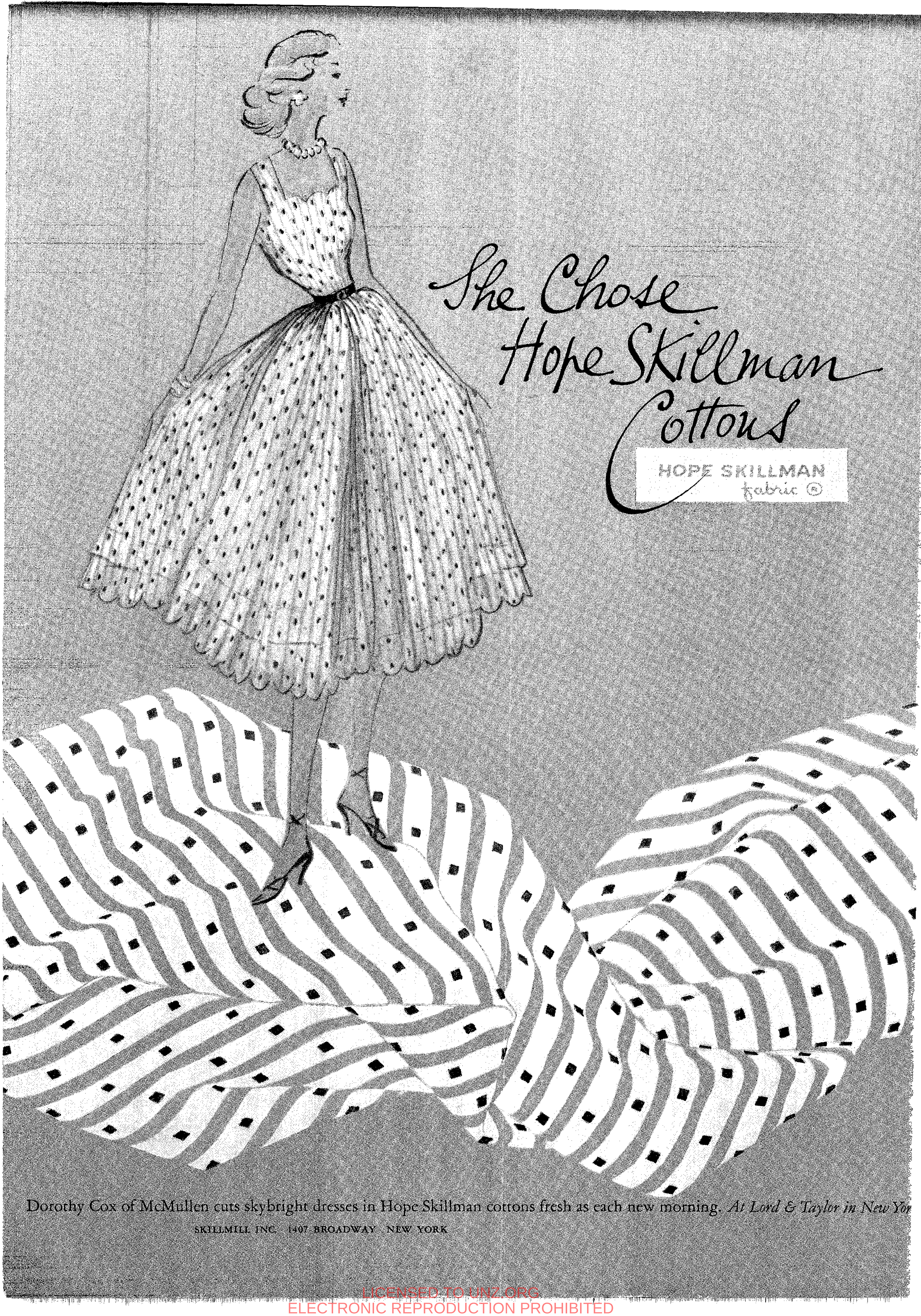
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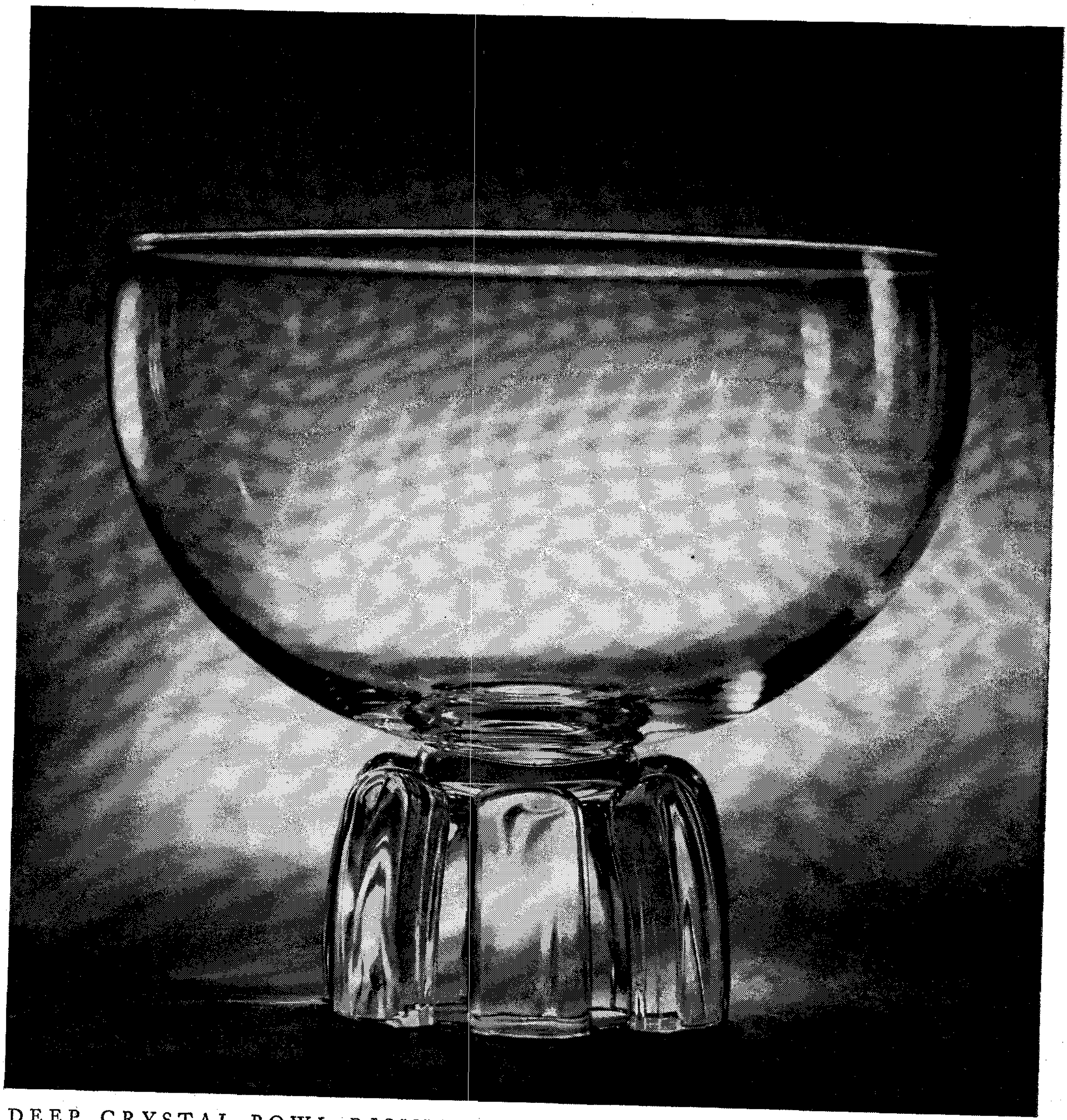

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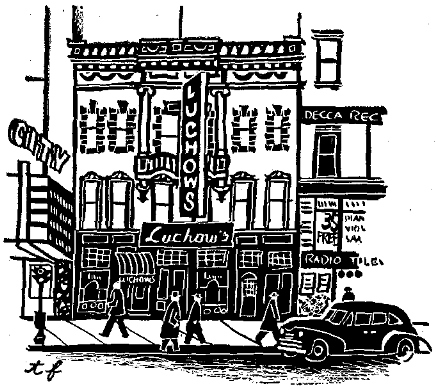
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Caesar and Cleopatra and **Antony and Cleopatra**—Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, as stylish as usual, in the Shaw play and the Shakespeare tragedy. "Caesar and Cleopatra": Thursday evening, Jan. 17; Saturday matinée and evening, Jan. 19; Tuesday evening, Jan. 22; Wednesday matinée, Jan. 23; and Friday evening, Jan. 25. "Antony and Cleopatra": Friday evening, Jan. 18; Monday evening, Jan. 21; Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Jan. 23-24; and Saturday matinée and evening, Jan. 26. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Through Saturday, April 12.)

The Constant Wife—Katharine Cornell is an impressive figure—maybe just a bit too impressive—in the Somerset Maugham comedy about a singularly wise and tolerant wife. Brian Aherne and Grace George assist Miss Cornell in this Guthrie McClintic production. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Fourposter—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn acting out, with a great deal of skill, the high spots of a fairly placid marriage. The play, which involves only two characters, was directed by José Ferrer. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Gigi—Audrey Hepburn is very fetching as a young Parisienne whose female relatives are grooming her for a career as a *grande cocotte*. Anita Loos has done a workmanlike job of adapting Colette's novel, and Gilbert Miller has assembled a superior cast of players, among whom are Cathleen Nesbitt, Michael Evans, and Josephine Brown. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Special performance for the Equity Welfare Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 20.)

I Am a Camera—John van Druten's adaptation of Christopher Isherwood's "The Berlin Stories" is uneven, but it is still one of the better plays of the season. Julie Harris scores a personal triumph as a girl who is no better than she should be, and there are commendable supporting performances by William Prince, Marian Winters, and Edward Andrews. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

New York City Theatre Company—Eugene O'Neill's "Anna Christie," with Celeste Holm, Art Smith, Grace Valentine, and Kevin McCarthy, is being presented through Sunday, Jan. 20, at the City Center, 131 W. 55th St., CI 6-8989. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30.) Moves on Wednesday, Jan. 23, to the Lyceum, 45th St., E., LU 2-3897. (Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.) . . . ¶ Clemence Dane's "Come of Age," a play with music by Richard Addinsell, starring Judith Anderson, will open Wednesday, Jan. 23, and run through Sunday, Feb. 3. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Point of No Return—J. P. Marquand's novel having to do with the irony of success has been very intelligently adapted by Paul Osborn, and Leland Hayward has arranged an admirable production. Henry Fonda heads the fine cast, which includes Leora Dana, John Cromwell, Frank Conroy, Robert Ross, and Colin Keith-Johnston. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Remains to Be Seen—A mixture of love, gore, and comedy concocted by Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay. Not up to the usual standards of the team. Janis Paige, Jackie Cooper, and Mr. Lindsay are in the cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Saint Joan—An estimable revival of Shaw's sage and witty study of the Maid of Orleans. Directed by Margaret Webster and produced by the Theatre Guild, the play is fortunate in its cast, among whose members are Uta Hagen, John Buckmaster, and Frederic Worlock. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Feb. 9.)

Stalag 17—A comedy melodrama that will be fairly rough going for anyone unaccustomed to functional jokes. It concerns life in a German prison camp, where scatological humor is all the rage. With John Ericson, Harold J. Stone, Laurence Hugo, and Frank Maxwell. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**affairs of state:** Washington love and politics. Now with June Havoc. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays and Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.) . . . **the moon is blue:** How a boy gets a girl in three acts. Donald Cook, Barbara Bel Geddes, and Barry Nelson are still in it. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Desire Under the Elms—A revival of the Eugene O'Neill play, with Karl Malden, Carol Stone, and Douglas Watson. The first of a series of subscription productions offered by ANTA. (ANTA Playhouse, 52nd St., W. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Closes Sunday, Jan. 27. For information about tickets, call PL 7-4133.)

Fancy Meeting You Again—A comedy by George S. Kaufman and Leueen MacGrath, with Walter Matthau, Margaret Hamilton, Glenn Langan, and Miss MacGrath. Produced by Chandler Cowles and Ben Segal and staged by Mr. Kaufman. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Shrike—José Ferrer and Judith Evelyn in a play by Joseph Kramm, produced and directed by Mr. Ferrer. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week and Wednesdays and Saturdays thereafter, at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Paint Your Wagon—Some jaunty songs and dances help compensate for a rather dishevelled plot in this musical comedy about the Gold Rush in California. James Barton, Olga San Juan, Tony Bavaar, Gemze De Lappe, and Mary Burr keep things moving. Agnes de Mille is responsible for the choreography, Frederick Loewe for the music, and Alan Jay Lerner for the book and lyrics. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Pal Joey—Vivienne Segal, appearing again in her original role of a predatory Chicago matron, is largely responsible for the success of the revival of this classic history of a gigolo, which John O'Hara, Richard Rodgers, and the late Lorenz Hart turned out in 1940. Robert Alton's choreography is superlative, and there are very helpful performances by Harold Lang, Helen Gallagher, Elaine Stritch, and Lionel Stander. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Top Banana—Hy Kraft's book and Johnny Mercer's music and lyrics belong to a different and far more primitive school than those of such elegant works as "The King and I" and "South Pacific," but this piece about an ex-burlesque star now mixed up in television is still awfully funny. Phil Silvers is wonderful as a man who might conceivably be Milton Berle, and he gets fine assistance from Joey Faye, Jack Albertson, Rose Marie, Walter Dare Wahl, and Johnny Trama. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Two on the Aisle—Bert Lahr, Dolores Gray, and a good company in a fast but not particularly distinguished revue. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Jan. 20.)

Long Runs—**call me madam:** Ethel Merman, the lady ambassador to Lichtenburg. Irving Berlin wrote the songs, and Paul Lukas, Alan Hewitt, Russell Nype, and Pat Harrington help out in the cast. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **guys and dolls:** A dash of Damon Runyon, with music and lyrics by Frank Loesser and a cast that includes Robert Alda, Sam Levene, Isabel Bigley, and Vivian Blaine. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at

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The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 W. 43rd St., New York 18, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding and R. H. Truax, vice-presidents; S. B. Botsford, treasurer; M. L. Fries, secretary; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XXVII, No. 49, January 19, 1952. Entered as second-class matter, February 10, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1952, by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription rates: U. S. and possessions, 1 year $7.00; Philippines, Latin America, and Spain, $7.50; Canada, $8.00; Other Foreign, $10.00.

BRONZINI

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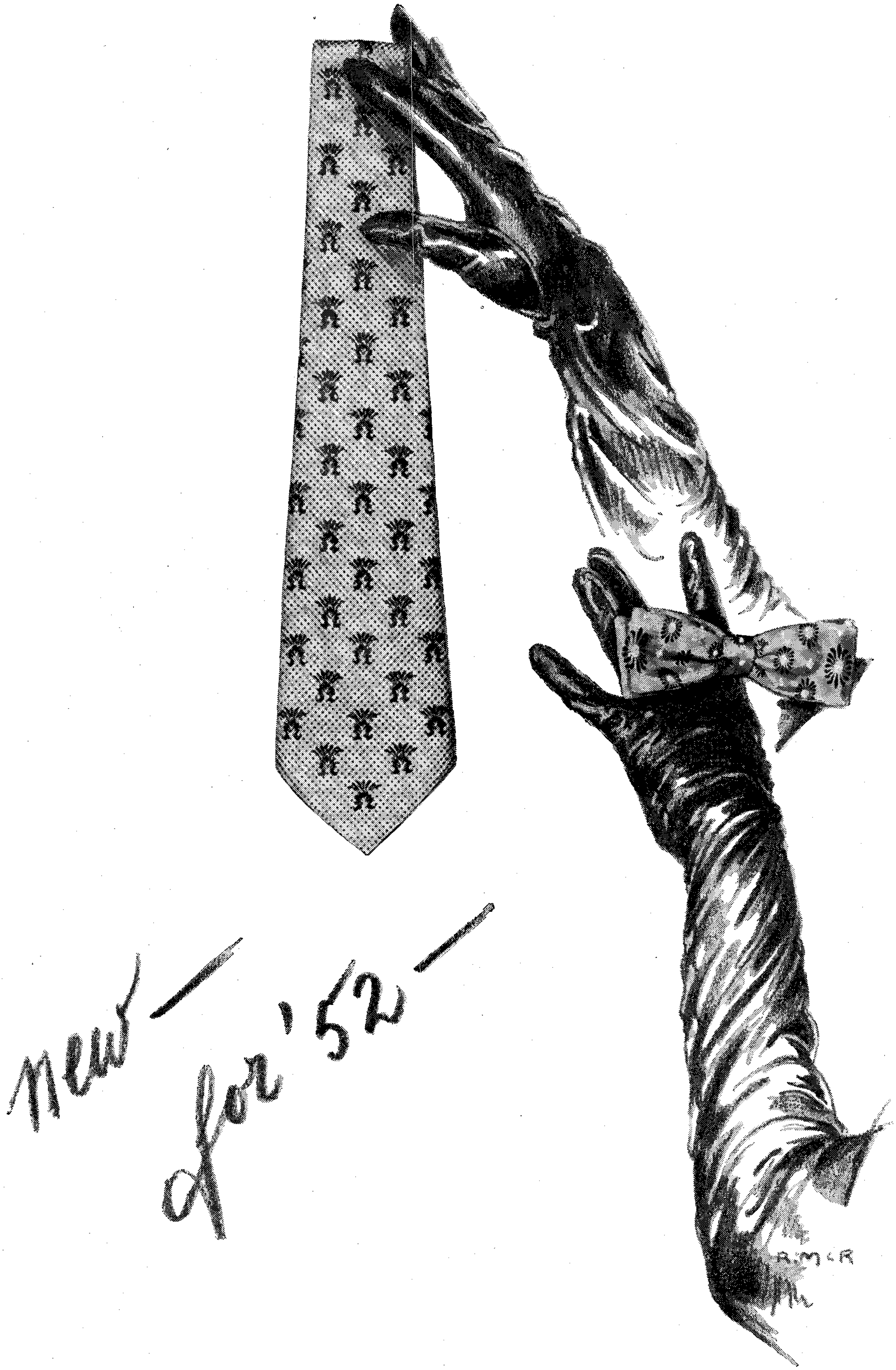
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
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2:30.) . . . **THE KING AND I:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein view of Siam. Gertrude Lawrence and Yul Brynner head the cast. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Roger Rico is playing opposite Martha Wright these days. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

DANCE RECITALS

JEAN ERDMAN—With her company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8:40. For tickets, call CH 3-9880.)

ERICK HAWKINS—In a program of modern dance. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:40. For tickets, call CI 7-5534.)

EMILY FRANKEL AND MARK RYDER—In a dance recital. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:40.)

DONALD McKAYLE AND NORMAND MAXON—And their company. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 2:30. For tickets, call JA 9-5021.)

ANGNA ENTERS—In a dance recital. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 3.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM—With Natanya Neumann, Joan Skinner, and Anneliese Widman. (Hunter Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 8:40. For tickets, call AL 5-7240.)

MISCELLANY

ICE SHOW—A revue, starring Barbara Ann Scott. Opens Thursday, Jan. 17, and will run through Wednesday, Feb. 6. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Nightly, except Friday through Sunday, Jan. 25-27, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays, Jan. 19-20 and Feb. 2-3, at 2:30.)

VAUDEVILLE—Judy Garland, Señor Wences, Giselle and François Szony, Smith and Dale, and others. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:40.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—Cocktails, except Sundays, in the Romanesque rotunda of the Trianon Room, to the tune of William Adler's violin and quartet. Jules Lande's and Nino de Moraes' bands play placidly at dinner and supper in the arena just beyond.

BILTMORE, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Michael Kent's quartet appears "under the clock" at cocktail time, and at dinnertime in the Madison Room (which is closed Sundays). No dancing anywhere, and not a peep out of the gang on the Day of Rest.

CARLTON HOUSE, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000)—The most conspicuous trace of the late lamented Ritz's Oval Room is Emery Deutsch's band, now billeted in the restaurant here, where it makes nostalgic dinner music, except on Sundays. No dancing.

GOGI'S LARUE, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—Any number of epicurean delights, not the least of which is Ted Straeter's irresistible invitation to the dance. His men and Pancho's rumba band open fire at eight-thirty. In the handsome Plush Room, George Feyer's piano music starts at eight. Closed Mondays.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—If only there were a ticker in the lobby, most of the customers would never even have to go to work. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band for dancing.

NEW YORKER, Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000)—In the Terrace Room, there's a new ice show, plus dance music by Teddy Powell's band and Adrian Rollini's trio. Closed Sundays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Hildegarde, Eastern representative for several nationally advertised products, sings and plays piano in between the commercials, and looks simply wonderful all the time. She's in the Cotillion Room, where Stanley Melba's orchestra and Chico-Relli's rumba band do the dance music. On Sundays, there's only a dinner show. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Every night, in the Café Pierre, dancing from cocktails through supper to Stanley Worth's quartet, as well as songs by Suzanne Raye.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—A wistful gentleman named Jimmy Savo and a bumptious one named Rolly Rolls are having fun in the Persian Room. The bands of Dick LaSalle and Mark Monte are also there. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The Rendez-Vous Room, a reminder of the days when life was more Old Worldly, is full of Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance music after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ The Palm Court has Leo LeFleur's music during the cocktail hour. No dancing.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—To the amazement of absolutely no one, a bunch of Lombardos are at work in the Grill at dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the sumptuous Maisonette, June Roselle, another songbird of passage (Hollywood, U.S.A.), is carolling for the house guests. The dance bands of Horace Diaz and Milt Shaw tinkle away, too. Closed Sundays.

SAVOY-PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

SHERRY-NETHERLAND, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—The small Carnaval Room, pretty as a picture, offers the orchestras of Emil Coleman and Jan Brunesco for those who like to dance between courses. Closed Sundays.

STATLER, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—There's dancing in the Café Rouge during dinner and supper every night but Sunday. Ray Anthony's band is there right now.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—A fountain of youth that spouts champagne until around four in the morning. An orchestra and a rumba band for dancing in one of the alcoves.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—A twice-a-night musical comedy that is simply an excuse (but a pretty good one) to get Carmen Torres and her dramatic Andalusian soprano aboard ship. It's all done with great enthusiasm and several dashes of charm by a happy little family of youngsters, among them Bill Norvas, the Upstarts, Beverlee Dennis, and two pleasing ballet dancers named Chuck Brunner and Betty Lorraine. Emile Petti's and Panchito's bands play for dancing..

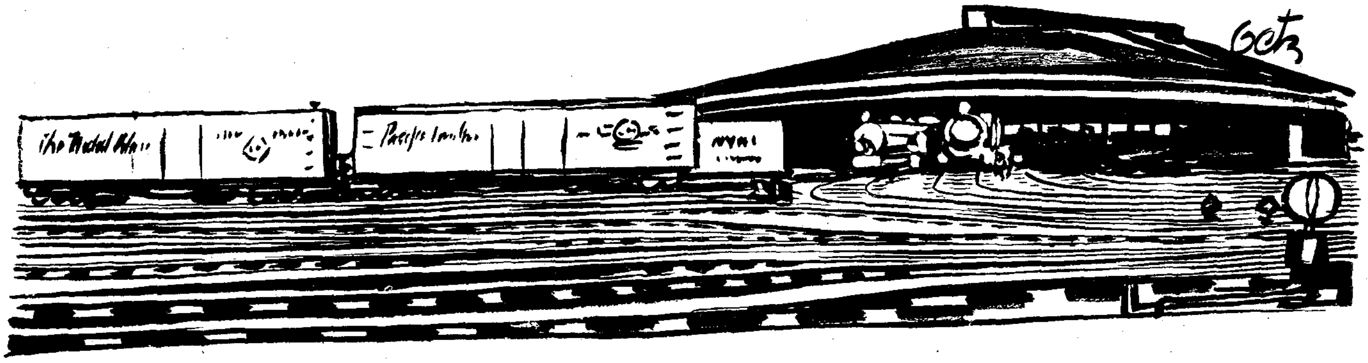
WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Through Wednesday, Jan. 23, in the new Empire Room at dinner and supper, Les Compagnons de la Chanson, lightly tossing off their delightful life studies, mostly in their native tongue, and the adagio work of Pierre d'Angelo and Ana. Next night, Gloria De Haven will start singing and Bob Fosse will start dancing. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and Mischa Borr's band are in attendance all evening. Sundays, Mr. Borr's band plays by itself until twelve. . . . ¶ The Peacock Lounge has Michael Zarin's orchestra for dancing after eight-fifteen. Closed Sundays.

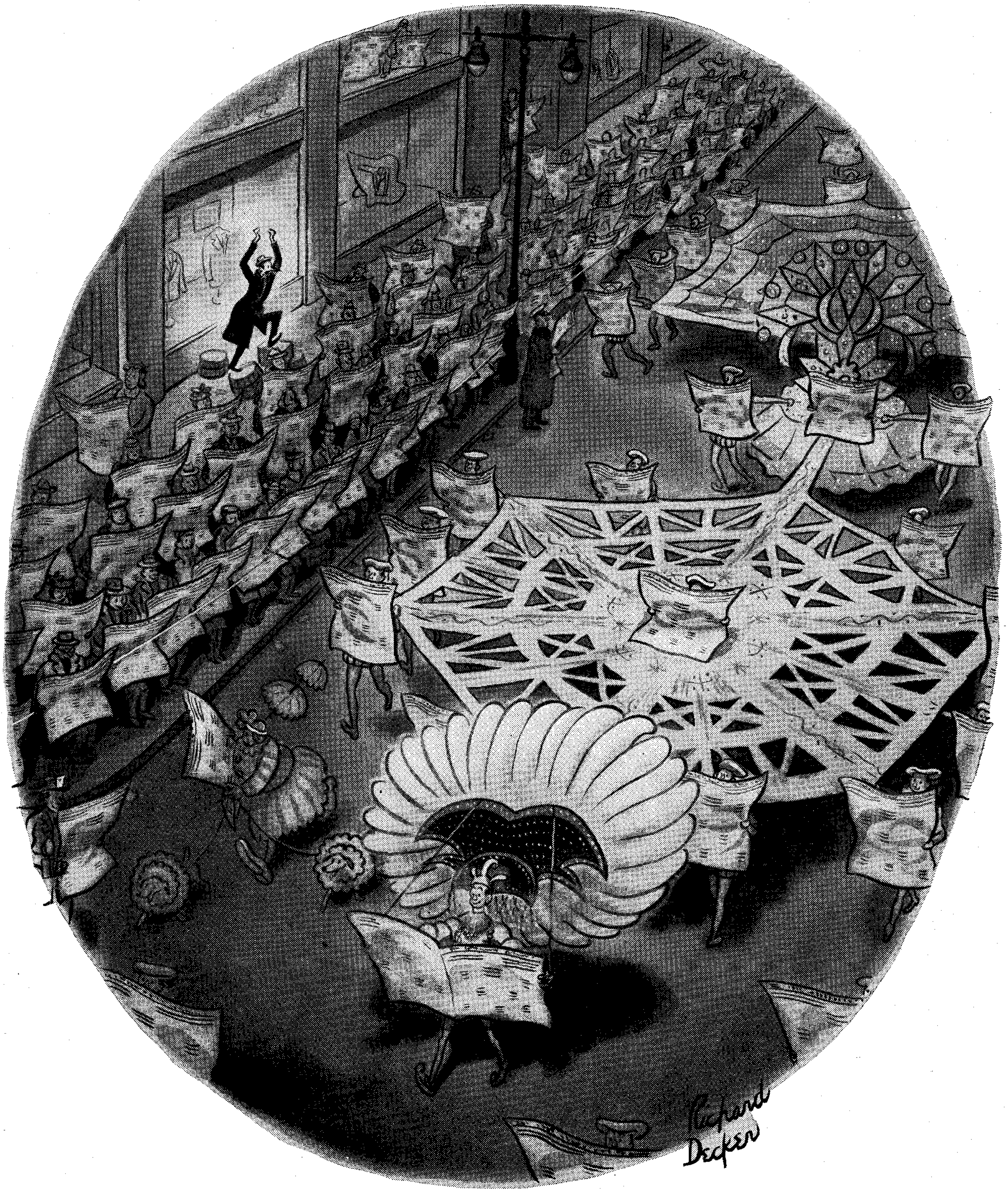
NOTE—The Rainbow Room, an outsize polo field with tables, affords cocktails and drinking music from four-thirty to nine every evening except Sunday. The best seats are in the bleachers, up near the windows. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the telephone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, whose band has launched a thousand débutantes, holds forth here after eight-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **TONI'S CAPRICE,** 112 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-6255): A handsome dining room and bar that serves as a music box for Louis Hawkins, who's at the piano from six to nine and again from eleven until all hours, and Van Wood, a wandering minstrel, who starts singing, guitar in hand, at nine. Closed Sundays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM,** 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Ralph Strain's pensive and modern piano decorates this hall of mirrors from ten to one, except Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A determined throwback to the social habits and concepts of the Noble Experiment. After ten, except Sundays, the Sonny Kendis Trio gallops for dear life through its feverish repertoire. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Those who love old familiar faces find these premises a well-stocked preserve. Piano and violin after nine-thirty, and conversation at all hours. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Good-natured Latin-American fun, accompanied by impassioned singing and almost as fervent dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **NINO,** 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar, Harry Meyerowitz provides cocktail piano and Rudy Timfield provides dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **CELESTE,** 28 W. 56th St. (JU 6-9063): Jim

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mahoney gets off a fine collection of listening music at his piano after nine. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 127 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9131): Vicente Gomez, a conversational as well as an adept guitarist, is in action here. Closed Mondays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): John Mehegan turns out bright, brisk piano during dinner and supper, except Sundays, when Harold Cooke is on deck.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dancing, unless otherwise noted.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): A convenient escape hatch for anyone afflicted with peace and quiet. Mitzi Green and Jackie Miles offer several moments of reasonably good, if rather broad-gauge, merriment; Harrison and Fisher dance; and the Copa girls try to. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): Josh White holding forth, clearly and persuasively, in a fairly noisy smoking room. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL**, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): Beer-garden and basket-party atmosphere, coupled with bits of old vaudeville and burlesque, real sawdust, real singing waiters, antiquated movies, and Paul Killiam's breezy master-of-ceremonies whimsey. Visiting firemen on Mondays at midnight. Closed Sundays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): In the back room, Les Mains d'Yves Joly, an imaginative group of pantomimists whose wit is (so to speak) all at the tips of their fingers. The Delta Rhythm Boys sing with great gusto, and Portia Nelson sings with love and sorrow artfully intertwined. The music of Stuart Ross and Ellis Larkin's trio is the background. . . . ¶ Except Saturdays, after the theatre, Eadie and Rack preside at their twin pianos in the lounge, where Bart Howard plays romantic piano at dinner, except Tuesdays. . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Along with the songs of Bibi Osterwald, that cheerful fire engine, and the bab ballads of the Three Riffs, there are Mickey Deems, a very funny young man with a gift of gab, and Julius Monk's newest confection, Bud McCreery, whose jovial lyrics have a Gilbertian intricacy. There's also the modern chamber music of the Norman Paris Trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Harry Belafonté has turned folk singer, a very good idea indeed. Phil Leeds, a restfully mild-mannered young man, has several humorous things on his mind. Clarence Williams' trio, which has Karl Lynch on guitar, plays cool, cool dance music. Closed Mondays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): The whooping crane will never be extinct so long as there's breath in Nancy Andrews, the hale and hearty raconteur who's in charge here. Jeff Warren has some good tenor songs to sing. There's also double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, and solo piano by Hazel Webster. Ancient movies Sunday nights; amateur nights Mondays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Except Sundays, Mabel Mercer, none of whose ballads are mass-produced, is in her nest right over the rowdydow Show Spot bar, singing her praises of the world's oldest emotion. Sam Hamilton is at the piano. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Thelma Carpenter's tigerish voice and Jimmie Daniels' debonair one supply the *bel canto* around here. The Three Flames, paced by the daffy Tiger Haines, play and sing real hotcha jive, and Tony and Eddie, no respecters of grandeur, spoof some unaccountably famous recording artists. Double piano by Norene Tate and Garland Wilson. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): An unrestrained riot staged by Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, Edmond Hall, Bob Casey, Gene Schroeder, and Mr. Condon. Ralph Sutton does the interlude solo-piano work, a fine demonstration of fifty-finger exercises. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in, are often complete bedlam. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Except Sundays, Joe Bushkin, with the aid of three very good boys (Jo Jones, Jonah Jones, and Milt Hinton), goes great guns, after nine, in this gilded chophouse. Red Norvo's trio, which has the remarkable Tal Farlow on guitar, plays progressive jazz. Barbara Carroll's trio rings changes on a few bop themes every night but Monday. Sundays, Bobby Hackett and his shock troops patrol this beat. Tuesday, Jan. 22, is the last night for the Bushkin group. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band is thoroughly at home here. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Jimmy Archey's band, which has Henry Goodwin, Pops Foster, Dick Wellstood, and Tommy Benford in it, caroms noise off these old walls with the greatest of ease. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights; closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNBEAT**, 263 W. 54th St. (CI 5-9265): A non-starchy diet by the trio of Billy Taylor, a smart young pianist, who has Charles Mingus on bass. Slam Stewart, a special sort of double-bassist (half string, half vocal), is on hand, too. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): Those Friday-night beer-garden sessions are still on. Jan. 18, the tumult will be provided by some All-American jazzmen; to wit, Max Kaminsky, Oran Page, Jimmy McPartland, George Wettling, Bud Freeman, Bobby Byrne, Lou McGarity, and Omer Simeon. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another Friday-night barbecue, this week (Jan. 18) offering such stout hearts and lungs as Willie the Lion Smith, Big Chief Russell Moore, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Art Trappier, and the band of Conrad Janis. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 3, brunch with the Dixieland Rhythm Kings of Dayton, Ohio. Dancing.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Josef Albers—Squares and triangles in a series of dazzling studies of the interplay of color and abstract form; through Jan. 26. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Hy Cohen—New oils, marked by solid design and a generally fresh use of color; through Jan. 26. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Roberto Crippa—Paintings, swiftly linear in style, in a first American showing by one of the younger Italian moderns; through Jan. 31. (Iolas, 46 E. 57th St.)

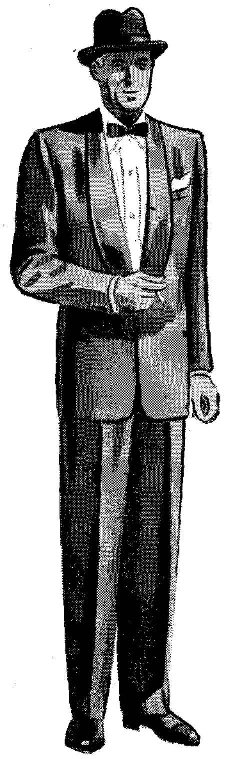
Frank di Gioia—Lively and animated paintings of "Little Italy," more fluent in color and design than the previous work of this veteran portrayer of the district, plus some water colors of Italy itself; through Jan. 26. (Milch, 55 E. 57th St.)

Nancy Proskauer Dryfoos—Sculptures, mostly small, and gracefully sinuous in design; through Jan. 25. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11.)

Adolph Gottlieb—New paintings, many of them freer in design and more varied in motivation than formerly; through Jan. 26. (Kootz, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Chaim Gross—Touches of Chagall show up in a series of phantasmagoric drawings and water colors by a well-known sculptor; through Jan. 26. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

Group Shows—At the **BABCOCK**, 38 E. 57th St.: A selection of paintings by nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists, including Homer, Ryder, Ratkai, and Jackson; through Jan. 31. . . . **MATISSE**, 41 E. 57th St.: Oils and sculptures by Tanguy, Roszak, Giacometti, and others, along with a single sculpture by Matisse; through Jan. 31. . . . **BERTHA SCHAEFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: Alfred H. Maurer, Ben-Zion, Sue Fuller, Marsden Hartley, and others, in a showing of works in crayon and gouache; through Jan. 19. . . . **SCULPTURE CENTER**, 167 E. 69th St.: Sculptures by Barbara Lekberg (steel), Cleo Hartwig (mostly stone), and Ellen Key-Oberg (glazed terra cotta);



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Jan. 25. Weekdays, 2 to 5 and, except Saturdays, 7 to 10.

PHILIP GUSTON—Paintings, from 1949 to 1951, by one of the younger abstract Expressionists; through Jan. 26. (Peridot, 6 E. 12th St.)

LEONID—Salt flats and salt marshes by an artist who gets considerable poetry out of such sombre subjects; through Jan. 26. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.)

JOHN MARIN—Ten oils and ten water colors, done during 1951 by this American master, who is now in his eighties; through Jan. 26. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.)

HENRY MATTSON—Rocks and waves and wintry landscapes, with a dreamily effective, if slightly monotonous, blue tonality; through Jan. 26. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.)

MODERN DRAWINGS—Six works apiece by Picasso, Matisse, Modigliani, and Léger, in both black-and-white and color; through Feb. 2. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.)

WILLIAM PALMER—Landscapes, slightly Feiningeresque in influence, but executed with great grace and serenity; through Jan. 26. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

GERALD VAN DER KEMP—First showing in this country of paintings and drawings, mainly of Paris subjects, by the curator of the Museum of Versailles; through Jan. 26. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

FRANCES WEISS—Four large metal sculptures in the shapes of animals (a camel and a kangaroo, for instance), designed for use as playground equipment; through Jan. 19. (De Nagy, 206 E. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 5.)

SOME OF THIS WEEK'S OPENINGS—At the **BORGENICHT**, 65 E. 57th St.: Schanker; through Feb. 2. Weekdays, 10 to 5:30, and Monday evenings until 9. . . . **CARRÉ**, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Picasso; through Feb. 28. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: William Kienbusch; through Feb. 2. . . . **PASSEDOIT**, 121 E. 57th St.: Hondius; through Feb. 2. . . . **CURT VALENTIN**, 32 E. 57th St.: Alexander Calder; through Feb. 9. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **FRIED**, 40 E. 68th St.; through Feb. 23. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30. **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.; through Feb. 3. Daily, 1 to 5.

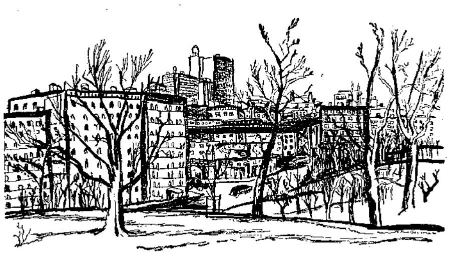
MUSEUMS

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred Rouault prints from the Museum's collection; through Feb. 17. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Jewish ceremonial objects from the collection presented to the Museum during the past ten years by H. G. Friedman; along with paintings by Edouard Moysé. (Mondays through Thursdays, 3 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Selected Old Masters and other works from the Harkness Collection, all given or bequeathed to the Museum. . . . ¶ A nostalgic array of memorabilia, from or about the Crystal Palace Fair in London, commemorating its centenary anniversary; through Feb. 17. . . . ¶ A rather awkwardly arranged but generally interesting display of sculptures by American contemporaries; through Feb. 24. . . . ¶ "Ribbons and Laces and Old-Fashioned Faces"—a showing, got up by the Costume Institute, of Early American portraits, costumes, and household furnishings; starting Jan. 25. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—There is no major exhibition at the moment, but



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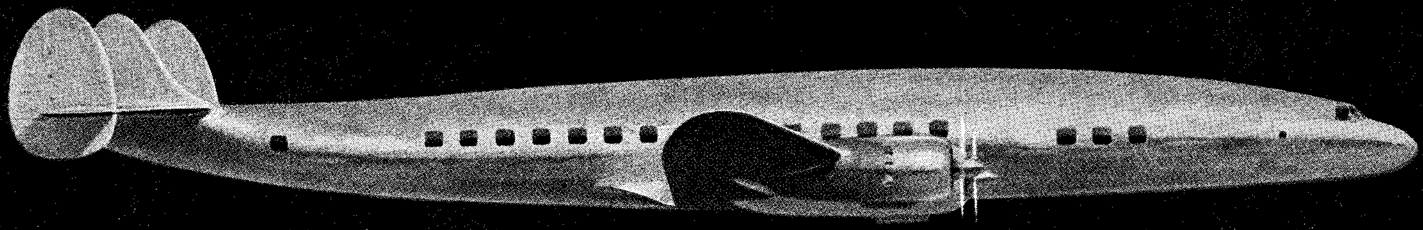

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

there are the annual "Good Design" show of modern home furnishings; pictures by five French photographers, among them Cartier-Bresson and Brassai; and other diversions. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A group showing by Europeans and Americans; through Feb. 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—Works in various mediums by the Cosmopolitan Artists, a new group that includes members from many places—America, Egypt, Wales, Catalonia, and others; through Jan. 27. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—A retrospective of the works of John Sloan, who died last September. The exhibition comprises ninety-eight paintings, sixty-seven etchings, and forty-three drawings, as well as a number of lithographs and illustrations; through March 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, for Town Hall LU 2-4536, and for the Metropolitan Opera House PE 6-1210. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8:15: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Blanche Thebom, Patrice Munsel, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera and John Brownlee. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 18, at 8:30: "La Bohème," with Bidu Sayão, Patrice Munsel, Giacinto Prandelli, and Giuseppe Valdengo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2: "Gianni Schicchi" (in English), with Roberta Peters, Jean Madeira, Salvatore Baccaloni, and Thomas Hayward; and "Salome," with Ljuba Welitch, Elizabeth Hoengen, Set Svanholm, and Hans Hotter. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:30: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Lily Pons, Thelma Votipka, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Renato Capecchi. (A benefit for the Rand School; for tickets, call AL 5-6250.) . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 21, at 8:15: "Così Fan Tutte" (in English), with Eleanor Steber, Blanche Thebom, Patrice Munsel, Richard Tucker, Frank Guarrera, and John Brownlee. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 7:30: "Götterdämmerung," with Astrid Varnay, Blanche Thebom, Set Svanholm, and Hans Hotter. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8:30: "La Traviata," with Dorothy Kirsten, Paula Lenchner, Giacinto Prandelli, and Giuseppe Valdengo. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8:15: "Gianni Schicchi" (in English), with Roberta Peters, Jean Madeira, Salvatore Baccaloni, and Thomas Hayward; and "Salome," with Ljuba Welitch, Elizabeth Hoengen, Set Svanholm, and Paul Schoeffler. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 25, at 8:30: "Rigoletto," with Genevieve Warner, Nell Rankin, Ferruccio Tagliavini, and Paolo Silveri. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Zinka Milanov, Mildred Miller, Kurt Baum, and Clifford Harvuot; and "Pagliacci," with Delia Rigal, Ramon Vinay, Leonard Warren, and Frank Guarrera. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8: "Manon," with Eleanor Steber, Giacinto Prandelli, Frank Valentino, and Nicola Moscona.

Masque and Lyre Light Opera—Through Saturday, Jan. 19: "The Yeomen of the Guard." . . . ¶ Starting Thursday, Jan. 24: "Cox and Box" and "The Pirates of Penzance." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. TR 9-6453. Thursdays through Saturdays, at 8:15. Matinée Saturday, Jan. 26, at 2:15.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Guido Cantelli conducting: Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8:45; Friday, Jan. 18, at 2:30; Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:45; and Sunday, Jan. 20, at 2:30 (all with Rudolf Firkusny, piano); Thursday, Jan. 24, at 8:45, and Friday, Jan. 25, at 2:30 (both with Isaac Stern, violin); and Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8:45 (with Nicole Henriot, piano).

Boston Symphony—Ernest Ansermet conducting,

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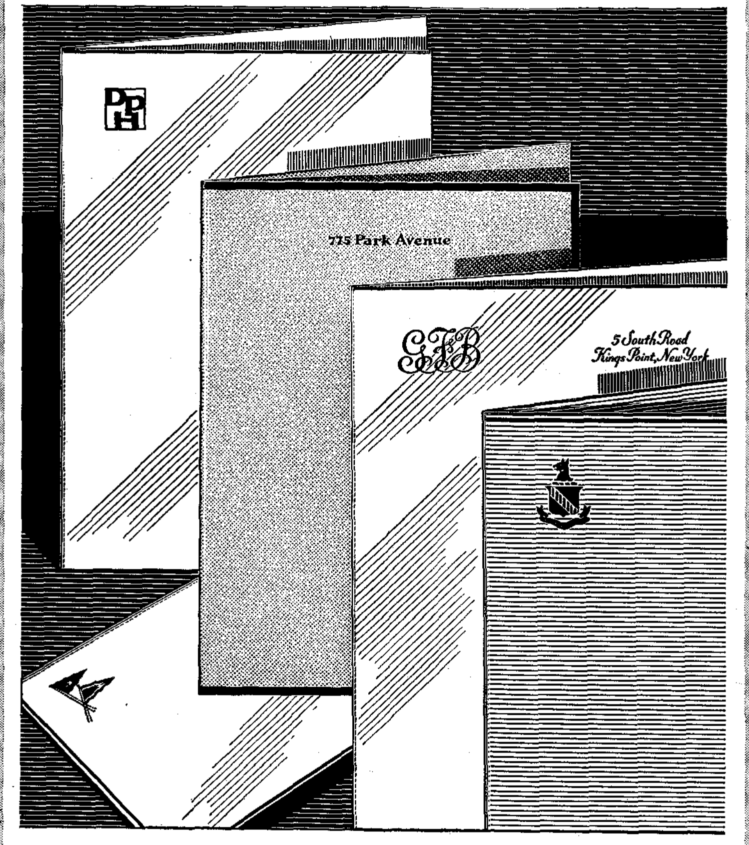

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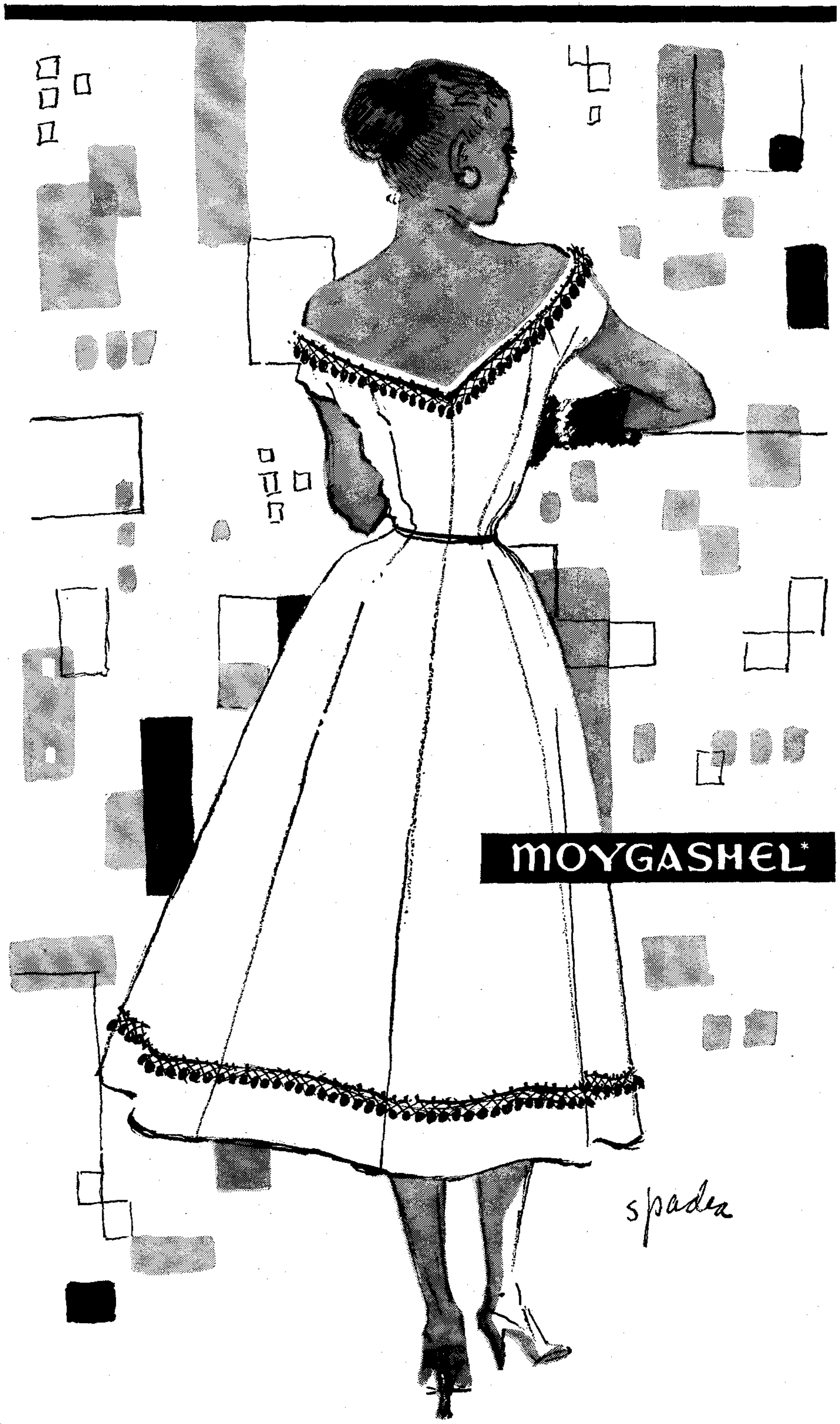

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

with William Primrose, viola. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 2:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Victor de Sabata conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Art Music Concert—Beatrice Brown conducting a chamber orchestra and the New Music String Quartet, with Irene Rosenberg, piano. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 9. No tickets necessary.)

The Dessoff Choirs—Paul Boepple directing the American première of Frank Martin's oratorio "Golgotha," with an orchestra and Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Janice Moudry, contralto; and other vocal soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8:45.)

Singing Boys of Norway—Ragnvald Bjarne directing. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 25, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

Adele Addison—Soprano. (Town Hall. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.)

Budapest String Quartet—With Milton Katims, viola. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ No soloist. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8:40.)

Barbara Custance—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Jan. 18, at 8:30.)

William Kapell—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Erna Berger—Soprano, in the first of three lieder programs. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 3.)

New Friends of Music—Mack Harrell, baritone; K. U. Schnabel, piano; Joseph Schuster, cello; and John Wummer, flute. (Town Hall. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 5:30.)

Mischa Elman—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 8:30.)

League of Composers—A song cycle based on poems by Wallace Stevens, written and played on the piano by Vincent Persichetti and sung by Hilda Reiner, soprano; also, a quintet by Walter Piston, played by the Walden Quartet and Earl Wild, piano. (Auditorium of the Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Sunday, Jan. 20, at 8:30. For tickets, call CI 7-3841.)

Byron Janis—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

Joseph Schuster—Cello. (Town Hall. Monday, Jan. 21, at 8:30.)

Ralph Kirkpatrick—Harpsichord. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 8:30.)

Giovanni Bagarotti—Violin, with an orchestra conducted by Leon Barzin. The second in a series of three programs presenting a cycle of Mozart concertos. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8:30.)

Myra Hess—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 3.)

Clifford Curzon—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 3.)

Guilet String Quartet—With Gaby Casadesus, piano, in an all-Fauré program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Loewenguth Quartet—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8:30.)

Note—Joseph Szigeti will give a violin recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Jan. 27, at 2:55. Free tickets will be issued on Tuesday, Jan. 22, in order of written application. Applications must be received on Tuesday morning—not before—and a separate request must be made for each ticket.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Johnny Saxton vs. Livio Minelli, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Jan. 25. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

Indoor Polo—Two matches every Saturday night. (Squadron A Armory, Madison Ave. at 94th St. AT 9-6020. Matches begin at 8:30.)

Track—Millrose Athletic Association meet. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Jan. 26, at 8.)

FOR CHILDREN

Concert—The Little Orchestra Society, conducted by Thomas Scherman, with the City and Country School Chorus. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 11. For tickets, call CI 5-5159.)

Plays—By the **PLAYMART:** "Puss in Boots." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15, and Sundays at 3. For tickets, call TR 7-7591.) . . . **JUNIOR THEATRE:** "The Five Little Peppers and How They Grew." (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturdays at 2:15. For tickets, call CI 6-0224.)

Marionettes—By the **RUFUS ROSE MARIONETTES:** "The Ant and the Grasshopper." (Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. AT 9-3400. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 11.) . . . **SUE HASTINGS MARIONETTES:** "Pinocchio" and a sketch. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 3.)

Children's Carnival—"Winter Magic," a variety program. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq. OR 5-9437. Saturday, Jan. 19, at 1 and 3, and Sunday, Jan. 20, at 2.)

Movies—Cartoons and, usually, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux Colony Theatre, Second Ave. at 79th St., BU 8-9468; and Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St., BU 8-3180; Saturdays at 11.)

OTHER EVENTS

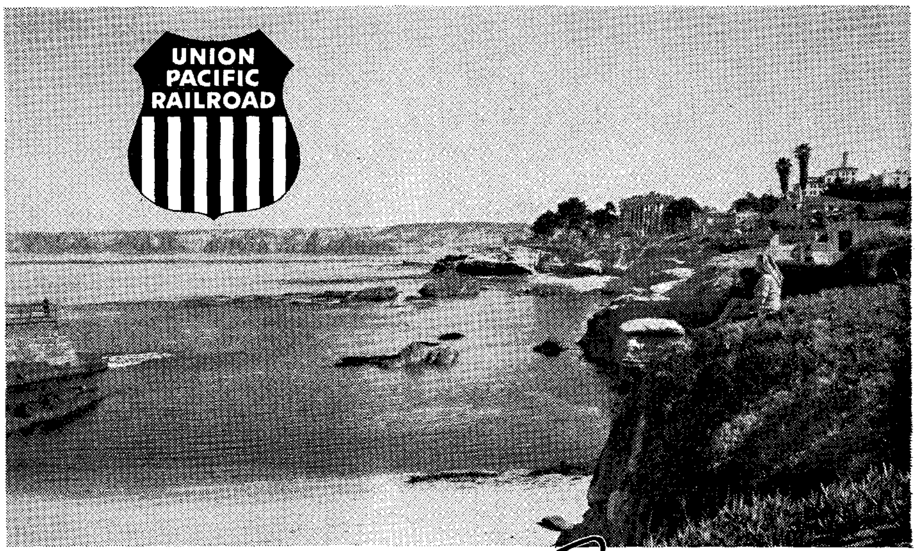
United Nations—The organization's New York activities will be more or less quiescent, as far as the visiting public is concerned, until after the current meeting of the General Assembly in Paris, which is expected to wind up around the end of January. However, debates of the Paris meeting are being filmed and shown here later over WCBS-TV, Sundays through Fridays at 6. Questions about the United Nations will be answered by the Information Center for the United Nations, 220 W. 45th St., JU 2-0233.

National Motor Boat Show—The forty-second midwinter regatta. Fair weather guaranteed. (Grand Central Palace, Lexington Ave. at 47th St. Daily, 11 to 11; through Saturday, Jan. 19.)

Poetry Reading—A presentation by Archibald MacLeish of some of his works. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Thursday, Jan. 17, at 8:40.)

Hayden Planetarium—The January show is called "Mysteries of the Milky Way." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 17-19, at 1:45: American furniture of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, Early American quilts, paintings and drawings by artists of European and American schools, and decorations, from the estate of the late Edith B. Tranter and from other sources. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 22, at 1:45: Books and manuscripts of the sixteenth through the eighteenth centuries and incunabula, all from an anonymous source. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 23, at 8: Nineteenth-century paintings, and works by old masters, including Reynolds and Gainsborough, from the estate of the late Harold Paikin and from other sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Jan. 25-26, at 1:45: French and Italian Provincial furniture and decorations of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, from various sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 19.



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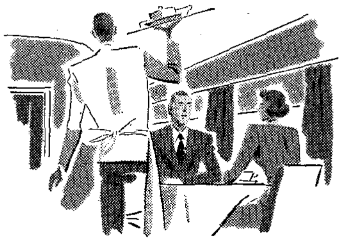

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

An American in Paris—An attractive musical film in which Gene Kelly and an excellent cast sing and dance to Gershwin melodies. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; through Jan. 20.... ¶ Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Jan. 21, tentative.... ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Jan. 22.)

Detective Story—A galvanic adaptation of Sidney Kingsley's play about the doings in a precinct stationhouse. Heading the enthusiastic cast are Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800.)

The Greatest Show on Earth—With DeMille at the circus. The plot is overly simple-minded, but there are entertaining views of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey in action. With Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Gloria Grahame, Charlton Heston, and James Stewart. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

The Lavender Hill Mob—In this comical British film, a clerk, after twenty years of pondering, finally thinks up a method of doing the Bank of England out of a million pounds. Alec Guinness is splendid as the gentle crook, and Stanley Holloway is fine as his collaborator in the deal. (Fine Arts, 128 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Miracle in Milan—An Italian fantasy about a boy who not only sees good in practically everything but has a very funny time establishing virtue as a way of life in a Milanese shantytown. Directed by Vittorio De Sica, who, in a more sombre mood, was responsible for "Shoe-Shine" and "The Bicycle Thief." Winner of the New York Film Critics' Award as the best foreign film of 1951. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Quo Vadis—Seven million dollars' worth of first-century guff. Robert Taylor and some thirty thousand others participate. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

The Red Badge of Courage—John Huston's screen version of the Stephen Crane story of the Civil War. A trifle on the simple-minded side, but equipped with enough large battle scenes to make it occasionally interesting. With Audie Murphy and Bill Mauldin. (Murray Hill, Park at 42nd, MU 2-1431; Jan. 18-19.)

The River—Jean Renoir's masterly interpretation of the Rumer Godden novel about life along the Ganges. Produced by Kenneth McEldowney, an American, the film features Arthur Shields, Nora Swinburne, an Indian actress and dancer named Radha, and all kinds of other Indians who happen to come within the range of M. Renoir's camera. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134. Showings at 2:40 and 8:40; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:40, and Saturday evenings at 11. Reserved seats only.)

Strangers on a Train—A Hitchcock film that doesn't travel as fast as some he's directed in the past but that displays enough of his ingenuity with a camera to interest one sporadically. Murder, love, lunacy, and tennis are among the ingredients of the plot. With Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Jan. 20, tentative.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—An effective movie interpretation of Tennessee Williams' story of a bedraggled Southern woman and her hardboiled brother-in-law, who are thrown together feverishly in a New Orleans slum. Vivien Leigh is the wilted lady, and Marlon Brando her coarse relation. Winner of the New York Film Critics' 1951 Award. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Jan. 18.... ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Jan. 21.... ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting Jan. 19.... ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Jan. 20-22.... ¶ Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Jan. 20-23, tentative.... ¶ York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Jan. 22-23.... ¶ Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting Jan. 22.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting Jan. 23.)

Tales of Hoffmann—Opera, ballet, pantomime, and what-have-you, all stirred up into a big British batter that never really rises. With Robert Rounseville, Moira Shearer, Ludmilla Tcherina, Leonide Massine, and Robert Helpmann. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

REVIVALS

Adam's Rib (1949)—Capers in the law courts, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, and Judy Holliday. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Jan. 18.... ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting Jan. 22.)

The Awful Truth (1937)—Foolishness about divorce. With Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Jan. 18.)

Caesar and Cleopatra (1946)—G. B. Shaw's conception of the conqueror. An English film, with Claude Rains and Vivien Leigh. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; Jan. 17.)

Carnival in Flanders (1936)—Sly doings in a medieval Flemish town. In French, with Louis Jouvet. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 18-21.)

Cover Girl (1944)—Gene Kelly, Rita Hayworth, Jerome Kern music, and Ira Gershwin lyrics. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; starting Jan. 18.)

Five Men and a Woman (1938)—A French film (formerly called "They Were Five") concerning a lottery and a country inn. With Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Jan. 22.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German prison during the First World War. In French, with Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Jan. 18-21.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Love on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th, OR 5-9630; Jan. 17.)

My Sister Eileen (1942)—Taken from Ruth McKenney's stories of two girls in Greenwich Village. Rosalind Russell, Brian Aherne, and Janet Blair. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; Jan. 20-22.)

A Royal Scandal (1945)—Tallulah Bankhead as Catherine, Empress of All the Russias. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; Jan. 23.)

A Run for Your Money (1950)—A garden specialist (Alec Guinness) involved with a pair of Welsh miners on the loose in London. A British film. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Jan. 19-21.)

Trio (1950)—The second English screen translation of Somerset Maugham stories. With Jean Simmons and James Hayter. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Jan. 20, tentative.)

Under My Skin (1950)—John Garfield up to no good as a jockey in Europe. With Micheline Prelle. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Jan. 19.)

Up in Arms (1944)—Danny Kaye and Dinah Shore in an unreasonable facsimile of Army life. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Jan. 20-21.)

When Willie Comes Marching Home (1950)—Dan Dailey, a would-be hero in the Second World War, stationed at an airfield five miles from home. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; Jan. 19.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Jan. 20, showings at 3 and 5:30: "The Story of Gosta Berling" (1924), with Greta Garbo.... ¶ Starting Jan. 21, showings at 3: "Greed" (1924), directed by Erich von Stroheim, with Zasu Pitts. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
QUO VADIS.

Bijou, 209 W. 45th. (CO 5-8215)
Through Jan. 22: Theatre closed.
From Jan. 23: "Cry, the Beloved Country," Canada Lee. (Showings at 2:30 and 8:30; extra performances Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30, and Saturday evenings at 11:30. Reserved seats only.)

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Light Touch," Stewart Granger, Pier Angeli.

Cinema 48, 121 W. 48th. (CI 5-4246)
"Passion for Life" (in French).

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
"I Want You," Dana Andrews, Dorothy McGuire.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
Jan. 17: "My Favorite Spy," Bob Hope, Hedy Lamarr.
From Jan. 18: "Submarine Command," William Holden, Nancy Olsen.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
DETECTIVE STORY.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"Scandal Sheet," Broderick Crawford, Donna Reed.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Decision Before Dawn," Richard Basehart, Gary Merrill.

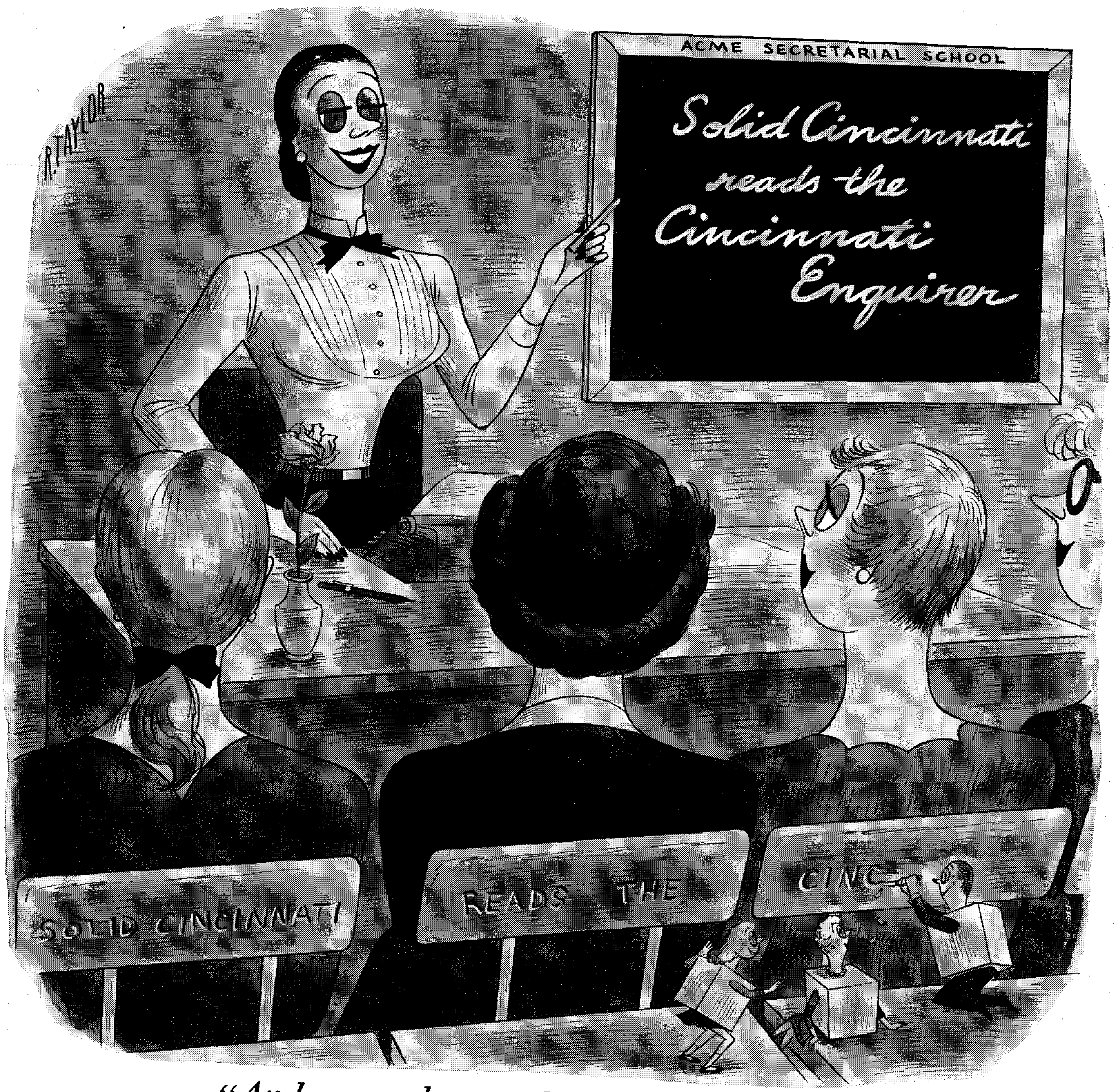
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Model and the Marriage Broker," Jeanne Crain, Scott Brady, Thelma Ritter.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
"For Men Only," Paul Henreid, Margaret Fields.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Death of a Salesman," Fredric March, Mildred Dunnock.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
"Room for One More," Betsy Drake, Cary Grant.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
MIRACLE IN MILAN (in Italian).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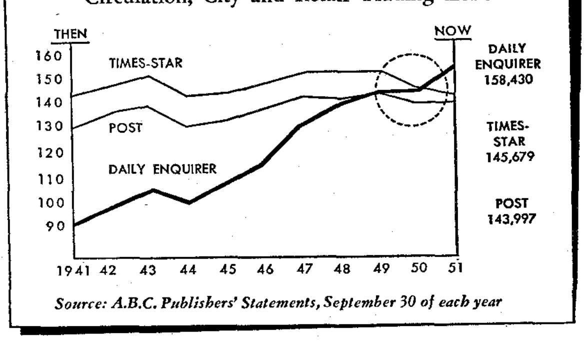
Circulation, City and Retail Trading Zone



Source: A.B.C. Publishers' Statements, September 30 of each year

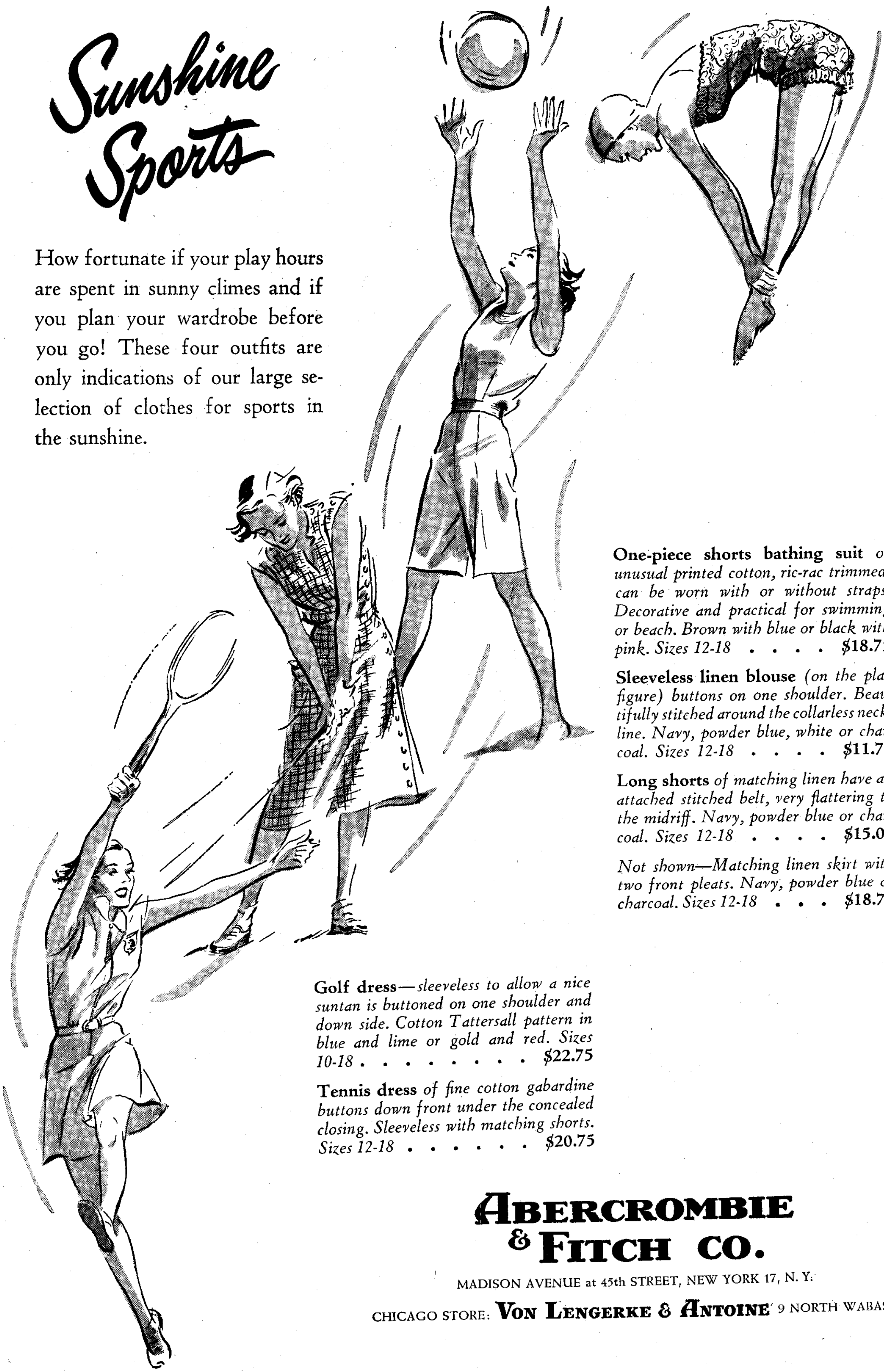
Make six carbons of this: More and more and more . . . Cincinnati is a *morning-newspaper* town! Today, the Daily Enquirer has more circulation *within* the retail trading zone than the total circulation of any other Cincinnati daily.

Represented by Moloney, Regan *and* Schmitt, Inc.

(Advertisement)

Sunshine Sports

How fortunate if your play hours are spent in sunny climes and if you plan your wardrobe before you go! These four outfits are only indications of our large selection of clothes for sports in the sunshine.



One-piece shorts bathing suit *of unusual printed cotton, ric-rac trimmed, can be worn with or without straps. Decorative and practical for swimming or beach. Brown with blue or black with pink. Sizes 12-18* **$18.75**

Sleeveless linen blouse *(on the play figure) buttons on one shoulder. Beautifully stitched around the collarless neckline. Navy, powder blue, white or charcoal. Sizes 12-18* **$11.75**

Long shorts *of matching linen have an attached stitched belt, very flattering to the midriff. Navy, powder blue or charcoal. Sizes 12-18* **$15.00**

Not shown—Matching linen skirt with two front pleats. Navy, powder blue or charcoal. Sizes 12-18 . . . **$18.75**

Golf dress—*sleeveless to allow a nice suntan is buttoned on one shoulder and down side. Cotton Tattersall pattern in blue and lime or gold and red. Sizes 10-18* $22.75

Tennis dress *of fine cotton gabardine buttons down front under the concealed closing. Sleeveless with matching shorts. Sizes 12-18* $20.75

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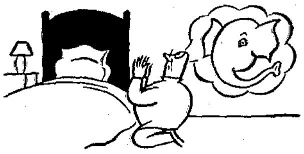
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

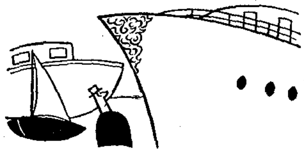
WE look back upon the pre-acceptance days of the Eisenhower boom as a richly instructive period. It clarified many things about politics and gave us a notion, at last, of what constitutes the perfect Republican. The perfect Republican, it can now be stated with finality, is a man whose Republican tendencies are extremely dubious—so dubious, in fact, that the Party is not sure that he is a Republican at all. Our mental picture of the Eisenhower backers during the pre-acceptance days is always of them down on their knees at bedtime, praying, "Please, God, make Dwight a Republican!" Another qualification of the perfect Republican is that his views on vital issues not be known. This, of course, is not wholly true in Eisenhower's case. People do know what the General thinks about several matters. However, the information is scanty enough to make him ideal for the candidacy.



We're really delighted with the way the Republican race is shaping up; it's got everything. It's got Stassen, who would simply adore to be President. It's got Eisenhower, who can't stand the idea. (Army regulations, you know.) It's got Taft, who is the Republican's Republican. (Eisenhower is the Democrat's Republican.) It's got Warren, who is the governor of the least plausible state of the Union and who has a daughter named Honey Bear. And it's got Dark Horse MacArthur, who, if Taft gets stopped, may find himself in the running, backed by Hamilton Fish and Walter Winchell's son. Maybe the Democrats will put up a good fight in 1952, but they can't possibly get together a racing string like the above. Even the names are short and to the point: Ike, Bob, Hal, Earl, Doug. Our prediction is that July will be here before you know it.

THE morning after Ike had agreed to answer a clear call, we got a taste of the excitement that already stirs the country in its Presidential year. We rode an elevator with only two others aboard—the operator and a large, hearty man, who was cheering for Eisenhower. "Things are going to be all right now," he said to the operator as he was being let off at a low floor. To our surprise, we saw a look of skepticism cloud the operator's face, and as we continued the ascent he voiced disagreement. When we reached our floor, he stopped the car but did not open the door. Instead, he turned and confronted us; there we were, trapped alone with a political thinker. "Well?" he said accusingly. "What do *you* think?" (He was barring the door by holding one arm stiffly across it.) "Think?" we murmured. "Sure," he said. "What's the matter with the fellow we've got in there now?" It was plain that he had no intention of opening the door till he'd extorted an answer. "Matter?" we echoed weakly. "Nothing's the matter. Best man we've had in there since Fillmore." This satisfied the operator, and he opened the door and let us go. But if it's like that now, in January, what's it going to be like next summer?

THE heaviest concentration of New York's dream life is almost certainly to be found under the roof at the annual Boat Show. Here is where more men can gaze at what they are never going to possess than in any other gathering. A man who is born boat-happy dies boat-happy, and the intervening years are a voyage that may never take him afloat but that keeps him alive. Much of the time, he is in exquisite torture from unfulfilled desire, and spends his hours reading books about the sea. The boating world contains, of course, tiny coracles that are cheap enough to be within the means of practically anybody. But it also contains, as many a man knows, the dream ship that is always just out of sight over the horizon. The second-hand market is not much help. A good boat, strongly built and well maintained, doesn't depreciate greatly in value, as a car does, and a man may wait thirty years to realize his dream, only to find that by the time he is wealthy enough to buy the boat, he has become too emaciated to hoist sail and get the anchor. A man feels about a boat entirely differently from the way he feels about a car: he falls in love with it, often from afar, and the affair is a secret one—comparable to that of a young girl who sleeps with an actor's photograph under her pillow. Many an otherwise normal man falls in love with a boat at the age of fourteen, guards his secret well, and dies with it; and the boat is just as beautiful, her profile as lovely, her sheer line as tantalizing, at the time of his death as at the beginning of the affair. When you encounter this poor fellow in Grand Central Palace, poking around among the booths and twiddling with the sheaves of blocks, you would never suspect him of being the Great Lover that he is. He looks just like the next



man—which isn't surprising, for the next man is suffering, too.

Visiting Lady

BESOUGHT by us, the other afternoon at the Park Chambers, to discuss her life and times, Enid Bagnold, the English author of "Serena Blandish," "National Velvet," and "The Loved and Envied," who flew here in December to put the finishing touches on her play "Gertie," scheduled to open on Broadway the end of this month, looked up from her typewriter long enough to oblige. She was born in Kent, and spent several childhood years in Jamaica, where her father, a colonel, was in command of the Royal Engineers. "While there, I took to writing little poems," she said. "My father was enormously practical, very much of the old school, and when I showed him the poems, he asked when I'd written them. 'At night, in bed,' I said. 'It's very bad for your health,' he said. 'I want you to promise me not to write more than two a week.' " Miss Bagnold returned to England at the age of twelve, and for five years attended Prior's Field, a school at Godalming run by Aldous Huxley's mother. She was then sent to a school in Lausanne, from which she ran away, for reasons she firmly declined to state. "Ran away" is perhaps imprecise; she wired her father her intention of running away, and he sent a lady courier from Thomas Cook's to escort her to London. During the First World War, Miss Bagnold was a nurse's aid at a hospital in Woolwich. It was an old-line military institution, whose methods seemed to her antiquated and whose menus she found disappointing. This viewpoint was reflected in "A Diary Without Dates," a book about her hospital experiences, and its publication, in 1917, led to her expulsion from the institution. "You lived on the meat and died on the gravy" is the most specific hospital fact she vouchsafed. There was a shakeup (apart from her expulsion) as a result of the "Diary," and conditions at the hospital improved.

In 1920, Miss Bagnold, who rejoices in classic features and an elegant manner, married Sir Roderick Jones, then owner, chairman, and managing director of Reuter's, the news agency. Five years later, she wrote "Serena Blandish," a novel about a young girl who tries, without much success, to be no better than she should be. "I showed it to my father before publication," Miss Bagnold told us, "and he was so upset that I published it anonymously, as 'By a Lady of Quality.' My father was a tremendous character; it just so happened he never read novels, and words like 'virgin' horrified him. He felt it was an awful thing for me to have done, and don't let's mention it again. Some of his contemporaries—he was forty-five when I was born, and he died at a few months short of ninety, eight years ago—felt much the same way. Soon after the book came out, I overheard one of them mention the name Blandish to another at a dinner party, and asked what they were talking about. 'Not for your young ears, my dear,' one said. It was several years before my connection with the book became generally known."

Sir Roderick and Lady J. have four children—three sons and a daughter, Laurian, who in 1935, at thirteen, did the illustrations for "National Velvet." The eldest son, Timothy, lost a leg while serving with the Grenadier Guards in Italy during the war, and another son, Tucker, was recently demobilized from that regiment. The Joneses have a house in London next to Churchill's. "It has a stall in which we kept a cow during the last war," Miss Bagnold said. "My daughter and I milked it. We gave some of the milk to Churchill and some to Jacob Epstein, the sculptor, another neighbor. We have two houses on the coast, too. One, which we live in, used to belong to Sir Edward Burne-Jones, the Pre-Raphaelite painter; the other, which we rent, was occupied by Kipling for twelve years. I do a lot of gardening in the country, and make hard cheeses—not cream cheeses, but proper cheeses, which last a year. Do you want to know what I consider the most surprising thing in America?" We said yes, and she said, "The weight of the Sunday *Times*."

Miss Bagnold glanced at her typewriter, which contained a *medias-res* sheet of "Gertie," and we left soon afterward, but not before we had learned two or three surprising things about *her*. She gets up at six. She eats no lunch. She is the sister of Brigadier Ralph A. Bagnold, the world's greatest authority on sand and the author of "Physics of Blown Sand and Desert Dunes." "He crossed the Libyan Desert, studied it, and wrote about it years ago," she said. "During the last war, on Wavell's orders, he raised and commanded the Long Range Desert Group, which had a good deal to do with the defeat of Rommel." Miss Bagnold is flying home right after her show opens. "I just want to stay here for the big blow," she said. "These acts of murder your critics perform! I think plays survive antagonistic criticism much better in England than they do here. Maybe it's because our reviewers have so much less space in which to express themselves."

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OVERHEARD while passing a queue shuffling toward a change booth in the Grand Central I. R. T.

station, one pert miss to another: "He's no boy friend of mine. I've never let myself get so inexcited over any man."

The Fourth R

THE Radiac Company has opened what it ambitiously calls "America's first Atomic Age department store," a supply base for scientists, uranium prospectors, Civil Defense workers, and others preoccupied with radioactivity or the detection of underground metal. It stocks, for example, twenty types of Geiger counter, including the Snooper, the Sniffer, the Super-Sniffer, the Professional, the Orlocator, and the Ferret, all primarily for use by uranium prospectors, along with the 2610A, for use by prospectors, Civil Defense workers, and research scientists, and the Classmaster, for academic use. It also offers six types of metal-detector, including the Detectron 711 and the Grubstaker, for use by geologists, prospectors for metal other than uranium, and seekers of buried treasure, and four types of ultraviolet lamp, for use by physicians, oil analysts, criminologists, mineralogists, and others. The new store is the only one of its kind in the whole world, we were told when we nosed into it the other afternoon. On entering the place, which is on the seventh floor at 489 Fifth Avenue, we found ourself in a counterless showroom about as large as an average apartment living room, lined with shelves bearing mysterious-looking metal machines of various sizes and shapes, as well as dark-orange pottery pitchers, vases, and tumblers. We were waved to a chair by a thin young man with light-brown hair, who introduced himself as James Mitchel, sales manager of Radiac. He has three assistants, but they were out to lunch, he told us. "There got to be such a demand for Geiger counters," he said, hauling down one of the vases from a shelf and setting it on a table next to our chair, "that a couple of months ago our parent outfit, the Atomic Center, which acts as purchasing agent for large hospitals and radiological labs that want to get hold of such things as betatrons and mass spectrometers, decided to plunge into the retail atomic business, and here we are. The government, you know, has raised its top bonus for locating uranium in sizable quantities from ten thousand to thirty-five thousand dollars."

Mitchel got an apparatus the size of a table-model television set from a shelf and set it on the table beside the vase. "Listen to this," he said. He flipped a switch on the front of the machine, and chuckled as it began to make a loud crackling noise. The vase was radioactive, Mitchel advised us. A little red light in the machine sparked on and off as the crackling continued. "This is a Classmaster," he explained. "It's a visual-training aid in the field of atomic physics. In the Atomic Age, nobody can afford to neglect the fourth R—radioactivity. This vase, which is of clay, happens to be painted with a pigment containing uranium salt. We had to travel to wayside stands all over the East to round up the pottery we've got here. Pottery isn't being painted with uranium salt any more, because the Licensing Division of the Atomic Energy Commission won't allow it. The pottery was put out by a firm in California. We don't sell the stuff; we give it to educators who want to demonstrate that the fourth R isn't dangerous, necessarily, and has always been with us. The hands on some people's watches are radioactive. For centuries, glassmakers in Europe used uranium salt to give color to stained-glass windows. The windows of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine are radioactive. But harmless."

At our request, Mitchel showed us some Geiger counters, among them the Lucky Strike, a light field model that prospectors wear attached to their belts, which sells for $99.50, and the Ferret, which sells for $19.95 and is the cheapest and smallest Geiger counter made—four and a half inches square and three inches high. He pointed to an instrument the size of an electric razor, the Civion. "For high-level monitoring of a contaminated area," he said. "We hope it'll never be used. You can tell by the reading of the meter how long it's safe to stay in the area, if at all. I'd like you to see our metal-detector, the Detectron 711." He removed two metal boxes a foot square and three inches thick from the shelves and briskly joined them together with an aluminum pole three feet long. An attachment on the pole raised up when pulled, and served as a handle. Mitchel swung the machine around the room. "Light as a feather," he declared. "Shoots out and picks up electromagnetic waves instead of picking up ionization. Geiger counters pick up ionization." We looked puzzled. "Well," said Mitchel, putting down the Detectron gingerly, "first I'd better explain how a metal-detector works and then how a Geiger counter works. A metal-detector sets up electromagnetic lines . . ."

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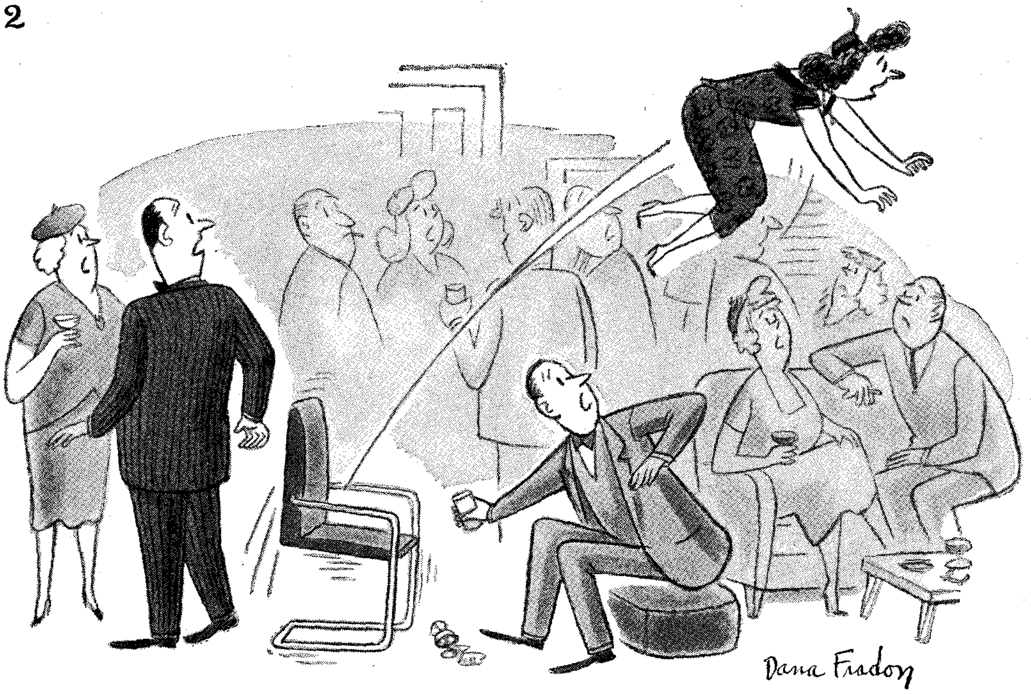


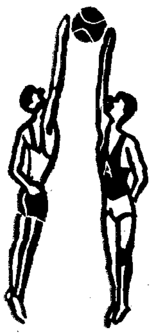
Chauvinist

FATHER went upstairs to kiss his year-old daughter good night, noticed that her face seemed unusually fat, put his finger in her mouth, and slowly drew out an eight-inch-long American flag.

First Offender

WE had a pleasant, backward-looking talk the other day with a small, gentle, blue-eyed, white-haired man named Harry Larkin, who retired in April after nearly fifty years of private chauffeuring in and about New York. Larkin's remembrance of things past proved to be as sunny as it was complete; he has relished his lifework and he is only sorry that he no longer finds himself behind the wheel. "It was the night blindness coming on made me give up," he told us. "I used to be one for driving at all hours, in all weather, and could stare down the brightest lights. Then they got like yellowy halos swarming up at me out of the dark"—he thrust his hands toward us, fingers spread wide, blurring our own vision—"and I said to myself, 'Harry, you'll be better off safe than sorry.' " Larkin, who is a neat and curiously venerable sixty-five, has had a longer career as a chauffeur than anyone of his acquaintance, and—as far as he has been able to discover, or we have—is further distinguished by being the first person ever to be arrested and jailed for speeding in an automobile in this city. He was sixteen at the time, and the incident has remained the great adventure of his life.

Larkin was born in the Greenpoint section of Brooklyn and was one of eight children, seven of whom are living. (The eighth, a prizefighter, died eight years ago.) In 1898, one of Larkin's older brothers opened a garage on Forty-ninth Street, between Lexington and Third, and young Harry went to work for him. He learned to drive in a Mobile Steamer that belonged to a doctor in the neighborhood. When the doctor brought the Steamer into the garage for the night, it would still have a pretty good head of steam up, and Harry would practice driving it until the pressure ran down. At first, he could only make the Steamer go forward. He would steer it the length of the garage until it bounced against the rear wall; then he would wheel it back to the front door and start over. Also stored in the garage were a Panhard, a Renault, a Cadillac, and a Winton, and Larkin quickly mastered the lot of them. He remembers how the owner of the Panhard, which, like most early horseless carriages, was chain-driven, would come in on a Sunday morning, take off the chains, and soak them in tallow, to keep them from clanking as he bowled up and down the avenues. In those days, no one was required to have a driver's license, much less to be of a certain age, and by the time Larkin was sixteen he was an old hand at the tiller.



Late one evening in the spring of 1903, Larkin picked up a nobby one-cylinder Winton at the home of its owner, on upper Fifth Avenue, and headed for the garage. The Winton had no speedometer, and Larkin admits now that he may have been scorching along at close to thirty miles an hour, the Winton's top speed; anyhow, he attracted the attention of a bicycle policeman posted at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Sixty-fifth Street. The policeman, whose bicycle *did* have a speedometer, leaped into the saddle, pedalled off in pursuit of Larkin, caught up with him, and ordered him to proceed to the East Sixty-seventh Street station, where, acting under a brand-new traffic ordinance, the police charged him with travelling twenty miles an hour, two miles an hour in excess of the legal limit. The Winton was sequestered in an ancient cow barn on First Avenue, and Larkin spent the night in a cell in the station house. The next day, he was taken to the East Fifty-seventh Street station, where the police refused to let him get in touch with his brother. He began to suspect that they had never arrested a speeding automobilist before and didn't know what to do with him. He spent that night in a cell, too, and the following morning was taken to the Tombs, where he languished for two days. "I was only a kid and sick with fright," Larkin said. "I was thinking of writing a note to my brother in my own blood when in comes a cop and hauls me off to a courtroom they have. There's my brother back of the railing, big as life, and three judges on a high bench. One of the judges wants to know what I'm booked for, and the cop says, 'Speeding.' The judge says, 'What do you mean by "speeding"?' 'Going too fast in an automobile,' says the cop. 'When did it happen?' says the judge. 'Four days ago,' says the cop. 'This case don't belong here,' says the judge. 'Even if it did, the lad has been punished enough. Send him on home!' "

Shortly afterward, Larkin got the first of a series of jobs as a private chauffeur. He drove for Alfred L. Seligman, who had a Cleveland and a Simplex; for John Purroy Mitchel, who had a Marmon; and for Mrs. William P. Hamilton, who had four chauffeurs and a fleet of from six to nine cars, mostly Cadillacs, Stutzes, and Rolls-Royces. In 1923, Larkin started driving for Mrs. Benjamin Moore, now of Syosset, and continued to drive for her until last April. "Twenty-eight years," he said. "All the other chauffeurs I'd stand around fanning with at weddings and the like, they called me Moore." On Larkin's retirement, he and his wife went to live in Hicksville. A son lives almost next door. "One day right after I left Mrs. Moore, the children got me to try their car," Larkin said. "It's one of these new, light little cheap things, nothing like the cars I'm used to. First I went too fast, then I went too slow. Then, rounding a curve, I pulled too hard at the flibbertigibbety wheel and went smack against a curb. They teased me so much I went and gave up driving altogether."

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NOTE on the bulletin board in the English classroom of the Pleasantville, New York, High School, for the guidance of the school paper's staff:

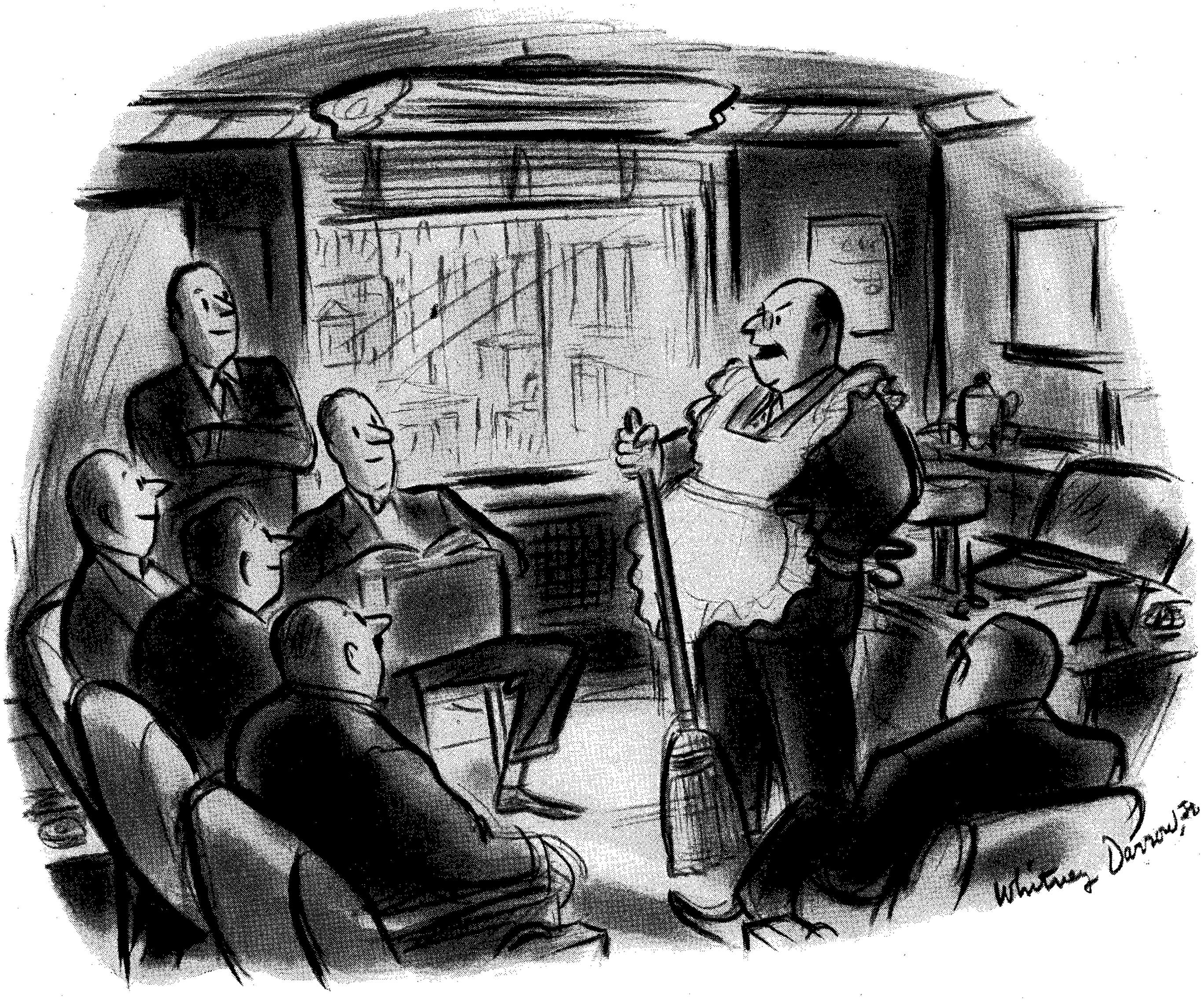
PROOF READING MARKS

ir—irrelevant
inc—incomplete
awk—awkward
sp—spelling
inac—inacquarate

Repercussion

THE original lyrics of "They Like Ike," the Irving Berlin song in "Call Me Madam" that became increasingly pertinent last week, contained, among other now outdated lines, "But Ike says he don't wanna." One of the first nonpolitical consequences of Ike's saying he don't wanna say he don't wanna was the hasty flight of Mr. Berlin to New York from Nassau, where he had been sojourning, as is his enviable seasonal custom. The day after his return, we called on him at his house on Beekman Place, and found him pacing thoughtfully in front of a portable typewriter with a sheet of paper in it. At the top of the sheet was written, "Revised Version, 'They Like Ike.' " "That's as far as I've got," he said, "but actually the typewriter doesn't mean a thing. I really have to write lyrics in my head."

Mr. Berlin said that he had been anticipating the necessity of making revisions ever since the show opened. "I knew that as soon as Eisenhower said something, I'd have to change the words," he told us. "I had the same sort of thing hanging over me in 'As Thousands Cheer.' We had a song in there about John D. Rockefeller, the old man, and every time we'd see in


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"All right, Haskell—sell me."

• •

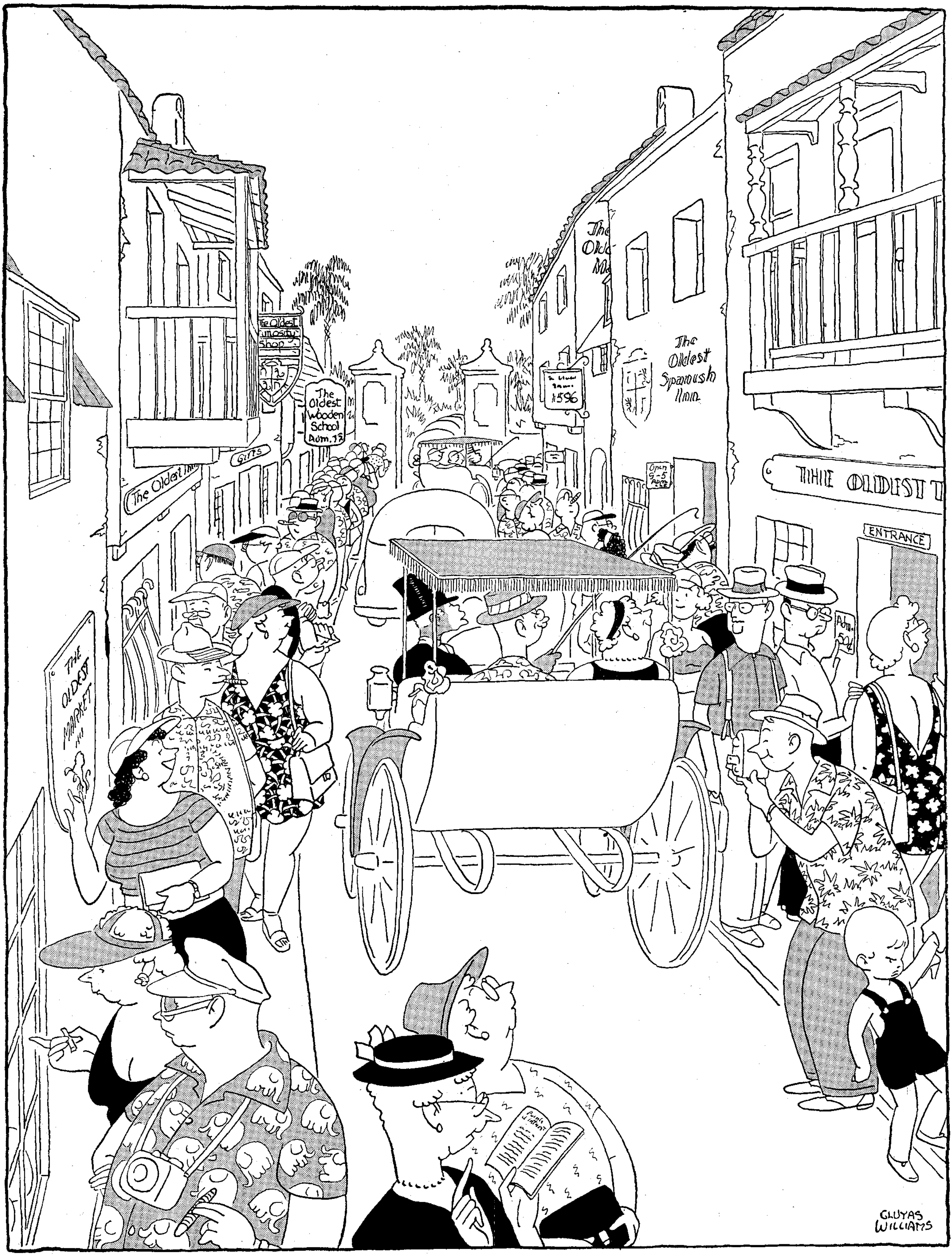
the papers that he'd caught a cold, we'd start tearing our hair. We sweated that one out for two years, but he outlived the show. Well, this time I got caught." He added that "They Like Ike" required fairly extensive overhauling. In the old version, he reminded us, two gleeful Democratic senators keep pointing out to a glum Republican congressman that Ike isn't interested in the Presidency. Berlin said that with luck he'd have the new version finished and be aboard a plane for Nassau in another forty-eight hours. "But I don't know," he added. "I'm rusty. It's been fifteen months since I've written a song—the longest nonproductive stretch I've ever had. This is just a rewrite job, to be sure, but lyrics are always tough for me. I'm sixty-three, you know—a little better than sixty-three—and I suppose someday there's going to come a time when I reach for it and it isn't there. It frightens me."

The composer told us he first met Eisenhower in 1944 in London, after a performance there of "This Is the Army." "Right then, the phrase 'They like Ike' came to me," he said. "To tell you the truth, I *love* Eisenhower, and I think he would make a wonderful President. Well, it was a question of waiting around to find the spot for a song about him, and 'Call Me Madam' was it. I hope I don't run into a jam on this revision. I've stuck myself with a very tricky rhythm here." We asked how widely he thought the song would be used by Ike's backers in the months ahead. "This isn't a campaign song," he said, "but if anybody wants to use it as a campaign song, it's O.K. with me. I understand that since Eisenhower made his announcement, when Pat Harrington sings his first 'They like Ike,' the audience starts applauding. Well, now to work."

We inquired later and learned that Mr. Berlin completed a draft of his new lyrics twenty-four hours after we had seen him, that he departed for Nassau twenty-one hours after *that*, that he was still not satisfied with them when he left, and that they were expected to be polished and unveiled by the end of this week.

Flurry

A LONG ISLAND matron invested in one of those new bombs calculated to sprinkle a white, snowlike substance on Christmas trees, and tried it out on a few pine trees in front of her house. The next morning, a warm one, she called up a friend in Manhattan and asked her to drive out for lunch. The friend asked how the weather was in the country. Her hostess absent-mindedly looked out the window at her whitened trees and said, "It's been snowing. You'd better bundle up." This the guest did, and, on her earmuffed and galoshed arrival, a good laugh was had by both ladies.


The Oldest
uriosity
Shop
The Oldest Wooden School Adm. 75
The Old Ma
The Oldest Spanish Inn
1596
Gifts
The Oldest Th
Open 9-5
THE OLDEST T
ENTRANCE
Adm. 50¢
THE OLDEST MARKET
GLUYAS WILLIAMS

AMERICA'S PLAYGROUNDS

St. Augustine

DIP IN THE POOL

On the morning of the third day, the sea calmed. Even the most delicate passengers—those who had not been seen around the ship since sailing time—emerged from their cabins and crept up onto the sun deck, where the deck steward gave them chairs and tucked rugs around their legs and left them lying in rows, their faces upturned to the pale, almost heatless January sun.

It had been moderately rough the first two days, and this sudden calm and the sense of comfort that it brought created a more genial atmosphere over the whole ship. By the time evening came, the passengers, with twelve hours of good weather behind them, were beginning to feel confident, and at eight o'clock that night the main dining room was filled with people eating and drinking with the assured, complacent air of seasoned sailors.

The meal was not half over when the passengers became aware, by a slight friction between their bodies and the seats of their chairs, that the big ship had actually started rolling again. It was very gentle at first, just a slow, lazy leaning to one side, then to the other, but it was enough to cause a subtle, immediate change of mood over the whole room. A few of the passengers glanced up from their food, hesitating, waiting, almost listening for the next roll, smiling nervously, little secret glimmers of apprehension in their eyes. Some were completely unruffled, some were openly smug, a number of the smug ones making jokes about food and weather in order to torture the few who were beginning to suffer. The movement of the ship then became rapidly more and more violent, and only five or six minutes after the first roll had been noticed, she was swinging heavily from side to side, the passengers bracing themselves in their chairs, leaning against the pull, as in a car cornering.

At last the really bad roll came, and Mr. William Botibol, sitting at the purser's table, saw his plate of poached turbot with hollandaise sauce sliding suddenly away from under his fork. There was a flutter of excitement, everybody reaching for plates and wineglasses. Mrs. Renshaw, seated at the purser's right, gave a little scream and clutched that gentleman's arm.

"Going to be a dirty night," the purser said, looking at Mrs. Renshaw. "I think it's blowing up for a very dirty night." There was just the faintest suggestion of relish in the way he said it.

A steward came hurrying up and sprinkled water on the tablecloth between the plates. The excitement subsided. Most of the passengers continued with their meal. A small number, including Mrs. Renshaw, got carefully to their feet and threaded their ways with a kind of concealed haste between the tables and through the doorway.

"Well," the purser said, "there she goes." He glanced around with approval at the remainder of his flock, who were sitting quiet, looking complacent, their faces reflecting openly that extraordinary pride that travellers seem to take in being recognized as "good sailors."

When the eating was finished and the coffee had been served, Mr. Botibol, who had been unusually grave and thoughtful since the rolling started, suddenly stood up and carried his cup of coffee around to Mrs. Renshaw's vacant place, next to the purser. He seated himself in her chair, then immediately leaned over and began to whisper urgently in the purser's ear. "Excuse me," he said, "but could you tell me something please?"

The purser, small and fat and red, bent forward to listen. "What's the trouble, Mr. Botibol?"

"What I want to know is this." The man's face was anxious and the purser was watching it. "What I want to know is will the captain already have made his estimate on the day's run—you know, for the auction pool? I mean before it began to get rough like this?"

The purser, who had prepared himself to receive a personal confidence, smiled and leaned back in his seat to relax his full belly. "I should say so—yes," he answered. He did not bother to whisper his reply, although automatically he lowered his voice, as one does when answering a whisperer.

"About how long ago do you think he did it?"

"Some time this afternoon. He usually does it in the afternoon."

"About what time?"

"Oh, I don't know. Around four o'clock I should guess."

"Now tell me another thing. How does the captain decide which number it shall be? Does he take a lot of trouble over that?"

The purser looked at the anxious frowning face of Mr. Botibol and he smiled, knowing quite well what the man was driving at. "Well, you see, the captain has a little conference with the navigating officer, and they study the weather and a lot of other things, and then they make their estimate."

Mr. Botibol nodded, pondering this answer for a moment. Then he said, "Do you think the captain knew there was bad weather coming today?"

"I couldn't tell you," the purser replied. He was looking into the small black eyes of the other man, seeing the two single little sparks of excitement dancing in their centers. "I really couldn't tell you, Mr. Botibol. I wouldn't know."

"If this gets any worse it might be worth buying some of the low numbers. What do you think?" The whispering was more urgent, more anxious now.

"Perhaps it will," the purser said. "I doubt the old man allowed for a really rough night. It was pretty calm this afternoon when he made his estimate."

The others at the table had become silent and were trying to hear, watching the purser with that intent, half-cocked, listening look that you can see also at the race track when they are trying to overhear a trainer talking about his chance: the slightly open lips, the upstretched eyebrows, the head forward and cocked a little to one side—that desperately straining, half-hypnotized, listening look that comes to all of them when they are hearing something straight from the horse's mouth.

"Now supposing *you* were allowed to buy a number, which one would *you* choose today?" Mr. Botibol whispered.

"I don't know what the range is yet," the purser patiently answered. "They don't announce the range till the auction starts after dinner. And I'm really not very good at it anyway. I'm only the purser, you know."

At that point Mr. Botibol stood up. "Excuse me, all," he said, and he walked carefully away over the swaying floor between the other tables, and twice he had to catch hold of the back of a chair to steady himself against the ship's roll.

"The sun deck, please," he said to the elevator man.

The wind caught him full in the face as he stepped out onto the open deck. He staggered and grabbed hold of the rail and held on tight with both hands, and he stood there looking out over the darkening sea where the great waves were welling up high, and white horses were riding against the wind with plumes of spray behind them as they went.

"Pretty bad out there, wasn't it, sir?" the elevator man said on the way down.

Mr. Botibol was combing his hair back into place with a small red comb. "Do you think we've slackened speed at all on account of the weather?" he asked.

"Oh my word yes, sir. We slacked off considerable since this started. You got to slacken off speed in weather like this or you'll be throwing the passengers all over the ship."

DOWN in the smoking room people were already gathering for the auction. They were grouping themselves politely around the various tables, the men a little stiff in their dinner jackets, a little pink and overshaved and stiff beside their cool, white-armed women. Mr. Botibol took a chair close to the auctioneer's table. He crossed his legs, folded his arms, and settled himself in his seat with the rather desperate air of a man who has made a tremendous decision and refuses to be frightened.

The pool, he was telling himself, would probably be around seven thousand dollars. That was almost exactly what it had been the last two days, with the numbers selling for between three and four hundred apiece. Being a British ship they did it in pounds, but he liked to do his thinking in his own currency. Seven thousand dollars was plenty of money. My goodness yes! And what he would do he would get them to pay him in hundred-dollar bills and he would take it ashore in the inside pocket of his jacket. No problem there. And right away, yes right away, he would buy a Lincoln convertible. He would pick it up on the way from the ship and drive it home just for the pleasure of seeing Ethel's face when she came out of the front door and looked at it. Wouldn't that really be something, to see Ethel's face when he glided up to the door in a brand-new pale-green Lincoln convertible! Hello Ethel honey, he would say, speaking very casual. I just thought I'd get you a little present. I saw it in the window as I went by, so I thought of you and how you were always wanting one. You like it, honey? he would say. You like the color? and then he would watch her face.

The auctioneer was standing up behind his table now. "Ladies and gentlemen!" he shouted. "The captain has estimated the day's run, ending midday tomorrow, at five hundred and fifteen miles. As usual we will take the ten numbers on either side of it to make up the range. That makes it five hundred and five to five hundred and twenty-five. And of course for those who think the true figure will be still farther away, there'll be 'low field' and 'high field' sold separately as well. Now, we'll draw the first number out of the hat . . . here we are . . . five hundred and twelve . . . what am I bid for number five hundred and twelve?"

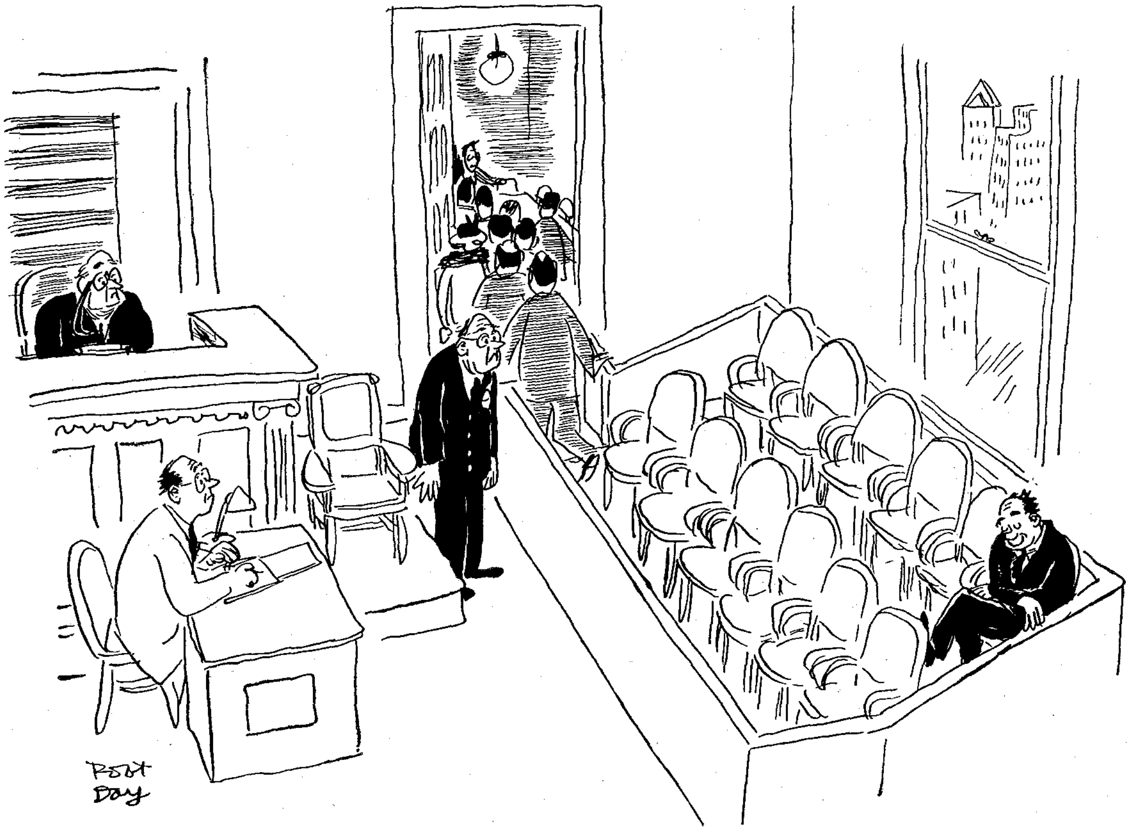
The room became quiet. The people sat still in their chairs, all eyes watching the auctioneer. There was a certain tension in the air, and as the bids got higher, the tension grew. This wasn't a game or a joke; you could be sure of that by the way one man would look across at another who had raised his bid—smiling perhaps, but only the lips smiling, the eyes bright and absolutely cold.

Number five hundred and twelve was knocked down for one hundred and ten pounds. The next three or four numbers fetched roughly the same amount.

The ship was rolling heavily, and each time she went over the wooden panelling on the walls creaked as if it were going to split. The passengers held on to the arms of their chairs, concentrating upon the auction.

"Low field!" the auctioneer called out. "The next number is low field."

Mr. Botibol sat up very straight and tense. He would wait, he had decided, until the others had finished bidding, then he would jump in and make the last bid. He had figured that there must be at least five hundred dollars in his account at the bank at home, probably nearer six. That was about two hundred pounds—over two hundred. This ticket wouldn't fetch more than that.



"As you all know," the auctioneer was saying, "low field covers every number *below* the smallest number in the range, in this case every number below five hundred and five. So if you think this ship is going to cover less than five hundred and five miles in the twenty-four hours ending at noon tomorrow, you better get in and buy this number. So what am I bid?"

It went clear up to one

hundred and thirty pounds. Others besides Mr. Botibol seemed to have noticed that the weather was rough. One hundred and forty . . . fifty . . . There it stopped. The auctioneer raised his hammer.

"Going at one hundred and fifty . . ."

"Sixty!" Mr. Botibol called, and every face in the room turned and looked at him.

"Seventy!"

"Eighty!" Mr. Botibol called.

"Ninety!"

"Two hundred!" Mr. Botibol called. He wasn't stopping now—not for anyone.

There was a pause.

"Any advance on two hundred pounds?"

Sit still, he told himself. Sit absolutely still and don't look up. It's unlucky to look up. Hold your breath. No one's going to bid you up so long as you hold your breath.

"Going for two hundred pounds . . ." The auctioneer had a pink bald head and there were little beads of sweat sparkling on top of it. "Going . . ." Mr. Botibol held his breath. ". . . Going . . . Gone!" The man banged the hammer on the table. Mr. Botibol wrote out a check and handed it to the auctioneer's assistant, then he settled back in his chair to wait for the finish. He did not want to go to bed before he knew how much there was in the pool.

They added it up after the last number had been sold and it came to twenty-one hundred-odd pounds. That was around six thousand dollars. Ninety per cent to go to the winner, ten per cent to seamen's charities. Ninety per cent of six thousand was five thousand four hundred. Well—that was enough. He could buy the Lincoln convertible and there would be something left over, too. With this gratifying thought he went off, happy and excited, to his cabin.

"You mean I'm a grandfather!"

WHEN Mr. Botibol awoke the next morning he lay quite still for several minutes with his eyes shut, listening for the sound of the gale, waiting for the roll of the ship. There was no sound of any gale and the ship was not rolling. He jumped up and peered out of the porthole. The sea—Oh Jesus God—was smooth as glass, the great ship was moving through it fast, obviously making up for time lost during the night. Mr. Botibol turned away and sat slowly down on the edge of his bunk. A fine electricity of fear was beginning to prickle under the skin of his stomach. He hadn't a hope now. One of the higher numbers was certain to win it after this.

"Oh my God," he said aloud. "What shall I do?"

What, for example, would Ethel say? It was simply not possible to tell her that he had spent almost all of their two years' savings on a ticket in the ship's pool. Nor was it possible to keep the matter secret. To do that he would have to tell her to stop drawing checks. And what about the monthly installments on the television set and the Encyclopædia Britannica? Already he could see the anger and the contempt in the woman's eyes, the blue becoming gray and the eyes themselves narrowing as they always did when there was anger in them.

"Oh my God. What *shall* I do?"

There was no point in pretending that he had the slightest chance now—not unless the goddam ship started to go backward. They'd have to put her in reverse and go full speed astern and keep right on going if he was to have any chance of winning it now. Well, maybe he should ask the captain to do just that. Offer him ten per cent of the profits. Offer him more if he wanted it. Mr. Botibol started to giggle. Then very suddenly he stopped, his eyes and mouth both opening wide in a kind of shocked surprise. For it was at this moment that the idea came. It hit him hard and quick, and he jumped up from his bed, terribly excited, ran over to the porthole and looked out again. Well, he thought, why not? Why ever not? The sea was calm and he wouldn't have any trouble keeping afloat until they picked him up. He had a vague feeling that someone had done this thing before, but that didn't prevent him from doing it again. The ship would have to stop and lower a boat, and the boat would have to go back maybe half a mile to get him, and then it would have to return to the ship and be hoisted back on board. It would take at least an hour, the whole thing. An hour was about thirty miles. It would knock thirty miles off the day's run. That would do it. "Low field" would be sure to win it then. Just so long as he made certain someone saw him falling over; but that would be simple to arrange. And he'd better wear light clothes, something easy to swim in. Sports clothes, that was it. He would dress as though he were going up to play some deck tennis—just a shirt and a pair of shorts and tennis shoes. And leave his watch behind. What was the time? Nine-fifteen. The sooner the better, then. Do it now and get it over with. Have to do it soon, because the time limit was midday.

I AM DYING TO KNOW WHAT YOU ARE SAYING, EGYPT

(LINES WRITTEN WHILE OCCUPYING SEAT M-108, UNFANNED BY EUNUCHS, AT A PERFORMANCE OF "ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA")

When actors speak the Bard's immortal words,
Their mouths fill up with butterflies and birds.
So great the love they bear for what they're playing
It's frightf'ly hard to hear what they are saying.

Let's have one other gaudy night, Miss Leigh,
When all is sweetly audible to me!
Some wine within! And for mine ear a trumpet—
When Egypt speaks, I want to *hear* the strumpet.

And if through Leigh I cannot hear Nile's sermon,
By Heav'n, I wish they'd give the role to Merman,
To whom my heart is ever tied by th' strings
Because I catch each syllable she sings!

—E. B. W.

• •

Mr. Botibol was both frightened and excited when he stepped out onto the sun deck in his sports clothes. His small body was wide at the hips, tapering upward to extremely narrow, sloping shoulders, so that it resembled, in shape at any rate, a bollard. His white, skinny legs were covered with black hairs, and he came cautiously out on deck, treading softly in his tennis shoes. Nervously he looked around him. There was only one other person in sight, an elderly woman with very thick ankles and immense buttocks who was leaning over the rail staring at the sea. She was wearing a coat of Persian lamb and the collar was turned up so Mr. Botibol couldn't see her face.

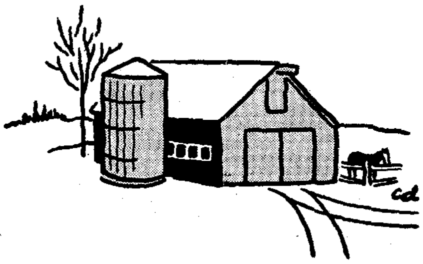
He stood still, examining her carefully from a distance. Yes, he told himself, she would probably do. She would probably give the alarm just as quickly as anyone else. But wait one minute, take your time, William Botibol, take your time. Remember what you told yourself a few minutes ago in the cabin when you were changing? You remember that?

The thought of leaping off a ship into the ocean a thousand miles from the nearest land had made Mr. Botibol—a cautious man at the best of times—unusually advertent. He was by no means satisfied yet that this woman he saw before him was *absolutely certain* to give the alarm when he made his jump. In his opinion there were two possible reasons why she might fail him. Firstly, she might be deaf and blind. It was not very probable, but on the other hand it *might* be so, and why take a chance? All he had to do was check it by talking to her for a moment beforehand. Secondly—and this will demonstrate how suspicious the mind of a man can become when it is working through self-preservation and fear—secondly, it had occurred to him that the woman might herself be the owner of one of the high numbers in the pool and, as such, would have a sound financial reason for not wishing to stop the ship. Mr. Botibol recalled that people had killed their fellows for far less than six thousand dollars. It was happening every day in the newspapers. So why take a chance on that either? Check on it first. Be sure of your facts. Find out about it by a little polite conversation. Then, provided that the woman appeared also to be a pleasant, kindly human being, the thing was a cinch and he could leap overboard with a light heart.

Mr. Botibol advanced casually toward the woman and took up a position beside her, leaning on the rail. "Hullo," he said pleasantly.

She turned and smiled at him, a surprisingly lovely, almost a beautiful smile, although the face itself was very plain. "Hullo," she answered him.

Check, Mr. Botibol told himself, on the first question. She is neither blind nor deaf. "Tell me," he said, coming straight to the point, "what did you think of the auction last night?"



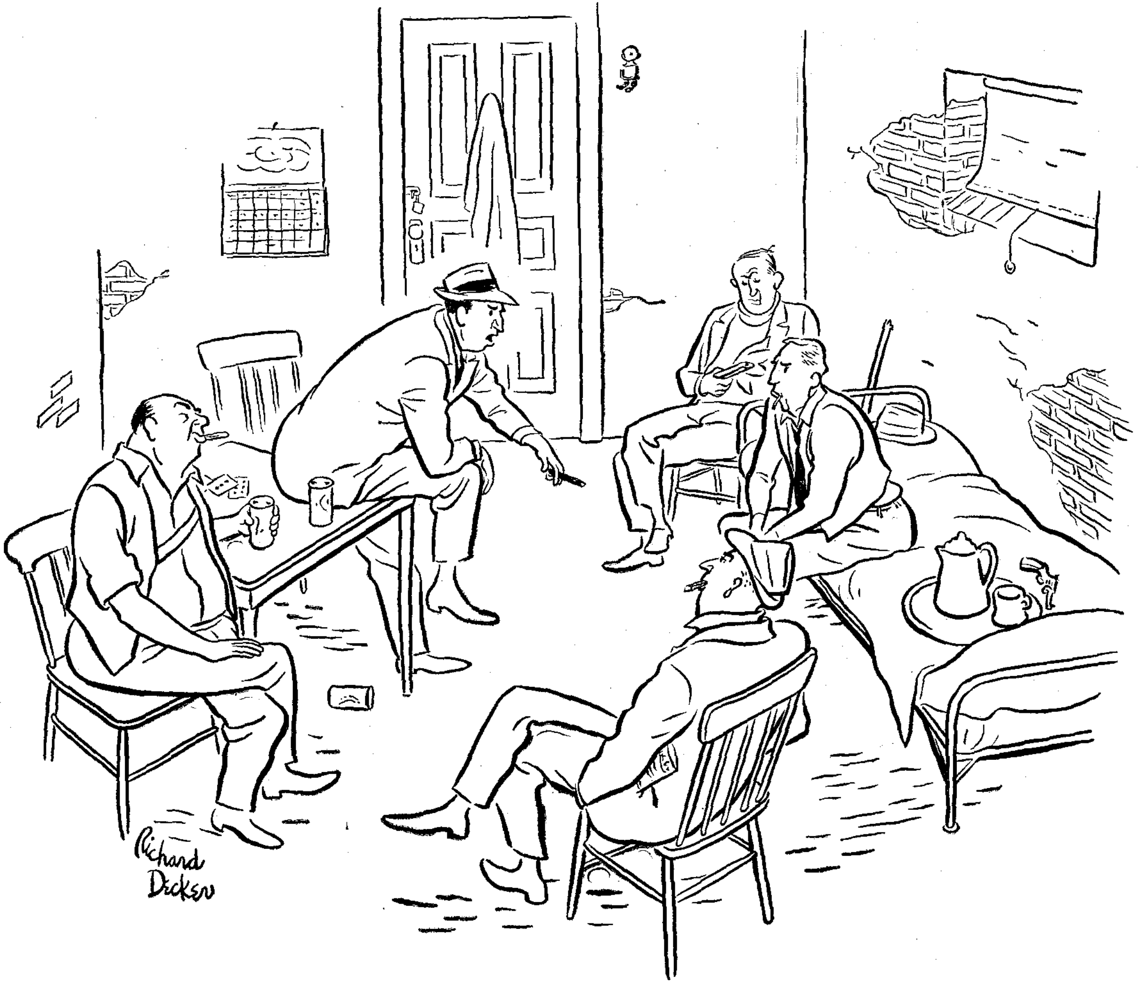
"Auction?" she asked, frowning. "Auction? What auction?"

"You know, that silly old thing they have in the lounge after dinner, selling numbers on the ship's daily run. I just wondered what you thought about it."

She shook her head, and again she smiled, a sweet and pleasant smile that had in it perhaps the trace of an apology. "I'm very lazy," she said. "I always go to bed early. I have my dinner in bed. It's so restful to have dinner in bed."

Mr. Botibol smiled back at her and began to edge away. "Got to go and get my exercise now," he said. "Never miss my exercise in the morning. It was nice seeing you. Very nice seeing you . . ." He retreated about ten paces, and the woman let him go without looking around.

Everything was now in order. The sea was calm, he was lightly dressed for swimming, there were almost certainly no man-eating sharks in this part of the Atlantic, and there was this pleasant, kindly old woman to give the alarm. It was a question now only of whether the ship would be delayed long enough to swing the balance in his favor. Almost certainly it would. In any event, he could do a little to help in that direction himself. He could make a few difficulties about getting hauled up into the lifeboat. Swim around a bit, back away from them surreptitiously as they tried to come up close to fish him out. Every minute, every second gained would help him win. He began to move forward again to the rail, but now a new fear assailed him. Would he get caught in the propeller? He had heard about that happening to persons falling off the sides of big ships. But then, he



"Now you guys all know what you're supposed to do and when, so let's cream this up. This is one caper I don't want any slipup on. The Missus has already spent my cut."

• •

wasn't going to fall, he was going to jump, and that was a very different thing. Provided he jumped out far enough he would be sure to clear the propeller.

Mr. Botibol advanced slowly to a position at the rail about twenty yards away from the woman. She wasn't looking at him now. So much the better. He didn't want her watching him as he jumped off. So long as no one was watching he would be able to say afterward that he had slipped and fallen by accident. He peered over the side of the ship. It was a long, long drop. Come to think of it now, he might easily hurt himself badly if he hit the water flat. Wasn't there someone who once split his stomach open that way, doing a belly flop from the high dive? He must jump straight and land feet first. Go in like a knife. Yes sir. The water looked cold and deep and gray and it made him shiver to look at it. But it was now or never. Be a man, William Botibol, be a man. All right then . . . now . . . here goes . . .

He climbed up onto the wide wooden toprail, stood there poised, balancing for three terrifying seconds, then he leaped—he leaped up and out as far as he could go and at the same time he shouted *"Help!"*

"Help! Help!" he shouted as he fell. Then he hit the water and went under.

When the first shout for help sounded, the woman who was leaning on the rail started up and gave a little jump of surprise. She looked around quickly and saw sailing past her through the air this small man dressed in white shorts and tennis shoes, spread-eagled and shouting as he went. For a moment she looked as though she weren't quite sure what she ought to do: throw a life belt, run away and give the alarm, or simply turn and yell. She drew back a pace from the rail and swung half around facing up to the bridge, and for this brief moment she remained motionless, tense, undecided. Then almost at once she seemed to relax, and she leaned forward far over the rail, staring at the water where it was turbulent in the ship's wake. Soon a tiny round black head appeared in the foam, an arm was raised above it, once, twice, vigorously waving, and a small, faraway voice was heard calling something that was difficult to understand. The woman leaned still farther over the rail, trying to keep the little bobbing black speck in sight, but soon, so very soon, it was such a long way away that she couldn't even be sure it was there at all.

AFTER a while another woman came out on deck. This one was bony and angular, and she wore horn-rimmed spectacles. She spotted the first woman and walked over to her, treading the deck in the deliberate, military fashion of all spinsters.

"So *there* you are," she said.

The woman with the fat ankles turned and looked at her, but said nothing.

"I've been looking for you," the bony one continued. "Looking all over."

"It's very odd," the woman with the fat ankles said. "A man dived overboard just now, with his clothes on."

"Nonsense!"

"Oh yes. He said he wanted to get some exercise and he dived in and didn't even bother to take his clothes off."

"You better come down now," the bony woman said. Her mouth had suddenly become firm, her whole face sharp and alert, and she spoke less kindly than before. "And don't you ever go wandering about on deck alone like this again. You know quite well you're meant to wait for me."

"Yes, Maggie," the woman with the fat ankles answered, and again she smiled, a tender, trusting smile, and she took the hand of the other one and allowed herself to be led away across the deck.

"Such a nice man," she said. "He waved to me." —ROALD DAHL

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Although an avowed Independent in politics, he always voted the Republican ticket—*New Haven (Conn.) Register.*

What the Republicans need is some more Independents like that.

STOLEN DREAM

WHAT would you say about a little girl—my own child Bimba, as a matter of fact—who stole a dream and then told it as her own? It is true that she has never stolen more than that *one* dream, but it was one of the first dreams her elder brother, Vieri, had made in his own name, if you know what I mean, in his capacity of fullfledged dreamer. So it is little wonder that they should still fight over that dream now, eight years after it was dreamed by him and appropriated by her.

The dream in question was made under my eyes, in a manner of speaking, and so I feel competent to say that it contained no symbolism and no disguised sexual situations. It was just a plain dream, such as you would expect a four-year-old child to build with the few colored blocks of his simple experience. The first of the elements of which it was composed is a cow. This cow lived peacefully, as cows do, in the state of Virginia, between Alexandria and Fairfax—to be more precise, in Weynoke. As far as the cow is concerned, everything was as it should be.

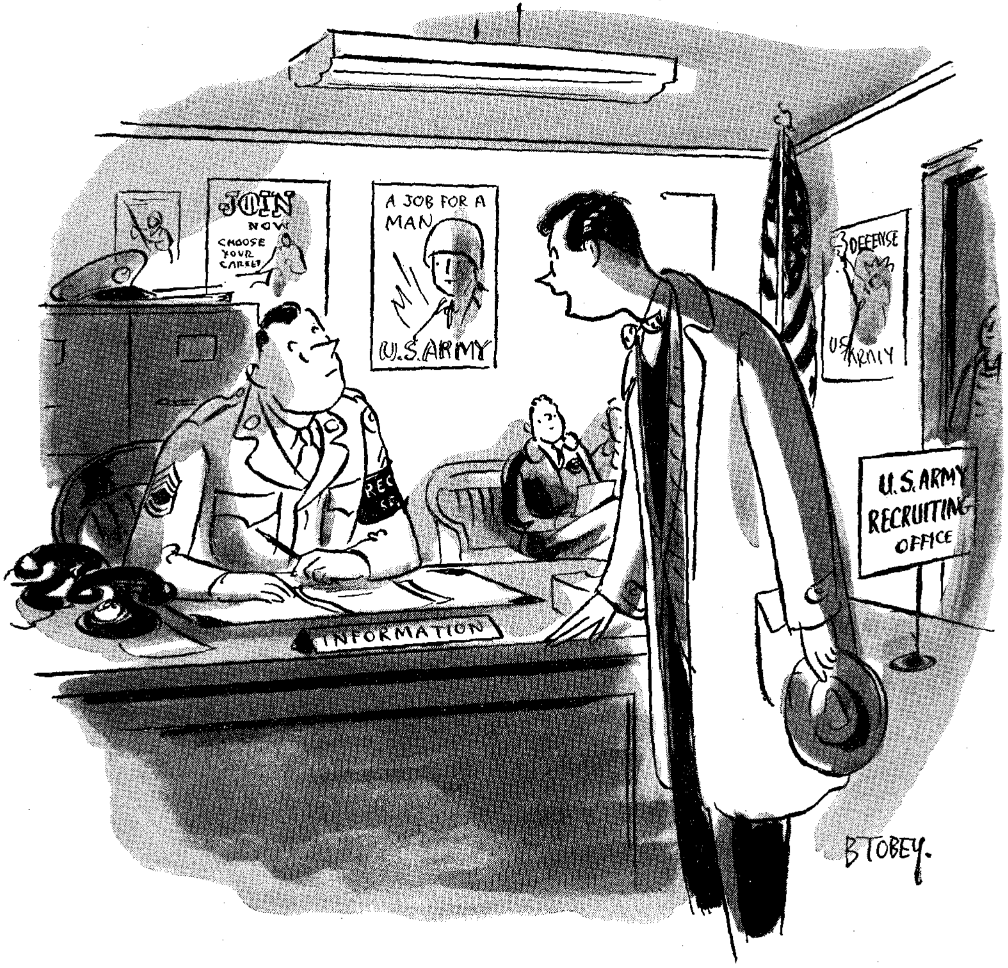
Then, the place: a wild—that is, untended—garden with a huge oak tree, and a bench under it, and beyond the garden a square brick house, modernized to look older than it actually was, according to the blueprints of a good architect. The house was on a hill, surrounded by tomato fields and pastures, and on this property there was also a brook with tiny ducklings swimming in it. You would think that these last would have had priority in a child's dream, but no. Doubtless they were disposed of in Vieri's daytime thoughts. Although the garden was the dream setting for the cow—that is, the place in which the cow became part of a dream—her real residence was a tulip farm, owned by a Dutchman, and so thoroughly under cultivation that there was nothing for the cow to eat but expensive flowers. Therefore an agreement had been reached between the Dutchman and the owner of the brick house, the tomato fields, the pastures, and the brook whereby the cow was authorized to spend her afternoons eating the grass in the wild garden.

And then there is Vieri himself, the Dreamer, who, until a short time before he began dreaming, lived with his two-year-old sister and his parents, not so peacefully, in a small apartment in New York, while I commuted between New York and Washington. Which, especially in the summer months, is not as it should be.

This last consideration moved the owner of the estate in Virginia, a friend of mine who was about to join the Air Force, to offer me the brick house for the summer months. Thus the children had their first summer in the country.

Like most small children, Vieri had been provided with a large reference library, both in linen and in cardboard, of things inanimate and living that are to be found on the planet. His library contained nothing but reproductions—reproductions of flowers, trees, chairs, daddies, mamas, choo-choo trains, and animals. Cows, too, of course. Vieri knew the noise a cow makes and that cows provided him with milk, but it was like the notion of wealth that paper currency gives rise to—a fictitious concept. There in Virginia, for the first time in his life, he had a chance to see the—so to speak—Fort Knox that gave real worth to the printed paper in his library, and he was greatly impressed. Flowers that looked EXACTLY like those in his books, oak trees that seemed designed by the SAME MAN who had drawn the trees in that red volume on the top shelf of his bookcase at home, and, above all, that PERFECT cow. There were many complex reasons why the cow stood out in his mind—among others, the fact that the first day we were there, the cow came to tea.

We were expecting friends out from Washington that afternoon, and Vieri stood guard at the tea table under the oak tree, making sure that the flies did not go near the cake. Suddenly, a man with a cow and two children entered the garden and came toward us. It was the Dutchman. He had come to introduce himself and to tell me about the agreement concerning the cow. He seemed an interesting fellow, and proved to be something of a linguist. He asked me how many languages I had at my disposal, and was quite pleased to discover that he outnumbered me five to four. While we were conversing, now in this language, now in that, on agrarian matters, the cow was availing herself of her rights. Vieri's screams made us aware that the cow was too close to the tea table and to the cake he was guarding. To reassure him, since he seemed afraid and I knew



"I heard your radio jingle and would like further details."

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that he was ashamed of being laughed at by the Dutch children, I said, "See? This is a COW, a real COW, and she thinks she has been invited to have tea with us. She has upset the cream, but that's nothing; she probably recognized the milk of some acquaintance of hers." With this and more nonsense, I managed to make Vieri laugh and also, I believed, to feel friendly toward the huge animal.

The Dutchman staked the cow and went off with his children. The guests arrived. Vieri, overstimulated by the fact that we were in a new place *and* having company, kept breaking in on the conversation of the grownups with "Do you know what my father said today? He said the cow thinks she is having tea with us!" The joke grew stale—for him as well as for everyone else—but he wanted to laugh again as he had the first time, and so he kept repeating it. I finally took him aside and explained that no one wanted to know what the cow was thinking, and, furthermore, that not all grownups enjoyed the company of little children. This was, of course, a great mistake. It introduced the element of repression, which, I have no doubt, accounts for the high level of dreamability of that cow. I hope Vieri will not have to pay for it, after he is forty, with maladjustment.

Bimba was, from the very outset, terrorized by the cow. She had just begun to train her courage on the ducklings in the brook, and even this had to be done with the assistance of her mother. Sometimes the Dutchman milked the cow in front of the house, and when this happened, Vieri and the Dutch children stood around and watched, but Bimba would not go outdoors. She drank her milk from a quiet glass that didn't go "Moo," but if anyone said "Moo" while she was drinking her milk, she was afraid of the glass. And when Vieri said to her, "Bimba, I am now going to see the cow," she would scream after him "No go! No go!" and he would feel like a warrior who is taking leave of his family before departing for the smoke and fury of battle.

There is one remaining matter, which I hesitate to introduce, because it is only a hypothesis and because it has never come up in any of the later debates concerning Vieri's dream. If it could be verified, which it can't, it would merely go to show that, with children as with grownups, the real issue is nearly always forgotten, awake or in dreams. What I suspect is that Vieri's dream may not have been about the cow in Weynoke at all—that it could just as well have been about a brown bull we saw one day, behind barbed wire, while we were walking to a nearby farm.

WELL, September came and we returned to New York, and all the nice things of the country became legends and were told and retold by the children to us, by us to them, in the eternal ball game of do-you-remember.

Vieri, in the meantime, had become meditative. One morning, he told me that he had been in bed all night. (He insisted a great deal on this preliminary fact, because, he said, what he had to tell me would surprise me.) And that, while in bed ("Remember, Father, in *bed*"), he had seen a cat, but a real cat—very nice, too—and when he woke up, he knew that the cat had not been there at all. "Isn't that strange?" he asked. Bimba at once protested that she wanted to see the cat, too. Closing her eyes, she tried hard, but she saw nothing, and we had to spend a good sum for lollipops that day, to console her for missing the cat.

Every morning, when Vieri told us what he had dreamed, Bimba would have fits over the absence of that cat. And Vieri, reminded of it, would ask, "What is this strange thing? And what happens to cats that are dreamed of? Do they stay where they are or do they travel to their dream?" "And what happens to people?" he asked one day before telling me that I had been in a dream of his. He dreamed of chairs, scissors, things standing all by themselves in the dark. And why was it, he wanted to know, that he could see things so well in the dark? Finally, one fateful morning, he told me that he had seen the cow of Weynoke jump over the fence.

Until then, Bimba had only been envious of Vieri's dreams; now she was afraid of them. We assured her that what goes on in dreams never leaks out, except in words, but she could not understand this, and for a while she kept on being afraid of Vieri's dreams. Then she passed into a new stage. She was, at this time, beginning to grow vain about the things she could do. She learned to whistle, to ride a tricycle, and to jump over the front doorsill, all in one day. And one morning she woke up and announced that she had seen the cow of Weynoke jump over the fence. Vieri at once recognized his dream property and almost tore all the dreams out of her life forever. I tried to explain to him that perhaps she had really had a dream like that, but he wasn't interested in explanations. To anger him, Bimba made that dream a permanent feature, and for almost a year woke up every morning saying, "Do you know what I dreamt of?" Then she said, "Cow." And after a while she asked, "And do you know what the cow was doing?" To which she gave her own answer: "Jumped over the fence." And it was just like asking for a beating from Vieri. We explained to her that it was not fair to steal dreams from other people; she insisted it was her dream, and she often told it to us in secret, to avoid Vieri's beatings. Gradually, she forgot about it, and then, two years later, she claimed to have really dreamed that she saw the cow of Weynoke jump over the fence. Again Vieri questioned her, and this time he decided that she could not possibly have dreamed of that cow but must have dreamed of a toy cow, which he showed her; she refused to recognize it as the subject of her dream. Then this incident, too, was forgotten.

NOW we are in another phase. Bimba is ten and Vieri, of course, is twelve. The old feud persists. They asked me, a few days ago, to tell them about their childhood. I told them all about the stolen dream. They laughed heartily. Bimba was surprised; she had forgotten everything, the dream cow and the real one. To prove that she was a grownup, she said to Vieri, "You may dream of that cow now if you like. I won't say it was my dream."

He promptly lost his temper. "First of all," he shouted, "it was not *your* dream! Secondly, I wouldn't dream of a cow any more." He turned to me and said, sneering, "She can't dream of the things I'm dreaming of!" Then, threatening her with clenched fists: "Can you dream of multiplications? Of scientific things? Of the Paleolithic Age?"

"Oh, yes," said Bimba.

In the interests of harmony (and of truth), I told her that she couldn't. She accepted that prohibition with good grace, but she added, "Only because Father says I can't. If Vieri said it, I would *always* dream of these things."

"Silly," Vieri said. "As if wanting knowledge were the same as having it. But I have other dreams, too. Father knows what they are. Not cows," he added, "or childish things like that."

I do, as a matter of fact, know some of the things that Vieri dreams about. His dreaming has become so accomplished that he does not have to wait until he is in bed and asleep. He goes about dreaming in the daytime, with open eyes. He dreams the very books he reads, the things he sees, even the people around him. And Bimba, who sees things only as they are, doesn't understand this. She doesn't know, for instance, that Andrea, a girl her age who often comes to play with her, is Vieri's newest dream. When Bimba says, "Andrea comes for me and not for Vieri," he starts beating her up, because he knows that Andrea has come for him. Sometimes I have to intervene.

The other day when they started fighting, I took Vieri aside and told him to let Bimba believe what she wants. "Andrea *does* come for you," I said, "but you mustn't tell."

He understood. He smiled at me like a man with experience, and then he went to his sister and told her what I had said. Whereupon she came rushing to me.

"What you told Vieri isn't true at all," she said. "Andrea comes for me alone."

"Yes," I said, "but don't tell Vieri, and don't behave as if she does come for you only."

She understood much better than her brother, promised to do as I suggested, and then went back to Vieri and told him that I had said yes, Andrea did come for her alone. The result was another beating.

Again I intervened. "Now, look here, Vieri," I said. "Bimba cannot understand these things. Andrea does come for you. Only, you must not speak about it."

"Of course," he said to Bimba, three seconds later, "one cannot speak about

THE VISIT

She welcomes him with pretty impatience
And a cry of Greetings and salutations!
To which remark, no laggard, he
Ripostes with a Long time no see.
Recovering her poise full soon,
She bids him Anyhoo, sit ye doon,
And settling by the fireside,
He chuckles, Thank you, kind sir, she cried.
Snug as a bug, the cup he waits
That cheers but not inebriates.
She offers him a truly ducal tea,
Whipped up, she says, with no diffewclty.
A miracle, if I didn't know you,
He says—It only shows to go you.
Eying her o'er the fragrant brew,
He tells her her smile is picturescue,
And now he whispers, a bit pajamaly,
That he's fed to the teeth with his whole fam damily,
Perhaps she'll forgive an old man's crotchet
And visit Bermuda on his yachat.
She says she might, despite Dame Rumor,
But just to enjoy his sense of humor.
He is pretty close, but no cigar—
Until the yachat, au reservoir.

—OGDEN NASH

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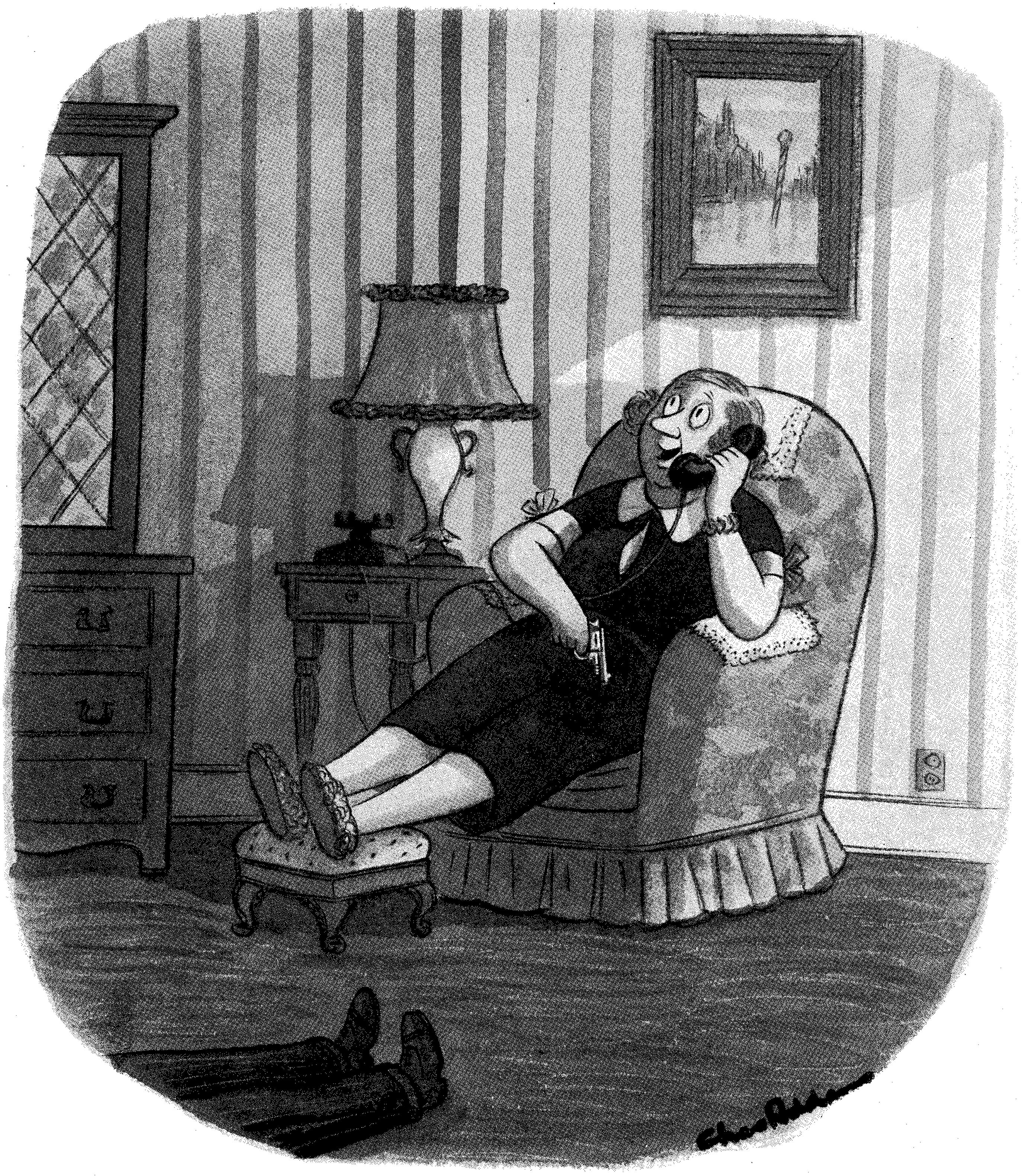

"*Nothing much, Agnes. What's new with you?*"

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such things with anyone like you."

After which, I was severely reprimanded by their mother, who said, "Why don't you tell them the truth?"

"The truth?" I asked my wife. "What is the truth?"

"That she comes to see both of them."

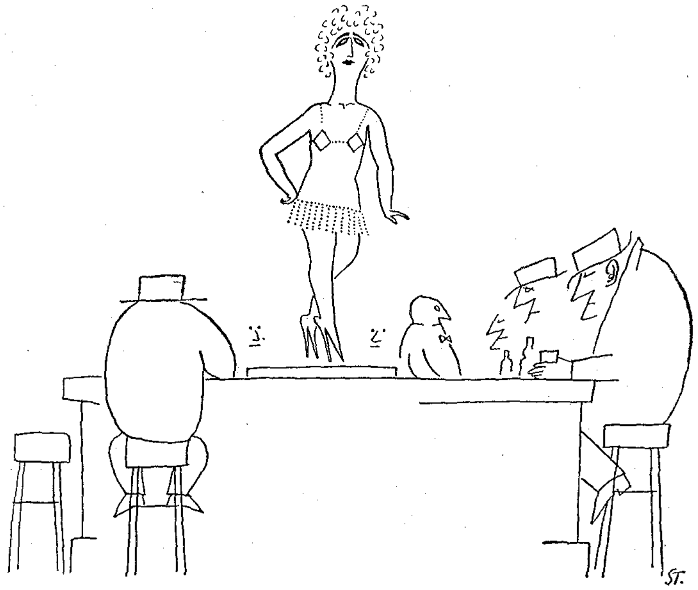
But the truth is more complicated than that. If you listen to Bimba and Andrea when they are playing Indians, then Andrea is a little girl who plays with Bimba. That is the truth, and Vieri has no right to disturb them in their games. And if you look at Vieri when he is looking at Andrea, you will see quite another Andrea in his eyes. I really would not undertake to say which she is—a child or a dream. If she is a dream, it is certainly a very good dream, quite worthy of a dreamer who always makes his own dreams. I hope and trust that no one will steal it from him.

—Niccolò Tucci

PROFILES

SECOND CITY

II—AT HER FEET THE SLAIN DEER



WHEN I was in Chicago a couple of months ago, a friend of mine who lives out there and manufactures roulette wheels, craps layouts, wheels of fortune for carnivals, shuffleboard games, and juke boxes—he looks like Samuel Seabury and is considered an elder statesman of the amusement-devices business—told me a story about a simple fellow called Porky, whom the boys at Clark and Madison enlisted to shove synthetic diamonds. My friend's father was a successful gambler of the nineties who invested his savings in real estate and got cleaned out. To recoup his fortunes, he began manufacturing gambling equipment. His son carries on with the roulette and craps lines because they are a family tradition; his continuing to turn out a well-balanced roulette wheel is an exercise in filial piety, for the real money now is in coarser ware. Chicago is the center of coin-machine manufacture, including coin-operated gambling games; it accounts for twenty per cent of the nation's total volume. "Most of our stuff is sold to fraternal organizations and churches," my friend says. "I always advise them to stay away from roulette and craps. They're hard games for amateurs to run, and a gambler might take them. What they want is a nice wheel of fortune with plenty of flash."

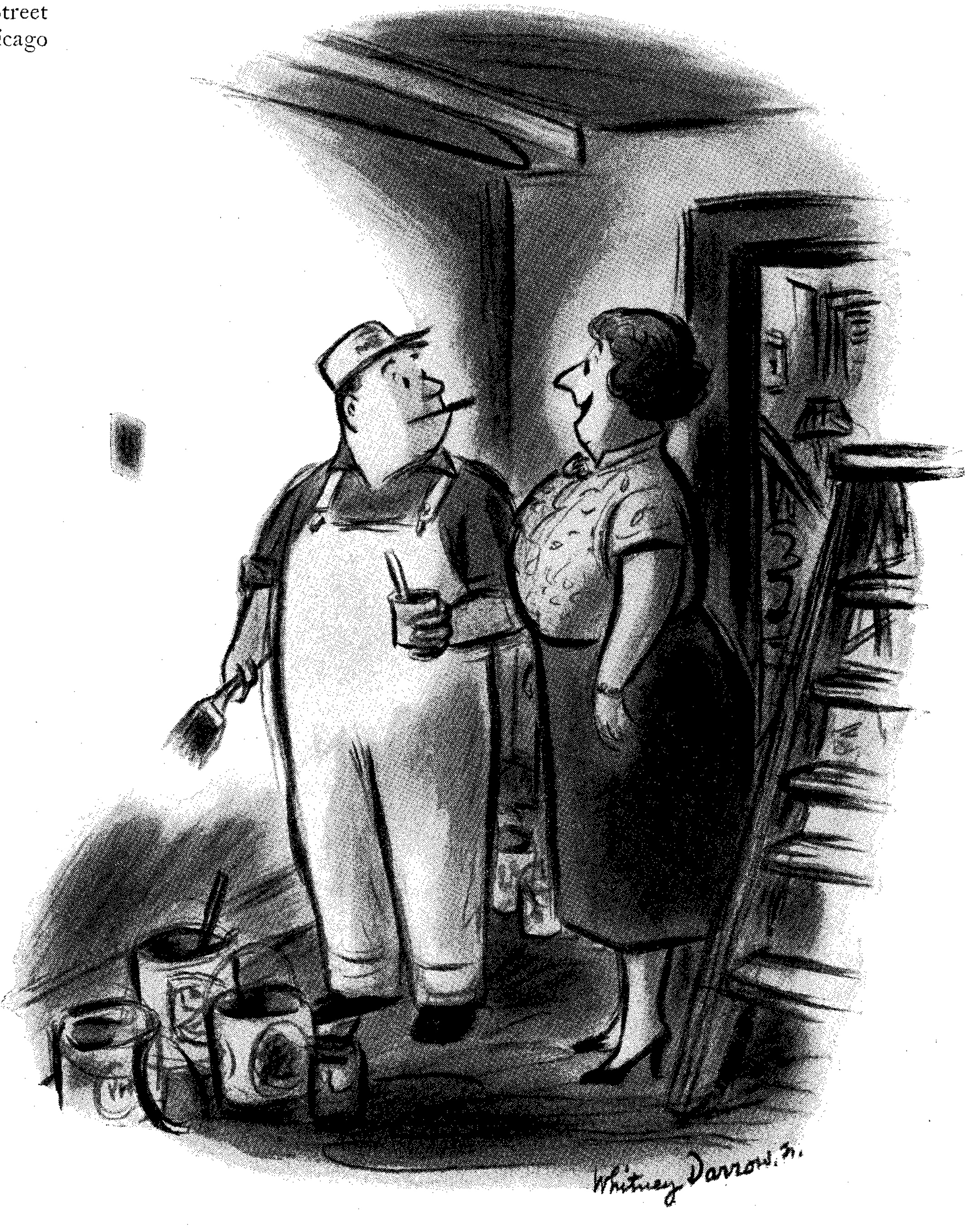
"It was around 1905," my friend began when he told me the Porky story. "Some guy in Germany had invented these rocks that would meet about every test for a natural diamond, except there was just something about them that would give them away to an expert. When they were mounted in rings, they were even harder to tell from the real thing. So the boys were unloading them on pawnbrokers. A pawnbroker takes a quick look at a ring, guesses it's worth around two hundred dollars, and offers to lend maybe fifteen on it. If he was going to buy it, it would make a difference exactly what the stone was worth, so he would size it up more closely. But he didn't think he was going to buy it. So one of the boys would walk into a hock shop as if he needed a stake in a hurry, leave the ring, take the fifteen, and never go back. When it became the pawnbroker's property, he would find the stone was worth seventy-five cents. Porky had the kind of dumb face that wouldn't make a broker suspicious, and the boys were trying to give him courage to go into this dodge. 'You can't hardly tell them from the real thing,' they were telling him, and giving him reasons why. 'Stop, fellows!' Porky says. 'I don't want to hear anything more. When I go into that store, I want to believe they *are* real.' "

My friend also told me how a fair-sized industry, the manufacture of the fruit-symbol slot machines known as one-armed bandits, was captured for Chicago. The first slot machines, he said, were electrically operated, and were always getting out of order. Then a machinist named Charlie Fey, in San Francisco, hit upon the notion of a machine that operated by gravity, and, using that principle, built the first fruit-symbol machine. He sold it to a saloonkeeper, and it made such a hit that he received more orders than he could fill working by himself in his basement shop. Fey got in touch with a manufacturer in Chicago, who agreed to make the machines for him. You can't patent a gambling device, but before sending the plans for his machine to the Chicago man Fey exacted a promise from the fellow that the first five hundred machines he produced would be shipped to him, as the inventor, in San Francisco, where he had orders for most of them. The Chicago manufacturer put the machine in production, and shipped the first five hundred to Fey, all right, but routed them by ordinary freight via his agents in Halifax, Tampa, Banff, Chattanooga, and a few dozen other places, and while they were en route, he sold the second, third, and fourth five hundred, a lot of them in California. Chicago has been the center of the one-armed-bandit business ever since.

FAITH like Porky's and imaginative enterprise like the slot-machine manufacturer's are ingredients lacking in contemporary Chicago. When, in 1857, a Chicago *Tribune* editorialist wrote of his city, "The sign is still onward until the last rival in the race for greatness is left behind," the chances are he meant it. So, probably, did another *Tribune* man, who wrote, thirty-six years later, during the Columbian Exposition, "In her white tent like Minnehaha, the arrow maker's daughter, stood Chicago yesterday morning and gazed out on a sapphire lake, under a blue and cloudless sky, and her Hiawatha, her World Lover, came to her, and laid at her feet the slain deer, the tribute of universal admiration and love." At the world's feet, Chicago, in return, laid a butchered hog. The city was certified the third biggest in the United States by the census of 1880, and the second biggest by that of 1890, having more than doubled its population in the intervening decade. The figures were 503,000 in 1880 and 1,100,000 ten years later. Chicago's relative position has remained the same ever since; Los Angeles is now a serious threat to its hold on even second place. The hopes for all-round preëminence, to come as an automatic bonus for being biggest, have faded, too. Still, the habit of purely quantitative thinking persists. The city consequently has the personality of a man brought up in the expectation of a legacy who has learned in middle age that it will never be his.

The kind of buccaneering drive that won the slot-machine industry for the city has been lacking since a date that is hard to fix definitely but that preceded the rise of the automobile. "Chicago could have had the automobile industry if Chicago money had gone out after it," a Chicago stockbroker assured me. "We're nearer than Detroit to both iron ore and coal, and we had the greatest supply of skilled and unskilled labor in America when Detroit was still a small city. But the big boys let it go by default; they didn't want an industry in here that would dwarf them. The arteries had already hardened." The financial community has accepted its secondary position. All the Midwest Stock Exchange aspires to, its president, James E. Day, told me, is a top minor-league rating, specializing in Midwestern issues of not quite national magnitude. Many stocks listed on the big board in Wall Street are also bought and sold on the Chicago exchange, of course, but it is like play away from the race track. When a Chicago corporation—International Harvester, for example—is so big that it is listed on the New York Stock Exchange, the New York volume of transactions in its shares exceeds the Chicago volume by as much as twelve to one. According to some Chicago businessmen with whom I have talked, the city's two great banks—the First National and the Continental—which flex their two-and-a-half-billion-dollar muscles in trade publications, no longer undertake ventures on the grand scale without the assent of the still bigger banks in the East. The old nineteenth-century dream of making Chicago a great port, from which ships would carry grain and ore direct to Europe, has subsided to such an extent that the *Tribune* last year editorially opposed the St. Lawrence Seaway scheme because it might bring a lot of foreign shipping to the Great Lakes. Foreign ships, the *Tribune* feared, might drive American lake steamers from the Canadian trade. From "Let me at him!" the city's cry has changed to "Hold him offa me!"

The collective sense of disappointment is evident in the utterances of the town's tutelary deity, Colonel Robert R. McCormick, the *Tribune's* publisher. The Colonel was a youth in the era of the city's greatest expectations (he was born in 1880), and the few scores of millions of dollars that he has been able to add to the family fortunes since have been unable to reconcile him to his position as first citizen of a not-quite metropolis. Even the circulation of the New York *Daily News*, more than twice that of the *Tribune*, must annoy him sometimes with its constant reminder of status, although he inherited control of the *News* after the death of Captain Joseph Medill Patterson, his first cousin. It is too late for the Colonel to leave Chicago now. The office of tutelary deity is not elective. The god just sets himself up, and then starts pitching thunderbolts at anybody who laughs. Colonel McCormick hurls a delightfully reverberant thunderbolt, flavored with sassafras. When, for instance, the Montreal *Star* recently took exception to one of his dicta, the *Tribune* countered with an editorial headed "The Kicked Dog Howls," which read, in part, "The Montreal *Star*, howling like a kicked dog, has endeavored to reply to a radio speech by the publisher of the *Tribune* on Canada and Canadian-American relations. Since the *Star* could not reply with candor to his remarks on the efforts of the Union Nowers and Rhodes scholars to destroy the sovereignty of Canada along with that of the United States—because the *Star* is deeply involved in that movement—it adopted more devious tactics." I do not know whether the *Star*, itself no maiden's sigh, responded with an editorial headed "The


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Wonderful!"

Stuck Pig Squeals." The Colonel would not have blenched, in any case. He is accustomed to think of himself as the man most feared by the British Empire, which for him begins at the Hudson River.

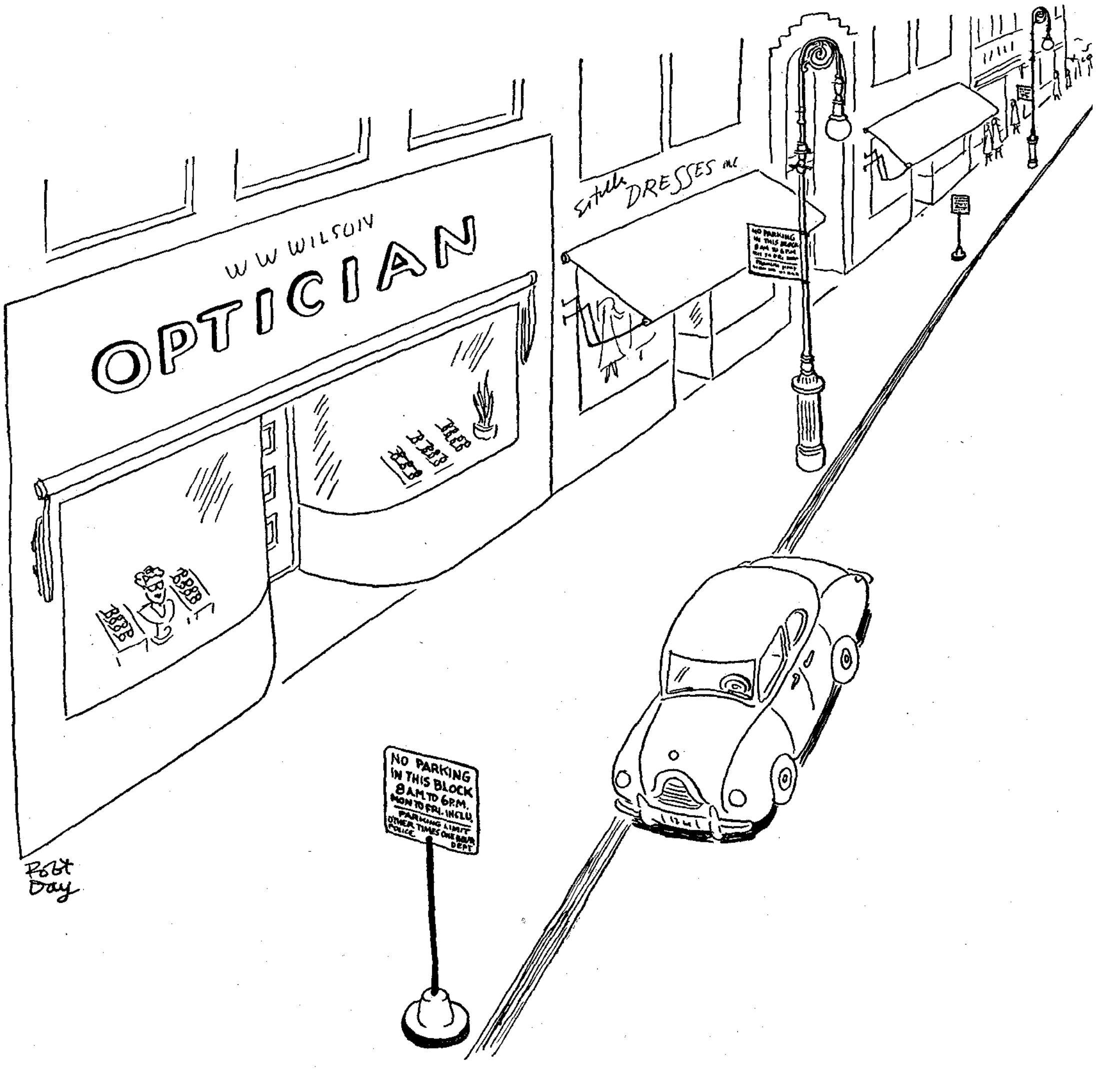
THE opportunity to view a tutelary deity should never be passed up by an explorer, so during the winter of 1949-50, while my wife and I were living in Chicago, I arranged to attend one of the weekly ceremonies at which the Colonel manifests himself to his people. These are the broadcasts of what is known as "The Chicago Theatre of the Air," from nine to ten every Saturday evening over WGN (for World's Greatest Newspaper), the *Tribune's* radio station. They are put on in a broadcasting hall, which is sometimes also called the Chicago Theatre of the Air and adjoins the Tribune Tower, an example of Wedding-Cake Gothic that the Colonel considers the equal of the Taj Mahal, although to me it has a look of incompleteness. The architect, I have always thought, should have finished it off with a gigantic double scoop of ice cream, topped by an illuminated cherry.

Among Chicagoans of more than grade-school education, there is a disposition to deprecate the Colonel, just as in Periclean Athens there doubtless was an intellectual clique that made discreet jokes about owls. Some of the scoffers among my acquaintances in Chicago greeted my project of attending one of his séances with exclamations of disbelief, like New Yorkers learning that an out-of-towner wants to visit the Statue of Liberty. "I never read the *Tribune*," "I never believe anything I read in the *Tribune*," "I read the *Tribune* just for laughs," and "Colonel McCormick never wins an election" are four passkeys used by enlightened Chicagoans to establish their affranchisement. The Colonel, nonetheless, has been the chief molder of the city since the nearly simultaneous, though unrelated, withdrawals of Al Capone and Samuel Insull, twenty years ago.

I was not to be dissuaded. Tickets for the broadcast, I was informed when I telephoned the radio station, must be applied for by mail at least four weeks in advance. I overcame this difficulty, which I had scarcely anticipated, by appealing to the WGN press agent. My surprise at the demand for seats arose from the fact that I had been preparing for the occasion by reading the texts of some of the Colonel's previous broadcasts, transcripts of which are available, free, to anybody who drops in at the Tribune Tower and asks for them. Most of the broadcasts were on historical topics, like "Nathanael Greene, Strategist," "John Paul Jones (I and II)," and "The Boston Massacre," not to be confused with the 1929 Saint Valentine's Day Massacre in Chicago. Others were on international affairs, such as the importance of the Panama Canal, where, Colonel McCormick told his WGN audience in 1947, he had caught Trygve Lie "spying out the land." The Colonel commented at that time, "I am glad it is not Henry Luce, who could spy it out just as well and not be so obvious." Colonel McCormick is an authority on espionage; his best script purely from the point of view of entertainment, I thought, was one entitled "Mata Hari's Innocence." It began: "Mata Hari has so long been known as a spy that it is too late to change her undeserved reputation. This is the truth of the matter." The climax of the truth of the matter was:

> Mata Hari also was tried as a spy. Malvy, reputed to be her lover, persuaded her not to confess or testify, saying he would take care of her. When she was convicted and condemned to death he again persuaded her not to confess or testify, guaranteeing that the guns of the firing squad would not contain bullets. He told her that as an actress she could fall as if dead, that she would be picked up and put into a coffin, and at the cemetery she would be transferred into an automobile and driven to Spain. The simple woman believed him. She went before the firing squad at the fortress of Vincennes. All of the rifles were loaded with bullets. She fell dead, was taken to the cemetery and buried. Her secret was buried with her and she has borne to this day the false accusation of being a spy.

Another script, apparently the Colonel's favorite, since he repeats it on an average of once every three months (the *Tribune* prints it in full each time, as it does all his broadcasts), was about the 1st Division, in which, I knew, he had


W W WILSON
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NO PARKING IN THIS BLOCK 8 A.M. TO 6 P.M. MON. TO FRI. INCLU. PARKING LIMIT OTHER TIMES ONE HOUR POLICE DEPT
Robt Day

How can you look so naughty and feel so nice? Warner's Merry Widow

You'll be gayer than the Merry Widow in Warner's exciting new cinch bra—the answer to fashion's dictates for diminutive waists and revealing decolletage.

Audacious the way the Warner's Merry Widow belittles your waist, makes the most of your charms. All at once you're inches smaller!

And the thrice-blessed sorcery of the bra top! The magic of marquisette folds transforms it from a bewitching half-bra . . . to a bodice line . . . to a three-quarter bra.

Whether it's a waltz or a samba, you'll *look* your naughtiest and *feel* your nicest in Warner's Merry Widow.

Black or white embroidered nylon marquisette with detachable garters. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, B cup. At the nicest stores . . . $12.50

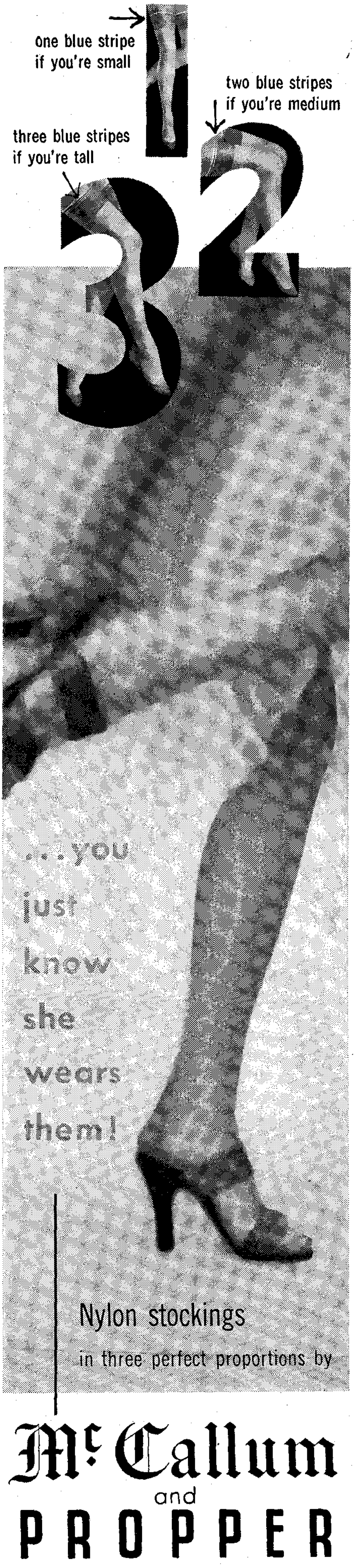
WARNER'S*

BRAS • GIRDLES • CORSELETTES

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

The Warner Bros. Co., New York 16, Chicago 6, San Francisco 8

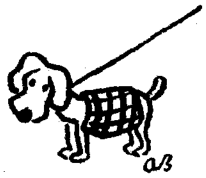
Inspired by the forthcoming
MGM film "The Merry Widow"
starring Lana Turner.


one blue stripe if you're small
two blue stripes if you're medium
three blue stripes if you're tall
32
. . . you just know she wears them!
Nylon stockings in three perfect proportions by
McCallum and PROPPER

served in the First World War. The peroration went: "March on, then, First Division! March over the sunny hills of France; march thru the flaming towns of Picardy, up the shell-swept slopes of Lorraine, thru the gas-filled forest of Argonne—on to everlasting glory." I liked it, but I didn't think that anybody who had been in some other division would care to hear it more than once a season.

I soon learned that in assuming there would not be a capacity turnout to listen to such oratory I had underestimated the Colonel, an error into which it is easy to fall. Among other things, "The Chicago Theatre of the Air" presents condensed versions of musical shows like "The Student Prince" and "No, No, Nanette," and the Colonel's speeches are usually sandwiched in between the well-buttered slices of divertissement, so that to hear the second half of the show the studio audience has to sit through the homily. The attraction on the evening I was to attend was Rudolf Friml's "The Vagabond King," running fore and aft of a talk by the Colonel on "The American Navy." "The Vagabond King," as you probably remember, is the musical comedy containing the song about "And to hell with BurgunDEE!" It tells how François Villon is made ruler of France for a day, after which he is to be executed, and how he saves France and wins a fair lady's hand and escapes unscathed.

The Chicago Theatre of the Air looks very much like the usual broadcasting studio, with a stage but no scenery, and a couple of hundred comfortable seats, and it was full when I arrived there, a good fifteen minutes before the performance. My fellow-spectators in the audience were well-dressed, suburban-looking people (the system of application by mail allows the studio officials to pick guests with nice addresses), quite evidently grateful for the opportunity to see something resembling theatre without paying for it. There is, by the way, little opportunity to see theatre in Chicago even if you do pay for it. As a theatrical center, it is outclassed by Oslo, which has a population of four hundred thousand.



The members of the cast, in evening clothes of various degrees of formality, were seated about the stage—rabble of Paris and nobles of Louis XI's court dressed out of the same department stores. There was a good-sized orchestra, as well as a female chorus in delft-blue dresses. At the beginning of the show, the master of ceremonies-*cum*-narrator introduced the performers, none of whose names I remember. There were two François Villons—one in tails, who sang, and a black-tie one, who spoke lines. The narrator had some very poetic things to say about eyes. "The lowering dusk with flaring eyes of impending war" was one I think I noted on my cuff, but, my shirt having been washed before I transcribed the notes, I can't be sure that it wasn't "glaring eyes." One I am sure of, though, is "The King's eyes betrayed his evil scheme."

"Fear not, milady," the black-tie Villon would say. "My men have taken over this balcony en masse." Then the white-tie Villon would step to the microphone and intone "Only a Rose." The girls in delft blue would back him up. I liked it fine.

Presently, however, my attention was diverted to a control booth at the left side of the stage. Through its glass window I could see the front half of the profile of a tall old man with a long gray face and puffy eyes. He wore an unpointed gray mustache designed to break the sweep of an overlong upper lip, and he looked rather as if he were about to cry. I attributed this to the effect of Rudolf Friml's music, but it was more probably, I ascertained a little later, the result of a cold in the head. The old man first looked at the audience, as if counting the all-paper house. Some chamberlain's head would have rolled, I suppose, if he had descried any empty seats, but probably a platoon of spares—wives and children of *Tribune* editors—is held in reserve for such emergencies. He then turned an appreciative grandfatherly eye on the young woman singing the part of Huguette, the girl of the people—she was wearing a strapless silver evening gown with an ermine thing around her neck—and at last concentrated on reading over a typed script he was holding in his hand. This, I heard afterward, is a precaution he has scrupulously observed ever since a time when, reading a script he had not previously seen, he was overcome by emotion and burst into sobs before his audience. The script that so moved him was about the scalping of a pioneer mother by an Indian who had got drunk on rum purveyed to him by an English nobleman.

Precisely as the studio clock showed twenty-five minutes past the hour, with the pack in full melodious cry ("Onwood! Onwood! On ta face tha ff—"), the narrator stepped to the mike, swallowing a fifteenth-century accent, and

R & H
GERTRUDE LAWRENCE
In A New Musical Play
The King and I
Music by
RICHARD RODGERS
Book and Lyrics by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Based on the Novel "Anna and the King of Siam" by
MARGARET LANDON
with YUL BRYNNER
DOROTHY SARNOFF · DORETTA MORROW
Directed by JOHN van DRUTEN
Settings and Lighting by JO MIELZINER
Costumes designed by IRENE SHARAFF
Choreography by JEROME ROBBINS
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Evenings at 8:25: $7.20 to 1.80. Matinees Wednesday & Saturday at 2:25: $4.20 to 1.80.

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ROGER RICO
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IN
South Pacific
Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd
Book by
OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN 2nd & JOSHUA LOGAN
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Scenery & Lighting by Jo Mielziner
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"Wonderful Theatre... a Musical Jamboree!" —Atkinson, Times
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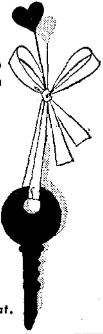
JAMES BARTON in
PAINT YOUR WAGON
Book & Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE
Dances by AGNES de MILLE
with OLGA SAN JUAN
TONY BAVAAR JAMES MITCHELL
Scenery OLIVER SMITH Costumes MOTLEY
Musical Director FRANZ ALLERS
Lighting Peggy Clark Orchestrations Ted Royal
Production Associate BEA LAWRENCE
Entire production directed by DANIEL MANN
SAM S. SHUBERT Thea. W. 44th St.
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:30



"GREAT GOOD FUN" KERR, H. TRIB.
"ENGAGING FUN" WATTS, POST
KATHARINE CORNELL
BRIAN AHERNE GRACE GEORGE
in SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S COMEDY
"the Constant Wife"
with
JOHN EMERY
Staged by
GUTHRIE McCLINTIC
NATIONAL THEATRE W. 41st St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

said, "We will now hear an address on 'The American Navy,' by Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick, publisher of the Chicago *Tribune*." The old man walked out of the booth and onto the stage. I thought I could see on the faces around me a certain resentment at the interruption, but the faces' owners applauded politely. The singers closed their mouths as unobtrusively as possible. The speech was the kind of résumé that could have been culled from a couple of public-library books in an hour, embellished by a few digs at Great Britain. The Colonel read it completely without expression, pausing only to sniffle. In fifteen minutes, he got the American Navy out of the Bonhomme Richard era and into that of the internal-combustion engine, and finally "guid-id miss-siles." As he finished reading each sheet, he let it flutter to the floor, and as he dropped the last one, the conductor was already giving the orchestra the come-on. The Colonel had talked more slowly than usual, because of his cold, and the Duke of Burgundy waited impatiently at the gates of Paris. "Onwood! Onwood! On ta face tha foe!" shrieked the blue ladies as the lecturer moved toward the wings, and the members of the audience again looked happy.

It was typical of the Colonel to appear and read his speech despite his cold. He would not let his people down. The cultural wool fat in which he has chosen to embed his talks characterizes his own taste. The *Tribune* recently ran a front-page cartoon, in color, labelled "The Three (Dis) Graces"—"Depraved Art" (an obvious foreigner, in a beret and smock, carrying a smeared canvas intended to represent an abstract painting), "Sedition" (an unattractive lady of Levantine features, wearing a red Liberty cap), and "Pornographic Literature" (another female, round-faced and bespectacled, hauling a manuscript from a garbage can). Art, according to the *Tribune's* canon, has been depraved since Landseer, literature has been pornographic since James Whitcomb Riley, and sedition begins with a wish to redraft the Illinois Constitution of 1870, which, in effect, bars a state income tax. The Colonel's conviction that the world is going to the dogs antedates the New Deal; it was Herbert Hoover upon whom he made his famous pronouncement "The man won't do." His pessimism weighs heavily on his city.

It is a miasmic influence, discernible in the conviction of every Chicagoan that he is being done. Plays at Chicago

ALDRICH & MYERS with Julius Fleischmann, present
OTTO PREMINGER'S PRODUCTION
"NOTHING BUT FUN" —CHAPMAN, NEWS
"THE MOON IS BLUE"
A New Comedy by F. HUGH HERBERT
NEW YORK — HENRY MILLER'S THEATRE
starring BARBARA BEL GEDDES • DONALD COOK • BARRY NELSON
CHICAGO — HARRIS THEATRE
with LEON AMES • MAGGIE McNAMARA • BIFF McGUIRE
NATIONAL COMPANY
with HIRAM SHERMAN • MARCIA HENDERSON • JAMES YOUNG
Jan. 20 thru Feb. 2—NIXON Theatre, Pittsburgh

"A SOLID BROADWAY HIT!" —LIFE Magazine
"Best New Play of the Season" —WATTS, Post
JULIE HARRIS in
I am a Camera
a new play by
JOHN VAN DRUTEN
adapted from the stories of
CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD
with
WILLIAM PRINCE
EMPIRE, B'way, 40 St. Evgs 8:40. Mats Wed. & Sat. 2.40

"The most civilized comedy we have had on marriage for years."—ATKINSON, N. Y. Times
THE PLAYWRIGHTS' COMPANY presents
JESSICA TANDY and HUME CRONYN
in the JOSÉ FERRER Production
THE JAN de HARTOG'S comedy
Fourposter
Evgs. 8:40—Orch. $4.80; Mezz. $3.60, 3.00; Balc. $2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2.40—Orch. $3.60; Mezz. $3.60, 3.00; Balc. $2.40, 1.80, 1.20. Tax Incl. MAIL ORDERS FILLED
BARRYMORE Theatre 243 W. 47 St., N. Y. 19

"A VERY FUNNY SHOW"—ATKINSON Times
PAULA STONE and MIKE SLOANE presents
PHIL SILVERS
in A New Musical Comedy
Top Banana
Book by HY KRAFT
Words & Music by JOHNNY MERCER
WINTER GARDEN • B'way & 50th St.
Evgs. at 8:30 • Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"STALAG 17 HILARIOUS!"
— GUERNSEY, Herald Tribune
48th ST. THEA., E. of B'way. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

theatres, for example, are always locally assumed to be inferior versions of the New York productions, or, if they *are* the New York productions, with original casts intact, the actors are presumed to be giving inferior performances. Taking an interest in the Chicago theatre, therefore, is regarded as naïve, as my wife and I discovered when, attending a party shortly after our arrival in the city, we innocently inquired what shows in town were worth seeing. Chicagoans with the price of airplane tickets do their theatregoing here in New York, where, along with people from Boise, Chillicothe, and Winnemucca, they pay such exorbitant premiums for tickets to hits that most of the natives never see them. It is not considered smart to admit having seen any play in Chicago, because this implies either (a) that you haven't seen the *real* play or (b) that you haven't the airplane fare or (c), and possibly worst of all, that you are indifferent to nuances and might, therefore, just as well go back to Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, where you went to high school. Whether this approach to the theatre originated with the *Tribune*, whose current critic, Claudia Cassidy, is its high priestess; with those producers who have in fact sent out bad shows; or with the airlines' sales-promotion departments, I do not know. But it interested me that the Chicagoans who do their playgoing in New York say they never take the *Tribune* seriously. What I suspect they mean is that they never take the *Tribune* seriously consciously. While my wife and I were in Chicago, a company of "Death of a Salesman" put in an appearance and proved to be, according to a reliable friend of mine who had seen the play in New York, better than the original company; the show lasted for only a hundred and seventy-five performances and closed in midseason. In this particular case, I believe, Miss Cassidy had praised, but the Chicago theatre has fallen below the point where an individual review can do much for a show.

With the best-heeled and most knowing slice of the potential Chicago audience thus eliminated, actors have become aware of a curious sensation when playing the place. An actress who appeared there in "The Madwoman of Chaillot" during my stay said that she had a feeling the audience meant to be kind, but that it always laughed in the wrong places. Another large portion of the potential audience is incommunicado overnight in the suburbs, to which train service after commuting hours is awful beyond a Long Island Railroad trustee's fondest vision of what it is feasible to get away with. (The suburbanites go in for amateur theatricals coached by professionals; a young man of my acquaintance became the central figure of a taut situation in Glenview by putting on "Springtime for Henry," the antiseptic 1931 chestnut. The local Catholic priest found it scandalous.) And those great, silent, though densely populated, spaces, the outlying city wards, are peopled by frequenters of neighborhood movies who are now turning to television.

Whoever started the ball rolling, it's under the truck now. A summary of the season of 1950-51 by Miss Cassidy herself lists twenty-three attractions, which played a total of a hundred and fifty-two weeks at seven theatres. The most successful was the national company of "South Pacific," and the three next were, in order, a revival of "Diamond Lil" and holdover-from-the-previous-season runs of "Lend an Ear" and "Two Blind Mice." Among the rest were "Ti-Coq," something called "Mike McCauley," which ran four performances, and "Borscht Capades." During the season, there were seldom more than four theatres open concurrently, and sometimes only three. "Look over your shoulder, if you can bear it, and contemplate what purported to be our season," Miss Cassidy wrote last June before taking off on a three-month tour of Europe to see some shows and hear some music. (She is the *Tribune's* critic of music and the dance, as well.) The lot of drama critics in Chicago is an enviable one, for they are expected to visit New York to see the new shows; they see eight or ten a week, at a glob, just like out-of-town paying customers. Their advantage over their New York colleagues is that while working they live on an expense account. Looked at from this angle, nothing could be more disastrous for Chicago theatre critics than a revival of the Chicago theatre.

Chicago's wariness extends to women's clothes, I discovered through my wife. Women who wouldn't think of going to a show in Chicago told her they wouldn't think of buying a dress in a Chicago store, either. New York stores like Saks Fifth Avenue and Bonwit Teller have Chicago branches, but these women distrust them, too. They suspect that the clothes at the Chicago Saks and Bonwit differ from those at the New York Saks and Bonwit, having, presumably, been chosen in accordance with some patronizing New York notion of Chicago taste. They circumvent this presumed strategy by buying clothes during their New York trips, on afternoons when there are no matinées. My

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BERT LAHR
DOLORES GRAY
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Hilarious Musical Revue
with ELLIOTT REID
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MARK HELLINGER THEA., B'way at 51 St. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"As engaging a comedy as we are likely to see for a long time."
—WOLCOTT GIBBS, *The New Yorker*
GILBERT MILLER presents
AUDREY HEPBURN in
Gigi
A New Comedy by ANITA LOOS Adapted from COLETTE'S Novel
CATHLEEN NESBITT • MICHAEL EVANS • JOSEPHINE BROWN
BERTHA BELMORE
FULTON Theatre W. 46 St. Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat.

"UPROARIOUSLY FUNNY!"
—BROWN, *Sat. Review of Lit.*
Leland Hayward presents
"REMAINS TO BE SEEN"
A New Comedy by Howard Lindsay & Russel Crouse
JANIS PAIGE—JACKIE COOPER
Howard Lindsay-Warner Anderson
MOROSCO THEATRE
W. 45 St. Mats Wed. & Sat.

Leland Hayward *presents*
Ethel Merman
in
"Call Me Madam"
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ALAN HEWITT • RUSSELL NYPE
Music & Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN
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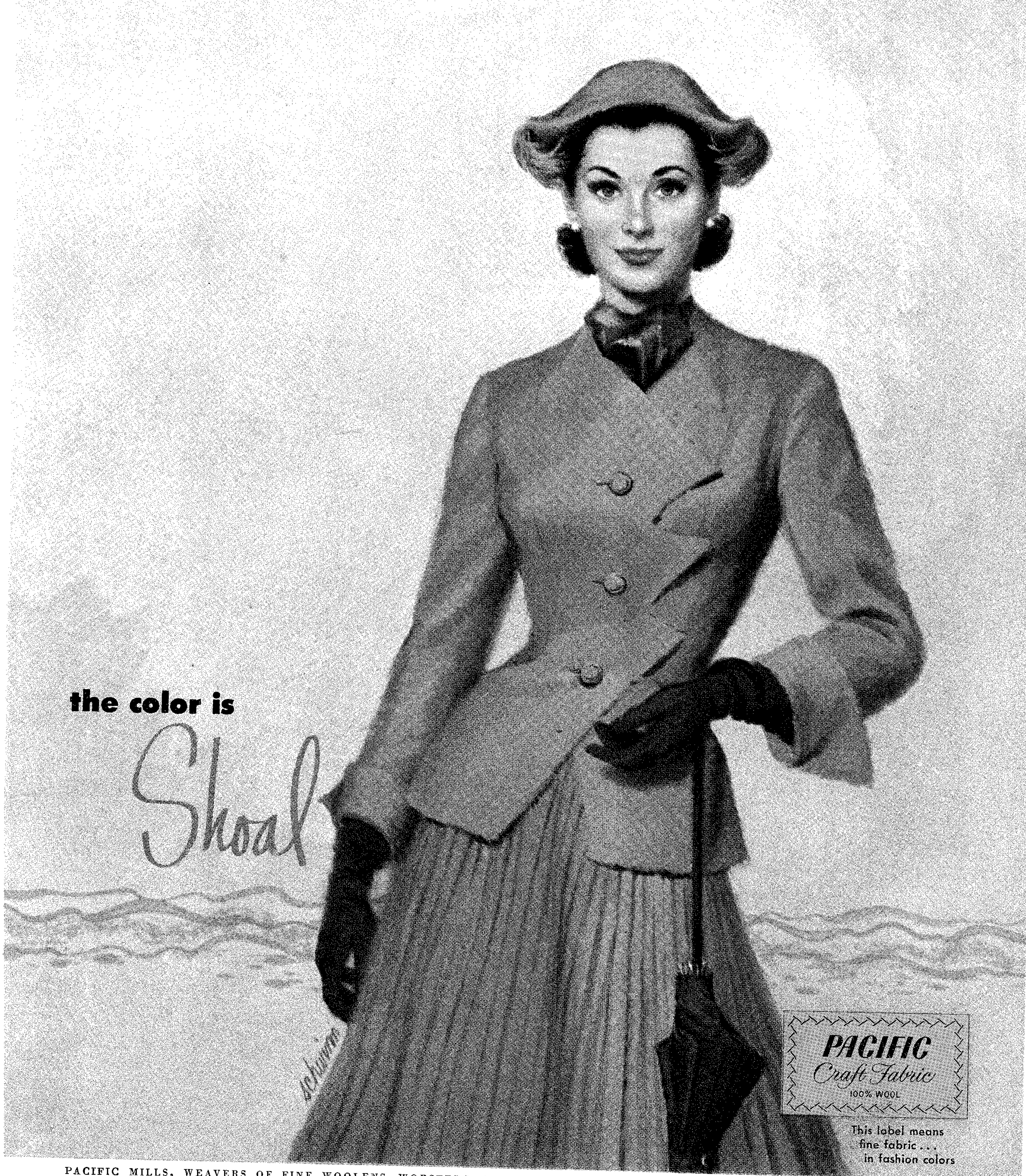
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1 "**Rooms here at the Lima Country Club** cost about $3 per person with breakfast. We stayed for 3½ days and really *lived!* Lima has the leisurely charm of old Spain . . . plus an amazing pre-Inca city within taxi distance. Summer there begins *in December!*"

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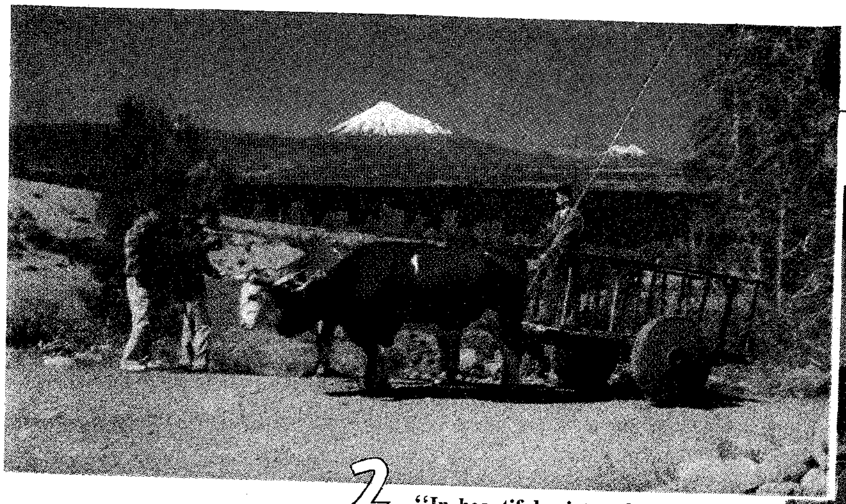
PAN AMERICAN-GRACE AIRWAY

South America



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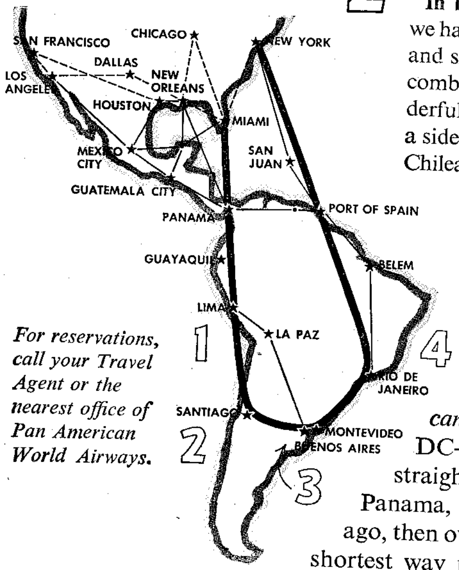
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Or, you may fly non-stop from New York to Port of Spain when you board *El Presidente*—the only double-decked "Strato" Clipper* service to South America. Then you fly on to Rio de Janeiro, Montevideo, Buenos Aires. *El Presidente* offers a downstairs club lounge, 7-course continental dinners with champagne; moreover, everybody sleeps in a berth or a Sleeperette*. Go one way, return the other (*see map above*).

In addition, there's regular tourist service to both coasts by 4-engine planes, at savings up to 25 per cent.

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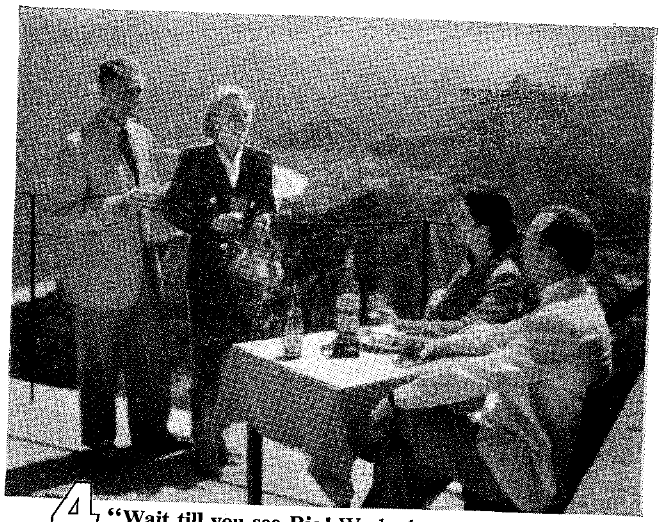

4 "**Wait till you see Rio!** We had to tear ourselves away after 8 wonderful days. You'll fall in love with Rio de Janeiro, too! By flying, you can sky-tour South America today in only 53 hours, have 18 days on the ground."

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PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS

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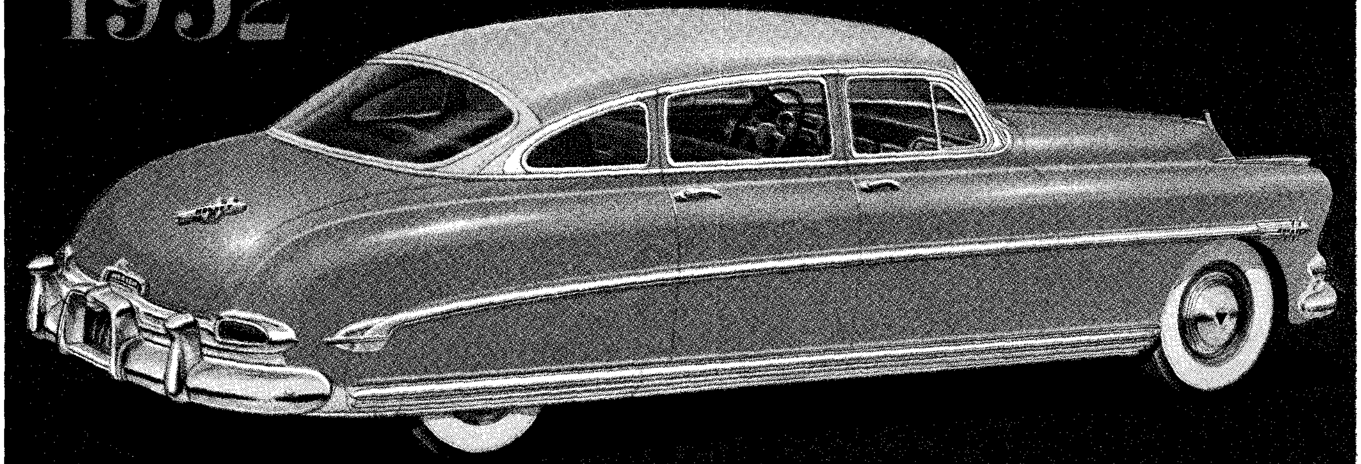

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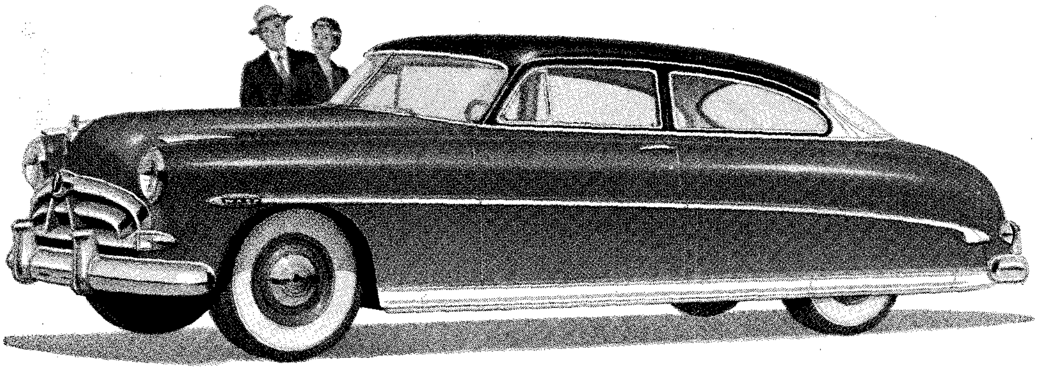
All Hudsons have "step-down" design, proved by half a million owners to provide more room, a better ride, greater safety than any other car.



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These brilliant new cars with a stunning new COMMODORE and a thrifty new PACEMAKER make the most exciting array of values in all Hudson history!

wife thought this remarkable, because she herself found a lot of dresses she wanted in Chicago. It's a field in which I have no competence. Only the repetition of the motif of distrust interested me.

Opera has succumbed completely to the lack of faith. The gloriously sonorous old Auditorium, home of Chicago's own opera companies from 1910 until the late twenties, when the monster Civic Opera House, on Wacker Drive, was opened, stands disused and out of repair. The Civic Opera House itself is occupied only now and then, by such travelling attractions as "Peter Pan" and the Sadler's Wells Ballet; the Metropolitan gave four performances there last May after the close of its New York season. The Chicago Symphony bears up, or has borne up so far, under a constant fire of criticism based on its supposed inferiority to the Boston, the Philadelphia, and the Philharmonic. That it is a pleasant orchestra to listen to when it plays good music is seldom mentioned in print or over cocktails.

THE drawbacks of the first-or-nothing psychology in a city that, it now seems certain, will never be first impress a visitor to the dejected macrocosm gradually, one by one.

Chicago is the country's foremost printing town, but little publishing is done there. Giant printeries turn out billions of telephone directories, railroad timetables, and copies of *Time* and *Life*, but the most talked-about national magazine edited in Chicago is the spry Negro monthly *Ebony*, with its affiliates *Jet* (the size of *Quick*) and *Tan Confessions* (rather like *True Confessions*). Even *Esquire* has moved its editorial offices to New York, where most of the writers are. Nor has the city one major publisher of general books. There is, though, Rand, McNally, which specializes in atlases and "Kon-Tiki," and a new firm, the Henry Regnery Company, which makes a specialty of anti-Roosevelt "revelations."

There are four newspapers of any consequence in Chicago, of which only the *Tribune* is, in its own peculiar way, exceptional. Its rival in the morning field, Marshall Field's *Sun-Times*, is a tabloid, ordinarily Democratic in national politics (though it has just endorsed General Eisenhower), cleanly edited, and not without enterprise, but, for mechanical reasons, cursed by limited space, so its out-of-town and foreign coverage is uncomfortably concise. It sometimes raises a great row with stories about local political graft, which

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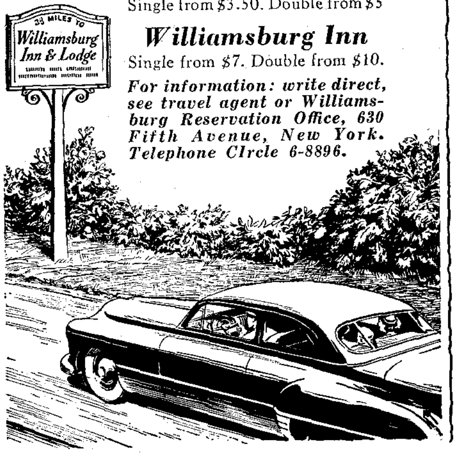


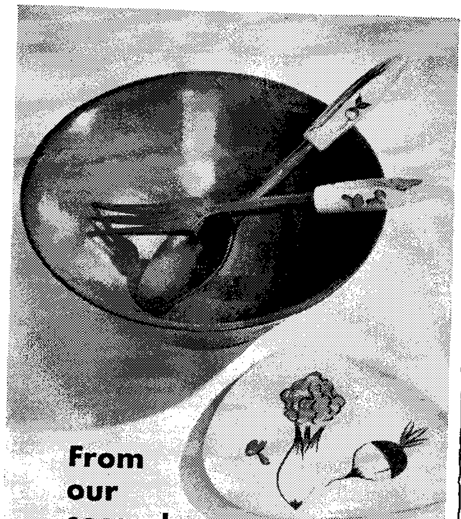
have a circulation value, since the contemplation of municipal corruption is always gratifying to Chicagoans. They are helpless to do anything about it, but they like to know it is on a big scale. This is a point the *Tribune* seems to have forgotten in recent years. Although Chicago municipal graft is necessarily Democratic, since the city's government is Democratic, it is the *Sun-Times*, rather than the *Tribune*, that gets indignant. There is, indeed, a widespread belief that the *Tribune* is on good terms with the Democratic city machine; certainly it reserves its foam-flecked-lips editorials for Governor Adlai E. Stevenson, a liberal Democrat who was nominated, and won, in 1948, when the state leaders thought they could not stem "the Dewey tide" with a Party hack. Dewey, in the same fashion, is responsible for the liberal Democratic United States Senator Paul H. Douglas, who was nominated in the same campaign.

The *Tribune's* circulation, which stood at 1,076,000 in 1946, has dropped off to 925,000, while the *Sun-Times* has established a solid and apparently profitable circulation of almost 600,000 where no morning circulation except the *Tribune's* existed in 1941, when Field started his paper, as the *Sun*. (He later acquired the Chicago *Times*, an afternoon paper, and made his present newspaper out of the pair.) In Chicago proper, the *Tribune* has only 60,000 more readers than the newcomer, the rest of its superiority lying in its suburban and out-of-town circulation. The *Sun-Times* buys the New York *Herald Tribune's* foreign and Washington services (it has a Washington bureau of its own, too) but hasn't the space to print more than a small part of them. Its limit is ninety-six tabloid pages, and advertisements, features, photographs, and funnies reduce its news space below the intellectual subsistence level even when it prints the full ninety-six with a proud house ad announcing that *x* columns of paid advertising have had to be refused. In contrast, the unlimited bales of advertising the *Tribune* carries are its greatest circulation asset. As long as large masses of women pine to know what goes on in the department stores, Colonel McCormick's editorial policies won't hurt his paper much. The growth of the *Sun-Times*, however, is evidence of the resentment he has built up. The only alternative to the Colonel's dream world is the *Sun-Times'* world—neat, if limited.

In the afternoon field, there are the *Herald-American*, a Hearst paper that is like every other Hearst paper on earth, and the *Daily News*, a good-looking, fundamentally negative newspaper owned by John S. Knight, who also owns papers in Detroit, Miami, and his home town, Akron, Ohio. (As I write this, I learn that the *Sun-Times* has just expanded its operations and is now publishing on a round-the-clock basis, but it is too early to say how this policy will be received.) Literate Chicagoans speak wistfully of the time when the *News*, under the ownership before last, was a "great newspaper," by which they mean that it was Chicago's own and amusing to read. Right now, it is neither. Even so, it has been moving ahead in the vacuum left in the afternoon field by the *Herald-American*, which is aimed at the intellectual level of a slightly subnormal strip-tease girl.

THE reader who stays on Chicago newspapers exclusively for a month (I made the experiment) feels, on seeing his first New York *Times* or *Herald Tribune* after the ordeal, like a diver returning to the light. A year of this underwater swimming and he must surely have forgotten what it was like on the surface. In this subaqueous atmosphere, at least two columnists move like relatively big fish. They are Irv Kupcinet, of the *Sun-Times*, and Sydney J. Harris, of the *News*.

Kupcinet, generally known as Kup, is a large, physically powerful man, a former professional football player, whose chief material is the interview with the Hollywood movie star on his or her way through Chicago to New York or the New York stage performer on his or her way through Chicago to Hollywood. The arrival of these celebrities by train is a sign that they desire to be interviewed, since otherwise they would simply fly over. On getting to town, they check in at one of the two Ambassador Hotels, which stand on opposite sides of North State Street and are connected by a passage under the pavement. They post themselves at tables in the Pump Room of the Ambassador East in order to be "run into" by Kupcinet and by his imitators on the other three papers. ("Ran into Charles Boyer last night in the Pump Room. . . .") The pretext for the actor's presence in Chicago is the layover between trains; the traveller arriving in Chicago must get out of his incoming train and station and travel across town to an outgoing train, in another station. (He sometimes has the privilege of staying in his car, if he wishes, but this involves several dull hours as the car is shunted from one railroad yard to an-



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Salads are particularly tempting, served with Jensen equipment such as this. The handsome mahogany bowl (11" diam., 4" ht.), $24 . . . the mahogany salad servers with ceramic handles in gay vegetable design, $8.50 the pair . . . and matching ceramic individual salad plates, $5 each.

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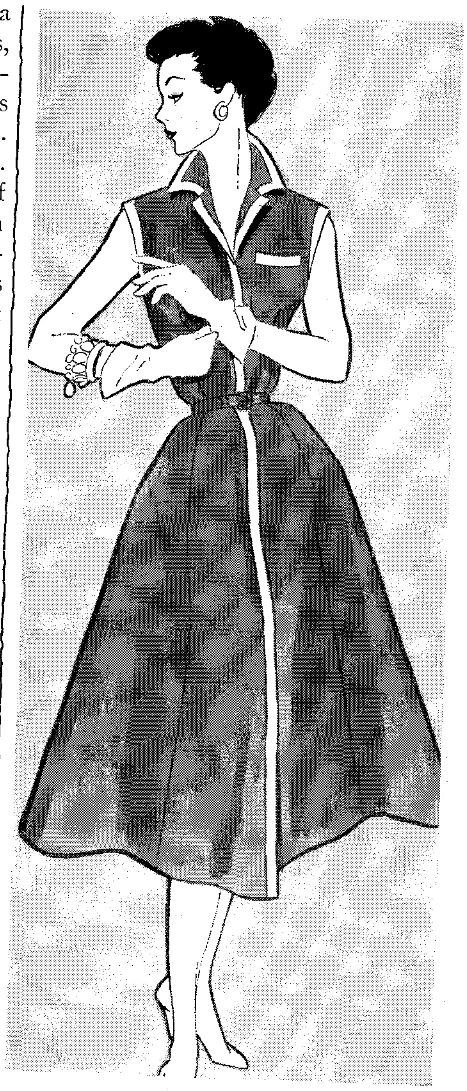
other.) The late Ernest L. Byfield, a partner in several Chicago hotels, founded the Pump Room in the confident expectation that the railroads would never improve their service. When, shortly after the war, Robert R. Young, the chairman of the board of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, began a campaign of newspaper advertisements urging through passenger trains ("A hog can cross America without changing trains—but YOU can't!"), Mr. Byfield, always a profoundly sad man, grew even sadder. "If they ever have through trains, *nobody* will stop here," he said. "How could a guy admit he was taking an extra day just so he could happen to be run into by columnists from four papers with a total circulation of a couple of million or more and nothing to write about?" The well and gratuitously advertised presence of the celebrities keeps the Pump Room crowded with less illustrious but more profitable guests, who come in the hope of recognizing the current attraction. Incidentally, the Pump Room serves as a center for the spread of sophistication. "It was here in this place I first ate snails," I heard a man say there.

Harris, the antithesis of Kupcinet, is an in-print introvert. His column, on the *News* editorial page, is titled "Strictly Personal," and he often fills it with lists of "Purely Personal Prejudices," in the manner of H. L. Mencken's "Prejudices" in his *Smart Set* days. "Why doesn't some bright manufacturer put on the market a spiked platter from which a roast or a ham can't slip while it is being carved?" he wrote in a typical column not long ago. "All the clumsy-fingered carvers like myself would give him eternal thanks." But he is no mere clown. In the same column, he showed himself to be profound ("The greatest enemy of progress is the fanatical reformer—because he makes the world believe that all reformers are fanatics"), instructive ("No commonly-used word is so frequently mispronounced as 'irreparable' which should be accented on the second syllable"), esoteric ("The new summer styles for women boldly illustrate the truth of Lin Yutang's remark that 'all women's dresses, in every age and country, are merely variations on the eternal struggle between the admitted desire to dress and the unadmitted desire to undress' "), aesthetic ("One of the most passionate and defiant pieces of chamber music is the Schubert string quartet No. 15, as played on the new LP recording by the Vienna Konzerthaus Quartet. It's more shaking than a symphony"), and iconoclastic (" 'Oklahoma!' is per-



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haps the most overrated of all American musical plays; 'Dark of the Moon,' while not one-hundredth so successful, was far superior in almost every way"). Harris gives you a lot to think about. In any gathering of bright young Chicagoans, you are likely to find yourself arguing with Sydney Harris all over the place, even though he isn't there in person. And at any cocktail party to which you, as an out-of-towner, are invited to meet writers, you are almost sure to find him in person.

THESE cocktail parties, after I had been to several, began to remind me of a time in the spring of 1944 when a whole swarm of American war correspondents, including me, were spirited out of London by the Army and dropped at a place called Fowey, in Cornwall, where we were left on the hands of the commanding officer of a base for naval landing craft. The purpose of this excursion was to deceive any German spies who might be watching the war correspondents. The spies, seeing us disappear, would theoretically notify their bosses that the invasion was on. When we came back from Fowey, they would feel silly. The plan, I suppose, was for us to wear them out by a succession of such false alarms, but the real invasion started before we could complete the project. The C.O. at Fowey, who liked parties, caused it to be represented to the county families of the region that we were influential journalists who, for the sake of promoting international amity, should be entertained in their baronial keeps. The families were decent about it, but caused it to be represented to him that they had neither whiskey nor rations for hospitality. Accordingly, one afternoon, at the first baronial keep we were suffered to enter, the chatelaine, a blonde, steered us to an ancestral board presided over by a colored Navy messman in a white jacket, impersonating a feudal retainer. The board was laid out with ham sandwiches and the least expensive grade of Schenley's whiskey. We were then led out to the moat to have our pictures taken by a Navy photographer, and by the time we had said goodbye to the chatelaine and got over to the next keep, the same messman was all set up with some more ham sandwiches and a fresh supply of Schenley's. He must have raced ahead of us in a jeep. After our fourth keep, a correspondent with a vast appetite for Schenley's asked me if I didn't think it was funny all these county families having colored butlers. "And be damned," he said, sitting down in a bed of ancestral nettles, "if I don't think they all look the same."

At every party my wife and I went to in Chicago, we met Nelson Algren, whose novel "The Man with the Golden Arm" had just been published and well reviewed. Algren, who had never before had a popular success, had stuck by his West Side Poles after all the rest of the stark Chicago realists had fled to Hollywood, and he was still wearing steel-rimmed spectacles and a turtleneck sweater. He made no attempt to look grim, however, and a diet of turkey, Virginia ham, and cocktail shrimp apparently agreed with him; I don't believe that for months he had an opportunity to eat anything else. We were always glad to be introduced to each other, and even went out in private a couple of times between parties. A man named Milton Mayer, who writes articles for magazines, was another standard act. The rest of the party was usually made up of admiring patrons of the arts and members of the faculty of the University of Chicago. For a city where, I am credibly informed, you couldn't throw an egg in 1925 without braining a great poet, Chicago is hard up for writers.

THE Chicago baseball teams of the National and American Leagues have long languished, ignored, in the second divisions of their organizations. Chicago sports pages and taxi-drivers alike denounce them, but without hope. Here is no spirit like Brooklyn's, perennially reviviscent through disastrous years and rising to ecstasy every time the Dodgers take both halves of a doubleheader. Even last spring, sportswriters tell me, when the White Sox had a long winning streak and took the American League lead, the suspicious crowds were slow to repair to the ballpark. The fans don't want to believe in their teams. It's the same in boxing; no Chicago fighter has been a big Chicago drawing card since Tony Zale, who emerged in the middle thirties. (Zale was "out of" Gary, Indiana, but Gary is one of the series of industrial suburbs that blend imperceptibly into the larger city.) In small cities, like Youngstown, Hartford, or Providence—or, for that matter, in New York—a fighter has only to win a few bouts to get a neighborhood following, and a few more to be a town hero. Chicago skepticism about home talent is, in my estimation, a sign not of maturity but of a premature old age.

It is true that the *Tribune*, by devoting a preponderance of sports-page space to the huge annual amateur-boxing

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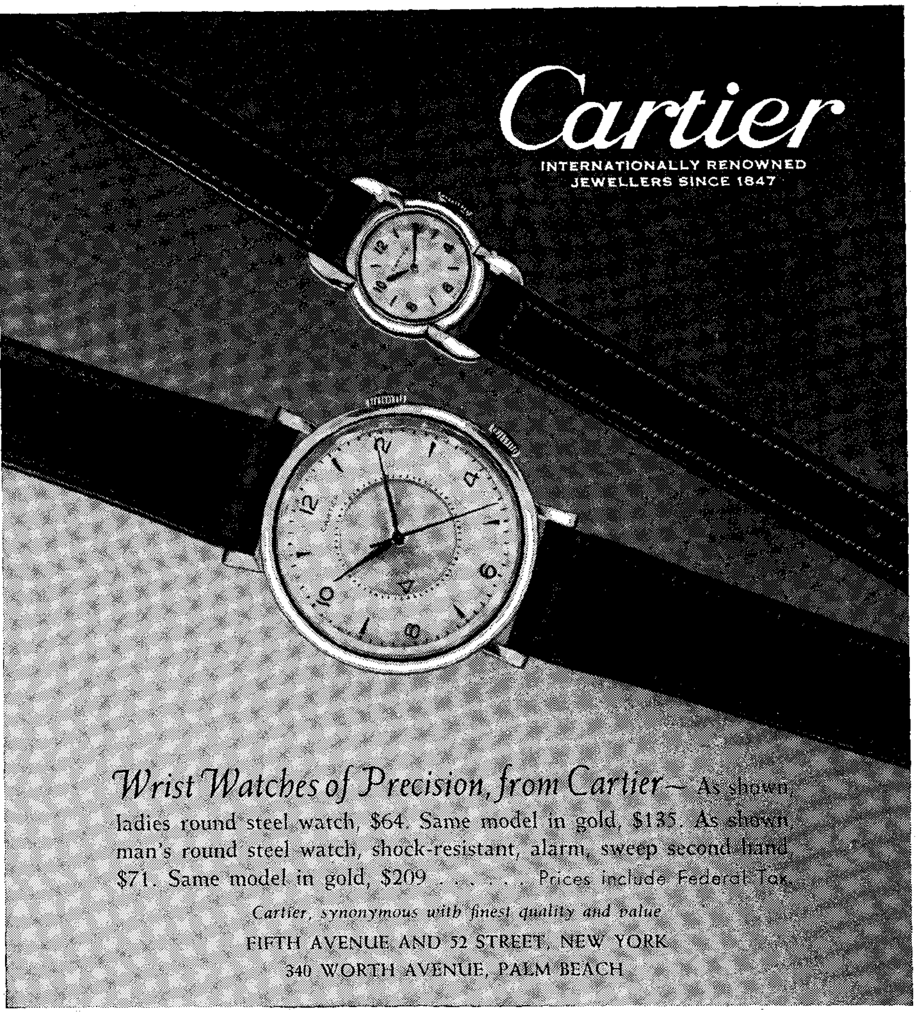
tournament called the Golden Gloves, a newspaper-promotion device, has helped put the professional game in the shade. Yet amateur boxing itself arouses no enthusiasm in Chicago. The *Tribune* now has to import boxers from places as remote as Memphis and Los Angeles for its "regional" championships. In the last of these championships that I witnessed, only one Chicagoan reached even the semifinal round.

CHICAGO is not particularly blessed with good restaurants. Byfield, its most energetic restaurateur until his death in 1950, used to say with pride that he was an engineer by training and a showman by inclination. He would invent dishes primarily for their spectacular possibilities—crabmeat wrapped in bacon and served flaming on a skewer, for example, or a salad of hearts of palm, Chinese water chestnuts, capers, bananas, and a highly spiced sauce. The first four ingredients of the salad cancel one another out, and the sauce makes the whole thing taste like the barbecued sandwiches the customers really like. "They won't come out to eat," Byfield told me sadly, a fortnight before his death. "They can eat at home. To get them out, you have to give them a show." Curiously, however, his fellow-citizens would come out for a show only if it was billed as a dinner. They would not patronize the shows he put on at his College Inn night club and billed as shows; a Chicagoan knows enough not to believe anything he sees in print. Byfield's restaurants became so theatrical they obliged him to abandon show business.

To compensate for the paucity of good restaurants, there are thousands of barbecues—usually spelled "bar-B-cues"—that sell pig ribs roasted on a spit over a gas fire. These are appetizing, but always the same, and the natives eat them smothered with a hot sauce. To compensate for the lack of ordinary theatre, there are scores of strip-tease joints. The performances, like the pig ribs, are always the same, but they are invariably unpleasant. The most common form of strip joint is a long, narrow barroom with a rectangular or oval bar running up the middle; the girls work on a platform in the center, almost, but not quite, within the patrons' reach. The regular customers sit glumly on stools around the bar, trying to make a bottle of beer—priced at fifty cents—last all night. They must not concentrate too attentively on the girls, though, because the bartender sometimes tries to snatch the bottle while it is still a quarter full. The cus-



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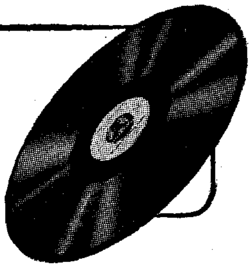

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tomer then has to buy another to retain his franchise. A master or a mistress of ceremonies introduces the girls and, in the course of his remarks, listlessly insults a stooge in the audience. ("Why don't you borrow two dollars and go out and get rid of them pimples?" the m.c. may ask a youthful gawk.) One of the girls, introduced as "Mlle. Yvonne Le Vonne, straight from Paris—and I mean Paris, Illinois, ha, ha," then goes through the familiar business of removing most of her specially constructed clothes, which have none of the sexual quality of other clothes. She does this with idiot gravity, and as a climax puts one foot on each side of the microphone shaft and does several kneebends. She then shakes herself as if she had just sat down on a spilled beer, and ends up by posing on one foot, with the other leg bent behind her. After that, she comes down into the crowd to cadge a drink, but she will settle for a cigarette if only the regular customers are present. Why they are present, night after night, is their own pathologically mysterious business. They are sad types, either adolescent or middle-aged, and though they are willing to pay a high price for the beer they drink, they are shabbier and of a more discouraged appearance than the clientele of other saloons.

The remunerative targets for the girls are the unknown drunks, wanderers from respectability, who come into the places in pairs or parties. Every joint has a permanent window sign reading, "Welcome, Conventioneers." No particular convention is specified; there are nearly a hundred of them a month in Chicago, and the joints are one of the principal, if usually unwritten, arguments in the selling of the city to convention secretaries. The girls attach themselves to the visiting drunks like tugboats to an incoming liner. They hustle them for drinks, and insult them if they're shunted off. But generally the drunks buy. After all, that's what they're there for. A girl granted the privilege of ordering a drink will have three in one—a shot glass of rye, a second of sweet vermouth, and a third of Coca-Cola. This retails for a dollar and thirty cents, or whatever multiple of it the bartender thinks fit to ask; he may set up a claim that the drunk has authorized drinks for two, three, or four girls besides the drink for the girl who has engaged him in conversation. The girls do not drink "downs"—soft drinks represented to the customers as whiskey. They apparently feel a need to stay as drunk as they can get without paying for it.

Two atypical conventioneers, one

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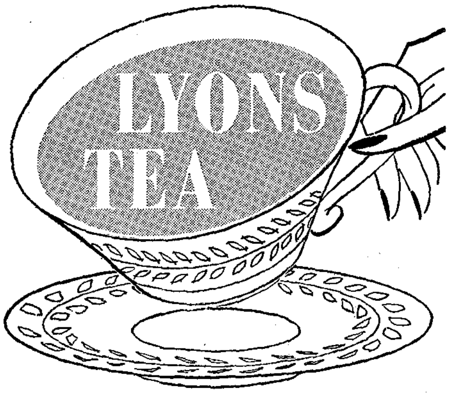

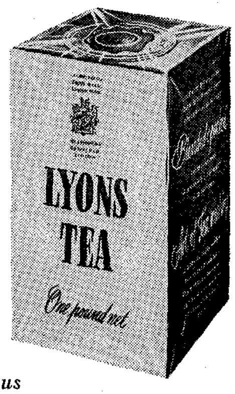

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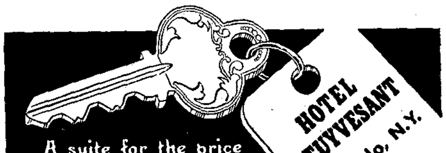

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HOTEL STUYVESANT Buffalo, N. Y.

from North Hollywood, California, and the other from Old Greenwich, Connecticut, gave the newspapers ground for a good deal of fun a couple of years ago. It began on the night of April 19, 1950, when they declined to pay $28.35 for what they claimed were only eight drinks at a place called the French Casino, on North Clark Street. They finally paid, under what they interpreted as duress, but lest their indiscipline affect the behavior of future conventioneers, parties who eventually turned out to be unknown set upon them on the sidewalk outside and beat them senseless with small baseball bats. The conventioneers were under the impression these parties included the proprietor and his assistants. The use of small bats, in order not to kill the fellows, was an example of moderation, but they both proved unworthy of it. When they recovered consciousness, they crawled to a taxicab and asked to be taken to a police station. There was one practically right around the corner, on Chicago Avenue, but the driver, with fine presence of mind, drove them to a station a couple of miles away, where the lieutenant in command informed them he had no jurisdiction over North Clark Street. They had not specified *what* police station, the driver probably explained to them as he collected a fare of several dollars.

The unsporting pair persisted, and next morning they brought about the arrest of the proprietor of the Casino and the rest of the batting order as they remembered it. The police, perhaps stimulated by the Chicago Convention Bureau, which is opposed to local slaughter, at least before the guests have checked out, suspended the license of the establishment (its owner was reported in the newspapers to have an interest in three other places in the same police district, which were not affected), and the whole softball team, or at least the conventioneers' version of the lineup, was charged with felonious assault.

The case was set for hearing, and the battered guests stayed on to testify. But defense attorneys objected to the judge who was to preside at the trial and applied for a change of venue. A new judge was named, and on May 9th granted a continuance until May 22nd. The complainants thereupon went home, promising to return on the new date, which, undoubtedly to the defendants' astonishment, they did. The judge then granted another postponement, until June 27th, and the plaintiffs again went home, and again came back. It took three days to select a jury, and by that time the batting-practice targets,

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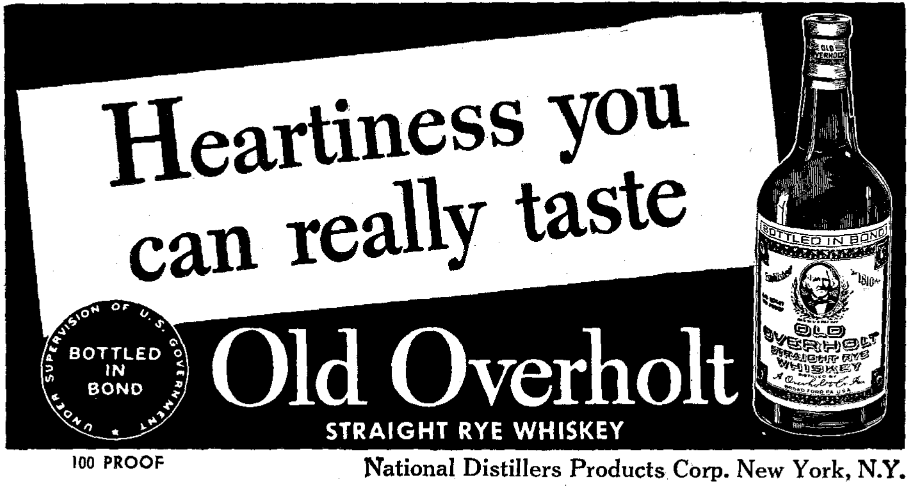
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deciding it looked like all summer in Chicago for them if they stuck it out, had had enough. They went home for good. Municipal Judge Oscar S. Caplan, the presiding jurist, dismissed the jury, with sympathetic indignation. "It's a travesty on justice to waste your time and mine," he told the jurors, apparently not considering the time spent by the plaintiffs wasted, since travel is always instructive. The then Police Commissioner, John Prendergast, was more emphatic. "They are just out-of-towners who come in here and raise a lot of hell," he said to reporters. "They only raise hell to see what they can get out of it. We go ahead and do our part, and they fall flat on their faces." The captain of the Chicago Avenue police station had declared, upon first hearing of the case, that there were no clip joints in his satrapy, and that the battered men had probably been slugging each other. The effect of the affair upon the consuming public was excellent from the point of view of the North Clark Street strip-and-clip proprietors. Subsequent customers, knowing the penalty for adding up a check, have thought twice before being so vulgar.

The Clark Street batting bee had an unfortunate social effect on my wife and me. A couple of days after it took place, a French friend, a member of the cultural service of the Embassy, visited Chicago to address a convention of language teachers, and came to our house to dinner. Later in the evening, desiring to show him native culture, we escorted him to a strip-tease joint. We selected for this purpose a place of a slightly friendlier, as well as more pretentious, cast than the Casino, called the 606 Club, at 606 South Wabash Avenue. The 606 has a bar, but it is in the rear of the place, and there are tables between it and the blanket-size stage on which the girls perform. As evidence of character, there is a card on every table, reading:

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The spaces after "Table No." and "Waiter No." on our card, however, were left blank.

The girls in the 606 appear a trifle better fed than those in the Clark Street places, and consequently exhibit a bit more spirit. On the evening we took our Frenchman, the first girl introduced walked onstage fully clothed. We smiled at our friend, and he smiled back

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with complicity; he had been told what was to come. He would be able to describe this strange rite to his friends in Paris when he next went home. The girl walked across the stage, paused, and walked back without discarding so much as a glove. The conventioneers at the tables around us clapped to encourage her. She walked across again, still fully clothed, and for three minutes she just kept on walking. I have seldom seen a woman's face record such embarrassment. Remaining clothed was obviously as much of an ordeal for her as stripping in public would have been for a dowager. Our friend regarded us with an air *étonné;* the conventioneers looked gloomy. Six successive girls went through practically the same performance. One of them made a lamentable attempt at a tap dance; another, coaxed by the master of ceremonies, sang a couple of lines of a song and then broke into a nervous giggle.

"But it's very *moral,*" our Frenchman said. "It is like the commencement exercise at a seminary for young ladies. I feel almost as if I were to present the prize for proficiency in Romance languages."

After finishing our two-dollar minimums, including no food (the only food that could possibly fit into the minimum, if you had one drink, would be a cherry, if the drink happened to be a Manhattan), we headed for the door. Remembering the boys' baseball bats, I hesitated to complain, but I timidly asked the man who guides you to your tables if the show wasn't somehow different from the way I remembered it.

"Sure," he said. "The lid's on."

A *Tribune* editorial cartoon, celebrating the award last May of the national Republican convention for 1952 to Chicago, showed "Chicago, the Convention Queen" as a female figure draped in long robes of virginal white. I hope it is not a forecast.

—A. J. LIEBLING

(*This is the second of a series of three articles on Chicago.*)

•

John Albert Wilson, USN, son of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Wilson of 11 Thayer street, visited the city of New Orleans, La. on Thanksgiving Day while a member of the crew of the Navy minesweeper, USS REVENGE. The REVENGE was the first ship to enter Tokyo Bay following the war with Japan. (This item is to correct that appearing in last week's JOURNAL which stated that John was married to Elizabeth Knowleton, which happens to be the maiden name of his mother.)
—*Hingham (Mass.) Journal.*

We thought she was a Minesweeper.

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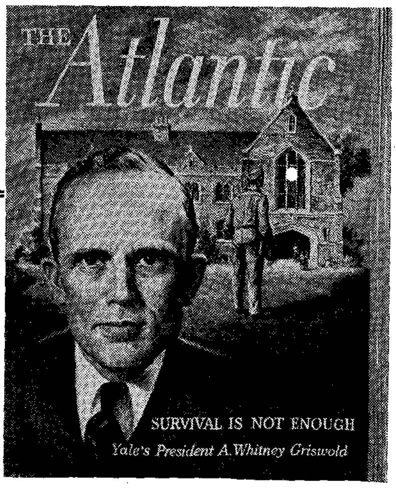

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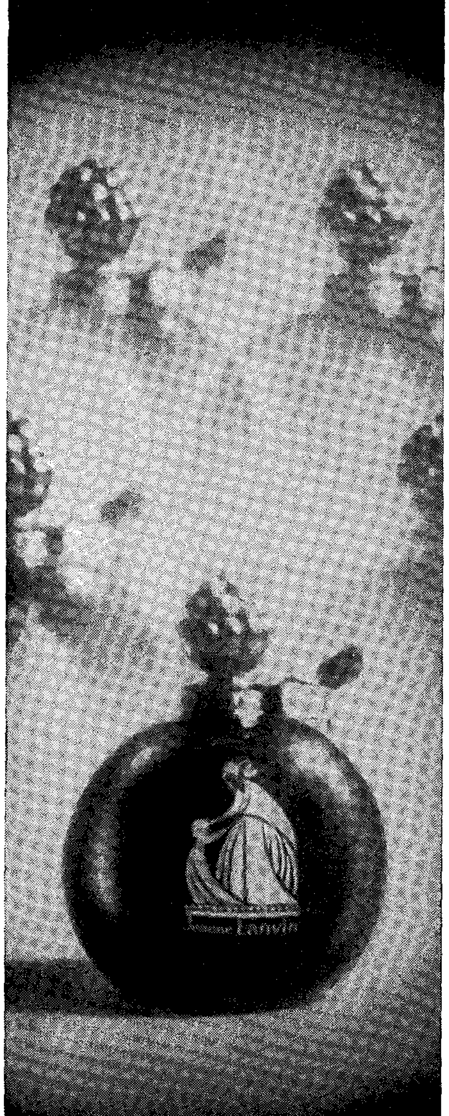

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A Letter

DEAR AUNT PAULINE:

THANKS for your letter, and for the pickled beets. I enjoyed them both, especially the beets. I'll bet there aren't three people in this whole big city who can pickle beets, which is just one more reason you and Uncle Ned wouldn't like living here. Getting back to your letter, I certainly was interested to know that you and Uncle Ned still get such a boot out of those "Captain Video" programs. I agree with you that lots of folks think "Captain Video" is just kid stuff, and I think you're right when you say that the Captain's space activities—his rockets, and his swift means of interplanetary communication—will become reality some day, and that the Captain is probably a long way ahead of his time. He also fights evil, which is a good thing in a wicked world, and— well, I just think he's a great man. I hesitate to recommend programs on TV to anyone, because people have their own ideas of what's worth-while and what's terrible, but, knowing how much you enjoy "Captain Video," and how Uncle Ned is always buried in those science-fiction magazines or tinkering down in the basement, I think you should look some Friday night at nine-thirty, over A.B.C., at a program called "Tales of Tomorrow." This may be a little late in the evening for Uncle Ned since his bursitis, but I suggest that you urge him to stay up some night anyway. You can blame me.

Nobody will accuse this "Tales of Tomorrow" of being kid stuff. It's in earnest, and I think it fills a real need in the science-fiction TV branch and gives us an insight into some of the weird and awful things that can happen in this crazy world. Sometimes it frightens me quite a bit, but I figure that the men behind the program *want* to frighten me, so that I will be aware of the dangerous natural manifestations all around me. People have got to be shaken up, Aunt Pauline, and we're getting soft, with our bathtubs and our hot water and our iceboxes, and it doesn't hurt to know that danger lurks everywhere. "Tales of Tomorrow" certainly can shake a man up. Let me tell you about the tale I saw the other night. It was called "The Dune Roller," and it shook me up so much that right in the middle of it I went to the door and fastened the chain bolt. I have a regular lock on my door *and* a chain bolt, and I didn't feel satisfied with just the lock. "The Dune Roller" started out on a lonely island in a lake somewhere in northern Michigan, in the home of some sort of doctor or biologist. (I never really knew who anybody was in "The Dune Roller," and it was hard to tell how people were related to other people—whether married to them, or their grandfather, or what, but it doesn't make much difference, as you will see.) A little girl is drying some dishes with a quaint old character called Cap. Cap tells the girl a strange story about a frightening fiery object that has been roaming the island lately. A man (he may be the girl's father, or just a friend of her father) comes on; he is worried over some particles of stone that have been discovered recently on the island. Men and animals have been mysteriously killed, and the man has picked up some of these stones, which he suspects of being linked with the killings, and which he calls "mystery drops." Here is where the scientific part comes in, because the man is scholarly and says he has tested the drops and they are not agate, and are white, and are as hard as quartz. He approaches the problem of what the mystery drops are with the attitude of a true scientist, which is why I don't think Uncle Ned will mind waiting up.

A friend of the scientist arrives on the island (*he* may be the girl's father) with a big steak, and some books, and a woman, and he, too, is scientifically trained and eager to analyze the mystery drops. "Tales of Tomorrow" gets a lot of its educational air from the authentic words used on the program. This new man is of the opinion that the mystery drops have a "thermal" quality. The scientists put two of these drops into some sort of oven, and when they take them out, the drops have combined into a much bigger piece of stone than one would have expected from the two of them separately. One drop had weighed forty-two grams and the other forty-six grams, and after they had been in the oven for a while, they combined into a stone weighing a hundred and seventy-six grams. You just add forty-two and forty-six together sometime, and see what you get! You can imagine the fear that is engendered by this event. One of the men says that he thinks a meteor has fallen on the island and smashed, and is attempting, the way meteors do, I guess, to pull itself together and become a whole meteor again. Next thing I knew, the big mystery drop had slithered right out of the house and into the night, leaving a jagged hole in the doorway. Everybody is terribly upset (this is where I got up and bolted my door), and fearful lest forces beyond human control are loose on the island. They are. Cap leaves for his place, where he has two of the mystery drops, and he no sooner gets there than a terrible white light shines out on the lake. It comes closer and closer and closer. Cap is scared and races into the woods, and the light follows him, getting brighter and closer every second. Then I heard Cap scream, and I knew he was dead from the Thing, whatever it was. Phew!

Back in the other house, meanwhile, they realize something is up, and the woman goes out with two of the drops on her person, and she almost gets it from the Thing, too. The men think maybe they had better blow the Thing up, since it might devour them all, and perhaps the entire universe. They think they have an inkling of what it is—something that forms all matter into a huge ball of fire. Fortunately, the men have some dynamite handy, and they take it into the woods, get it ready, and wait for the giant ball of fire to come by. It comes by, pretty soon, and they blow it up. They think they have saved the day, and perhaps the universe, but at the very end of "The Dune Roller" I saw small particles of rock lighting up on the beach and ominously joining up with other particles. I guess you'd say that "The Dune Roller" ended on a note of real horror, and even discouragement, and we can only hope it was just a story, and not something true. If it's true, we're licked. Keep your fingers crossed.

Your loving nephew,
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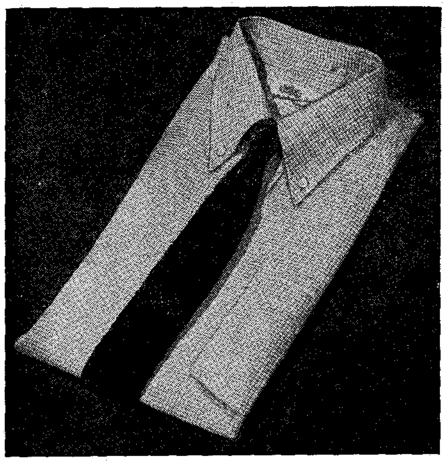

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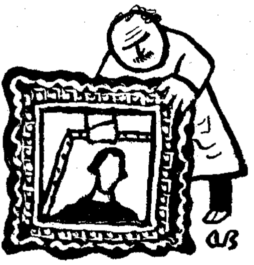
THE ART GALLERIES

John Sloan

THE first of the major museums to do so, and belatedly at that, the Whitney has just put on a full-scale survey of the paintings, etchings, and other works of John Sloan. It is belated because Sloan, aged eighty, died last fall, when the show was in preparation, and so what was planned as a retrospective must now be labelled a memorial, and serve as a monument instead of a tribute. One regrets that the artist is not here to see it, for it's a highly successful effort, and, with the ninety-odd paintings and over a hundred other items, it covers the man's long career—from his start as a newspaper artist in Philadelphia, through the turbulent period of The Eight, right on down to his curious sculpture-in-color experiments at the end—in a way that's at once sympathetic, perceptive, and illuminating.



Sloan was, almost uniquely, the painter of New York—perhaps the first man fully to realize the artistic potentialities of city genre as a subject, and unquestionably its most active and imaginative exponent—and, quite properly, the largest part of the collection is given over to his work in this vein. To be sure, there are a few pieces from his growing-up days in Philadelphia—a "Self-Portrait," for instance, done in 1890 and finickingly precise in its execution, as well as a big, dark, and rather ponderous "East Entrance, City Hall, Philadelphia," dated 1901, and, for memorabilia, a set of prints, photographs, and old newspaper pages containing his linework of that period. But these are only to set the stage. Like Sloan's career, the show doesn't really get under way till we come to 1905 and "Spring, Madison Square," the first picture in the exhibit that he did after he came to New York, in 1904. Traces of the Munich School darkness that he'd learned back home are still apparent (as in the heavy handling of the line of tree trunks in the foreground), and it was a long time before his palette brightened appreciably. In spite of this, the canvas is lighter, freer, surer than any of his earlier ones, and when one moves on to the paintings immediately after—the famous "Dust Storm, Fifth Avenue," "Hairdresser's Window," "The Haymarket," "Movies, Five Cents," "Sixth Avenue and Thirtieth Street," "Nursemaids, Madison Square," and so on, all done in the next year or two and all memorable—one has something of the happy feeling the artist must have had, of a man face to face at last with the material best suited to him, and almost overwhelmed by the richness and variety of it.

This was approximately the era of The Eight, when Luks, Henri, Davies, Lawson, Shinn, Prendergast, Glackens, and Sloan put on an exhibition of their work at the Macbeth Gallery and got christened the "ashcan school" for their pains. Sloan's whole approach—the loose, easy, graphic style of drawing he'd developed and his choice of matter-of-fact subjects—was wholly opposed to the conventional and moralistic prettifications of life then in vogue. Now, though, there is little to say about his paintings of this period except that they reveal New York and its people with a joyous and hearty directness, a vivid delight in the setting itself, that had rarely been applied to such everyday subjects before.

There are, of course, criticisms that can be made. Painting rapidly—so to speak, "impressionistically"—in his effort to get the scene quickly on canvas (but without the technical controls the true Impressionists had adopted), Sloan sometimes verged on the slapdash, and with some exceptions (among them the pleasantly sunny "Sunday, Women Drying Their Hair" and the even more brilliant back-yard scene called "Spring Planting") his color remained brown and monotonous for a good many years. He had a tendency, frequently annoying, to introduce a small subsidiary plot, or "story line," as the movie people would call it—the man smirking at the two strolling girls in "Sunday in Union Square" is an example—which occasionally reduced an excellent picture to the level of the anecdotal. But these are minor flaws, and as a positive virtue of considerable value—particularly in view of the lusty earthiness of most of his subjects—one can cite the consistent good taste that governs his work. Only once or twice, and then in the more casual of his etchings, does he fail in that regard, and generally his point of view is as unerringly just and impeccable as it is warm and humane.

Sloan's later style is more open to controversy. Begun, tentatively, in the late nineteen-twenties, it marks an almost complete break with everything he

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had done before. Where his color had been fairly muted, it now becomes strident, and instead of painting direct, in one layer of pigment, he turned to a series of undercoatings and glazes. His subjects changed, too, from the animated scenes that had once attracted him to single-figure and portrait studies, with the sitter posed rigidly in the center of the canvas; and, in what is the oddest manifestation of all, he started to build up his forms with a system of finely drawn lines and crosshatchings, usually in red—designed, apparently, to lighten the surface and emphasize the contours. There's no question but that this last device didn't work, for the crosshatchings, arbitrary as they are, merely act as a ruddy veil between the spectator and the subject; and in some of his last pieces, such as "Exploring the Unsold" and "The Necklace," there is evidence that Sloan was beginning to abandon or at least alter it.

More important, I think, is why, at so advanced an age, he undertook such a tremendous revision of his style. It's impossible to analyze his motives precisely, but there are a few faint clues. One is the fact that earlier in his life, in the midst of turning out his most productive New York paintings, he often took time off to slave—fruitlessly, to his mind—over portraits and figure studies. Another is his admiration for Rubens, Rembrandt, and Renoir, all preëminent as figure painters. I think, too, that the epithet "mere illustrator," so often thrown at him throughout his career, may at last have bitten deep. There's no doubt that a good deal of his work was primarily illustrative, and my own feeling is that because of all these concerns, and paradoxical as it may sound, Sloan was setting out humbly to study the art of painting all over again. It's too bad that he didn't start earlier or live longer, for even with their faults, a few of the final pieces, such as "Large White Nude" and "Girl in Window," have remarkable monumentality. As it is, his reputation must rest on his New York paintings, and a solid enough basis these are, too. From Madison Square to the Bowery, and from the rooftops of the Village to its street corners, there are few spots in the city that don't look a little different because Sloan's eyes have illuminated them.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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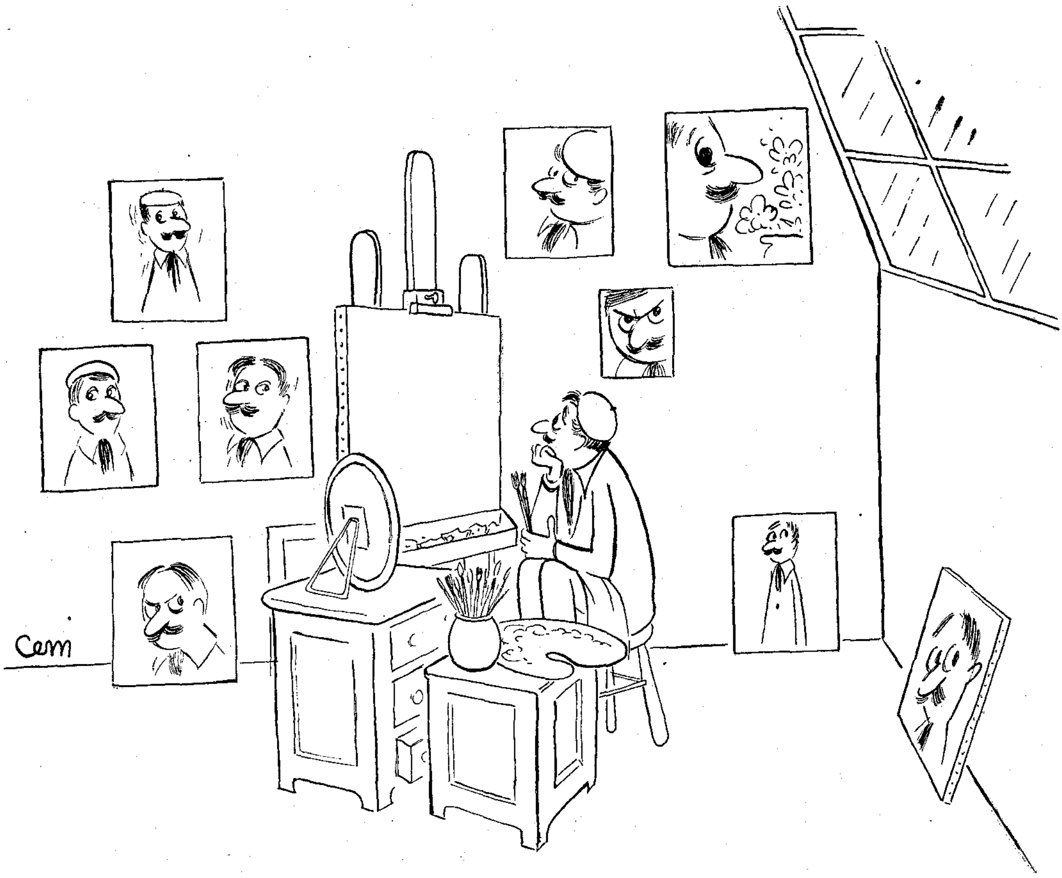
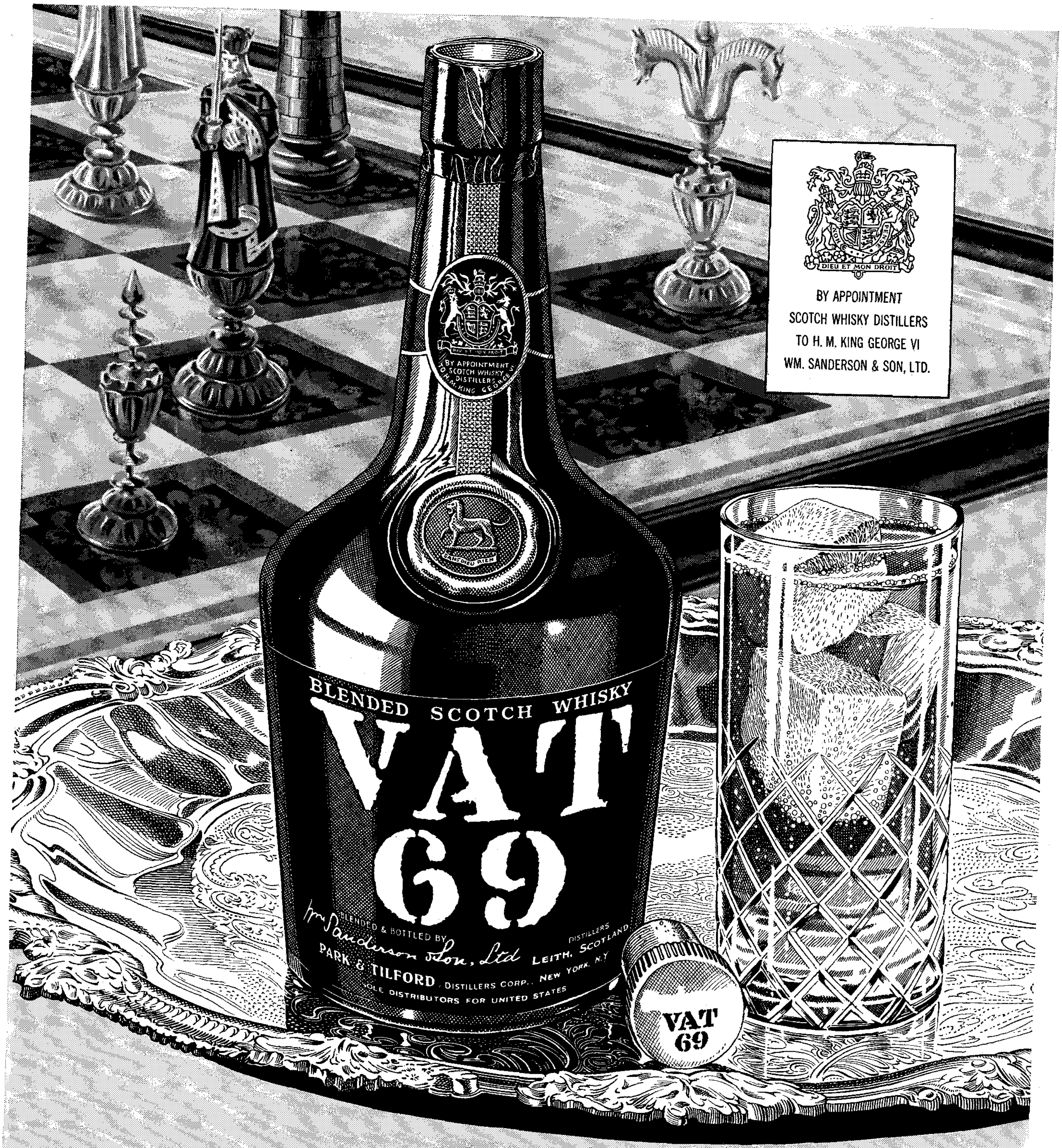
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

JANUARY 10

ON the plausible theory that Winston Churchill called on the President not so much to discuss rifle design or the price of tin—matters on which neither man is much of an authority—as to impress, or re-impress, his personality upon the American consciousness, people here are not yet ready to pass judgment on the success of the mission. It has been remarked in many quarters, and doubtless by the Prime Minister himself, that he would have done better to choose a week in which Captain Carlsen, of the Flying Enterprise, and General Eisenhower, of SHAPE, were less on the public mind. The competition, however, should not be quite so stiff when Churchill returns to Washington to deliver, on January 17th, an address to Congress and, by radio and television, to what broadcasters and telecasters are predicting will be the greatest audience ever gathered (or, rather, dispersed) to see or hear anyone—greater in this country by two or three million new television owners, they say, than the audiences that last year saw and heard Frank Costello and General MacArthur. Whatever the number, this will be one occasion when the purely ceremonial aspect of diplomacy is of greater consequence than the exchange of quids for quos out of the public's sight and hearing, for the prizes Churchill seeks—first, an increase in British prestige and, second, equity (or something approaching it) in the Anglo-American partnership—are not within the gift of the President or any of the other government officials with whom the Prime Minister and his staff concluded their talks a couple of days ago. The decision as to how far this country will go to back up what remains of the British Empire is, since it involves the national bank roll, up to Congress and the public, and the success of the Churchill mission will be measured—if it is at all measurable—by the votes on British aid later in the present session of Congress and by the votes for a new Congress that the dispersed audience will cast in November.

As for the talks themselves, it is felt that from a strictly American viewpoint they were unproductive, if only slightly more so than most people had expected. The fact is that the administration, which hopes, for its own sake as well as for Britain's, that Churchill's performance before Congress and the television cameras will be effective, wished from the start that a way could be found for the Prime Minister to make his appeal without first indulging in the kind of personal diplomacy by which he sets so much store and in which he is so skilled. Shortly before Churchill sailed from England, the Washington correspondent of the London *Times* mentioned this wish and was roundly denounced by officials of this government and by American newspapers. It is true that the *Times* correspondent attributed to the President—who was represented as saying that he had no intention of changing his plowman's sleeping habits in favor of the Prime Minister's eccentric nighttime schedule—a remark that revealed a churlishness that has not been one of Truman's characteristics, yet in doing this the correspondent was only paraphrasing a report that had appeared in several newspapers here. That report was almost certainly wrong, and, as things worked out, the President—who, according to his associates, had a much gayer time than he had expected and by the end of the visit was proposing toasts to Churchill as expansive in spirit as some of those offered at their wartime conference—did postpone his retirement by several hours. Nevertheless, he was uneasy about the whole procedure, and it is not hard to see why. One needs to know only a little about the President's inexperience in personal diplomacy and about his general mode of operation to realize that it would be distinctly unlike him to welcome a settling of major problems by the man-to-man method Churchill favors. Although by his use of the executive power Truman has invited criticism that may cost him and his Party victory, he has at the same time, and in a fashion that has also invited criticism, delegated far more responsibility to his diplomatic and military advisers than most of his predecessors ever did. His Secretaries of State have made foreign policy with a freedom that must seem incredible to Cordell Hull, and he has never tried to play the military strategist. There is every reason to assume that he would have much preferred to have Secretaries Acheson and Lovett handle all the negotiations with the British. And it is common knowledge here that the State Department was deeply concerned, before and during the conferences, over the possibility that other members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and some of the Asian and Middle Eastern states with whom this country is seeking alliances might take offense at the picture of the

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President and the Prime Minister cooking up private deals in Blair House and aboard the Williamsburg.

It may be that the misgivings with which the President and his advisers agreed to these sessions made their lack of accomplishment—as most Americans see it, at any rate—inevitable, but even some of those who took a rather sour view from the start have expressed surprise at the complete lack of agreement on several questions that seem of decidedly secondary importance. To be sure, no one expected that the Prime Minister could persuade the President of the advisability of a meeting with Stalin; Churchill was, indeed, so aware of the President's hostility to the idea that, according to people who attended the formal sessions, he did not suggest it. No one expected, furthermore, that the British could be budged from their position that they would be proving false to their traditions and their trusts if they became a party to any of the schemes for European integration, and no one expected a definite announcement on the course either government would take in the event of Chinese intervention in Indo-China. Nor was there any hope that Britain and the United States could reconcile their attitudes toward the recognition of Communist China. (No one, for that matter, thought it terribly urgent that they do so, since if nothing is to be gained by the American policy of refusing to recognize Peiping, neither does anything seem to be gained by the British policy of recognizing it.) It *was* felt, however, that something might be done about deciding whose rifle will be used by N.A.T.O. ground troops and whose admiral will be in charge in the North Atlantic. Since the two countries are the major Western producers of both rifles and admirals, it would have been perfectly reasonable for them to settle these matters bilaterally. But they have apparently given up entirely on the rifle question, and they have left the question of the North Atlantic commander just where they found it.

In the opinion of most American observers, the first half of the Churchill mission has produced nothing but reaffirmations of agreements that were already in force before the meetings or new ones that could have readily been made by conferences of subordinate officials. This is by no means the opinion held by the British observers. They maintain that even if, as is most unlikely, Churchill's visit should result in a diminution of British prestige, the fact of his taking back to England a signed declaration that no American planes carrying atomic bombs will leave British airfields without the consent of his government will be enough, in the eyes of the British public, to justify his trip here. The British observers are not impressed by being reminded that the same agreement was made with Clement Attlee—a fact, incidentally, that Attlee repeatedly reminded British voters of in last year's election—and that no responsible American would for one moment consider it nullified by the change of government. They say that anxiety on this score is so keen throughout the United Kingdom that it would be impossible to overdo our reassurances. To put it another way, they admit that there exists in Britain a doubt—provincial, uncharitable, and uninformed, of course—that there is any such thing as a responsible American. The Truman-Churchill meeting, fruitless in so many respects, will, they think, help dissipate this doubt. It will also, they add, help overcome the widespread suspicion that Winston Churchill is spoiling for a war.

NOBODY in Washington was astonished by Eisenhower's consenting to run for President if nominated on the Republican ticket and to serve if elected, but his prospects of winning the nomination and the election are by far the commonest topic of discussion and will probably continue to be for some time. One thing the discussion demonstrates is that politics is still an almost wholly mysterious and uncharted field, since it is possible for rational and relatively disinterested people to draw diametrically opposed conclusions from the same facts. For example, the fact (assuming it to be a fact) that Eisenhower plans to stay on the job in Paris at least until the Republican convention has made its decision is held by one imposing group of authorities to be absolutely fatal to his candidacy and by another to guarantee its success. In the view of the first group, a century and a quarter of experience with the party convention system has shown that men who don't campaign for the nomination don't get it; nothing ventured, nothing gained. The professional politicians, they say, dislike the idea of writing blank checks; they never support a man whose position is unknown to them. As laborers in the vineyard, the politicians have a natural disdain for the man who won't roll up his sleeves and sweat with them under the hot sun. They hold that success in politics, like success in anything else, is a matter of hard work, and they document this

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pious contention with an impressive array of case histories—promising, attractive, and well-financed men whose failure to win the nomination was a direct result of their failure to make their political views known in the right places and to take a hand in organizing their campaigns. Just as many authorities insist that the man who has, or can find, a good excuse for not committing himself on issues is almost impossible to beat. While Senator Taft is foolishly losing friends by travelling around the country telling people his position on every issue, Eisenhower, they say, stands only to gain by his conscientious devotion to duty and his avoidance of even the possibility of making a political mistake. The most important thing for Eisenhower to do right now, in the view of this group, is to stay perfectly still and not destroy the myth.

As it happens, one of the real myths of the moment is that Eisenhower has not committed himself on any issues. Since he accepted the European command, he has kept quiet on political matters, it is true, but there have been occasions when his silence was extremely eloquent, and in addition there is a large body of speeches and of testimony before Congress from which can be drawn about as clear a picture of his attitude as Senator Taft provides of *his* in his voluminous and frequently repetitious speeches. According to people who have been going over the Eisenhower record, the one issue on which the General has not made himself quite definite is our China policy. It can be reasonably assumed that he would concur with neither Truman's nor MacArthur's view of the problem. It is inconceivable that he would have consented to run on the Republican ticket unless he at least partly agreed with the criticism of the administration's policy that is bound to be written into the Party platform, regardless of which faction controls the convention; moreover, he told a Congressional committee shortly after the outbreak of the Korean war that he favored accepting Chiang Kai-shek's offer of troops. But it is also inconceivable that the man who is charged with the defense of Western Europe and who has repeatedly importuned Congress to enlarge the American commitment there would agree with MacArthur that China is the more important theatre. If, however, Eisenhower, as one of the architects of our global strategy, is less critical than Taft of the administration's foreign policy, he seems to be well to the right of Taft on most domestic issues. Taft tends to feel that

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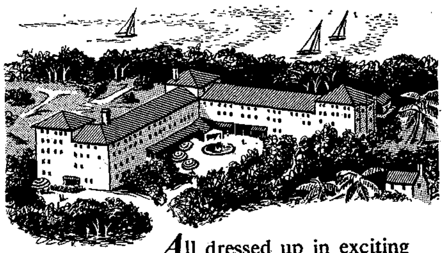

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in a complex industrial society the government has to provide a certain amount of social security, but Eisenhower views such security as an unworthy objective. "I should think that the best example of it would be a man serving a life-time sentence in a federal prison," he said while he was still at Columbia. Taft believes in labor unions, though he wants them subject to as much government control as industry is, but Eisenhower's position is that labor and management should be organized "into a far tighter voluntary coöperative unit than we now have"—a position that approaches that of the extreme Right in European politics. Taft thinks the federal government is justified in breaking up business monopolies, but Eisenhower thinks trusts and monopolies should be regulated only when they are public utilities and then only by local governments.

Unless Eisenhower has modified his views since he went to Europe (there is no indication that he has), he will, if nominated, be the most conservative Republican candidate since Herbert Hoover. Political experts have been more spectacularly wrong about the outcome of national elections than about what conventions will do, and it is doubtful whether their belief that voters are averse to changing domestic policies in a period of prosperity is true under all circumstances. It is an uncontested fact, however, that there are somewhere between three and five million more Democrats than Republicans in the country today. Possibly because people in Washington are more vividly aware of this statistic than people in most other places, there is an inclination here to view with skepticism the thesis advanced by Senator Lodge and other Eisenhower supporters that if the nomination can be obtained for the General, his election will be assured by the universal esteem in which he is held. No one has questioned his popularity, which is undoubtedly as close to being universal as any living man's, but there is an impression that if he introduced into his campaign the notion that social security is the equivalent of a jail sentence, the voters would feel that he could serve them best by getting back into uniform. There is a widespread feeling that if President Truman, Chief Justice Vinson, Senator Kefauver, Senator Humphrey, or any other Democratic candidate—even, as someone said here last week, T. Lamar Caudle—had that doctrine to run against, he could win handily.

If, however, the campaign should turn on questions of foreign policy and corruption, as certainly seems highly probable, it does not take much political insight to discern the strength of Eisenhower. Nor does it take much knowledge of Truman to discern how reluctant he would be to run for office again if it meant opposing Eisenhower. There are people here who are positive that Truman would not run against Eisenhower under any conditions, and there are people who are every bit as positive that Eisenhower's nomination as a Republican is the one thing that would force Truman to become a candidate again. Just about everyone, though, agrees that he would not relish the assignment and that he would duck it if he could. Meanwhile, the brisk little campaign just begun by the only other Democrat in the field, Senator Kefauver, who, at forty-eight, is almost as young as Harold Stassen and far less experienced, looks to some people, at first glance, like a frail reed on which to lean the hopes of the Democratic Party. Kefauver comes from an unimportant state, and his fame lasted for only a brief season, which now seems quite a bit more than its actual nine or ten months in the past. He is a painfully slow and uninspiring speaker, and he has a great weakness for political schemes that notoriously bring out the indifference of voters—anti-crime laws, for example, and proposals for altering Congressional procedures. He has, though, certain advantages, natural and acquired, which might make him almost as much of a boon to the Democrats at this dark moment as Eisenhower can be to the Republicans. The most important of these is that he is a Southerner, since it is doubtful whether anyone but a Southerner could prevent three or four Southern states from voting for Eisenhower as a reprisal against the President. Kefauver is said to be poorly regarded by the Dixiecrat leaders in those states, but nobody can very well see how they could argue their followers out of voting for a Tennessean. On foreign policy, Kefauver has practically the same views to offer as Eisenhower, and to meet the corruption issue he could revive the memories of his scourging of Frank Costello, James Moran, and Greasy Thumb Guzik. He is the only Galahad in sight in either party, and he might be just the man to take a load off the President's mind and make the 1952 campaign interesting.

SOME months before the King Committee, which has inherited some of the glamour of the Kefauver Committee, began lifting manhole covers in the Bureau of Internal Revenue, the members of the Bell Economic Survey Mission to the Philippines rebuked the Manila government for laxities of one sort and another, and was particularly stern on the matter of taxes. They were recommending to Washington, they informed President Quirino and his associates, that American aid to the Commonwealth be made conditional upon the passage of a minimum-wage law and upward revisions in the tax rates, and, they added, they would not look with favor on future requests for aid unless something was done to eliminate corruption in the internal-revenue department. The Filipinos, taking the implied criticism manfully, said they would see what they could do. After a good deal of backing and filling, they passed a minimum-wage law, increased the tax rates, and told the E.C.A. people that if they could get some good American advice on the problem, they would certainly clean up the tax collectors' offices. The E.C.A. got in touch with Washington. Now everything has been settled, and a man from one of the large California offices of the United States Bureau of Internal Revenue is in Manila giving the Filipinos lessons in honest tax collection.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

•

Novelette: A group of show people were chatting about gratitude and how bread cast upon the waters sometimes brings back angel cake . . . The story of Franz Lehar, the great composer, was recalled... When he was a nobody, he went to Maxine's—a Parisian cafe as obscure as he was . . . He didn't realize how expensive it was until the check came—and he refused to accept a lift in money from the young lady he "dined" . . . "I will be glad to wash the dishes, mop the floor and wait on table," he told the owner . . . "Oh," said the man, "pay me some other time when you can—and if you can't, then forget it, son" . . . When Lehar wrote "The Merry Widow" he added the song, "Maxine's," at the final moments . . . It was a bouncy and catchy thing that soon became a household tune in France—and put the little unknown cafe on the map of the world.

—*Walter Winchell in the Mirror.*

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[*From the Cornell University Medical College Alumni Quarterly*]

Dr. Stewart G. Wolf, associate professor of medicine, spoke at the annual meeting of the Washington State Medical Association on "Practical Aspects of the Treatment of Headache." Dr. Wolf had a second child, Angelina, born September 29.

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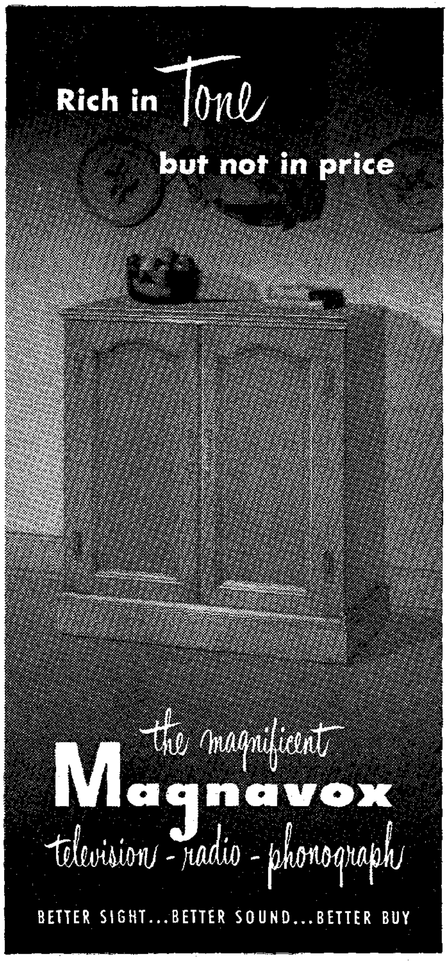
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Wandering Minstrel

THE Little Orchestra Society's concert at Town Hall last week struck me as generally disappointing and second-rate. It began with Paul Hindemith's "Der Schwanendreher," a concerto for viola and small orchestra, based on four German folk songs. The work, which was written in 1935, concerns a medieval minstrel who, coming upon a cheerful gathering, offers some tunes he's picked up during his travels, and embroiders them according to his whim. The idea seems pleasant enough, but I was surprised at how much effort and how little gaiety Hindemith put into his expression of it. The titles of the folk songs, as translated in the program—rather literally, I imagine—are "Between Mountain and Valley," "Now Leaf, Little Linden, Leaf," "The Cuckoo Sat on the Fence," and "Aren't You the Schwanendreher?" Theodore Israel was the soloist in this strangely unyielding piece, and played with what I felt was disarming civility. Thomas Scherman conducted. The next number, which concluded the first half of the program, was the one genuinely agreeable work of the evening—Richard Strauss's "Burleske," for piano and orchestra. Frank Glazer, the soloist, played his capricious and difficult part with gusto, but the orchestra showed less spirit.

The second half opened with the première of Gail Kubik's Symphony Concertante for Trumpet, Viola, Piano, and Orchestra, a work in three movements commissioned a couple of years ago by the Little Orchestra Society. It is an extremely busy piece of music, chattering away at a great rate a good deal of the time, and indulging in countless arch mannerisms. I had the feeling that it was afraid to let up for a moment, for fear it would betray its essential meretriciousness. The final number on the program was a long scene—a monologue for bass and orchestra—from an opera by Rachmaninoff called "Skupoy Ritsar" ("The Miserly Knight"), which has never been produced in New York. Cesare Siepi, an accomplished young singer from the Metropolitan, sang an English version of the soliloquy, in which the miser gloats over the hoard of gold in his cellar. For all the fascinated revulsion this classic situation arouses, and for all the directness of Rachmaninoff's writing, the presentation was not enkindling. For my part, I felt that Rachmaninoff had contributed nothing illuminating on the subject, and that Siepi had done no more than learn the notes. He had the voice, but he was so occupied mouthing the English, a language in which he is evidently uncomfortable, that he added almost nothing in the way of vocal characterization, not to mention intelligibility. Despite the frequent repetition of the word "gold," and the single-mindedness of the musical theme, I doubt whether anyone who hadn't studied the program notes would have had the slightest idea what the scene was about, no matter how attentively he listened.

CAMILLA WILLIAMS, a soprano whose many appearances with the New York City Opera Company have won her considerable popularity, gave her first local recital in five years last week, also at Town Hall. In her first three numbers—a Thomas Arne song ("Oh Come, My Dearest," from "The Fall of Phaeton") and two Mozart arias ("Se il padre," from "Idomeneo," and "Bester Jüngling," from "Der Schauspieldirektor")—her voice seemed to lack flexibility, but it shortly became apparent that it was her style, and not her voice, that was at fault, for in the selections that followed she proved to have an admirable vocal technique. She sang four Schubert lieder; three French songs, in two of which she was accompanied by a string quartet; and two lovely songs by Respighi, "Pioggia" and "Crespusculo." Nearly all of them were beautifully done. The program ended with some Negro spirituals—the best of which, to my mind, was "Talk About a Child"—and a couple of moderately entertaining songs by contemporary composers. Mainly, Miss Williams gave the happy impression of finding great delight in singing, and that, together with her ability, made for an enjoyable evening. She had an excellent piano accompanist in Borislav Bazala, who also arranged two of the numbers she sang.

PUCCINI'S "Gianni Schicchi" and Richard Strauss's "Salome," two long one-act operas, neither of which

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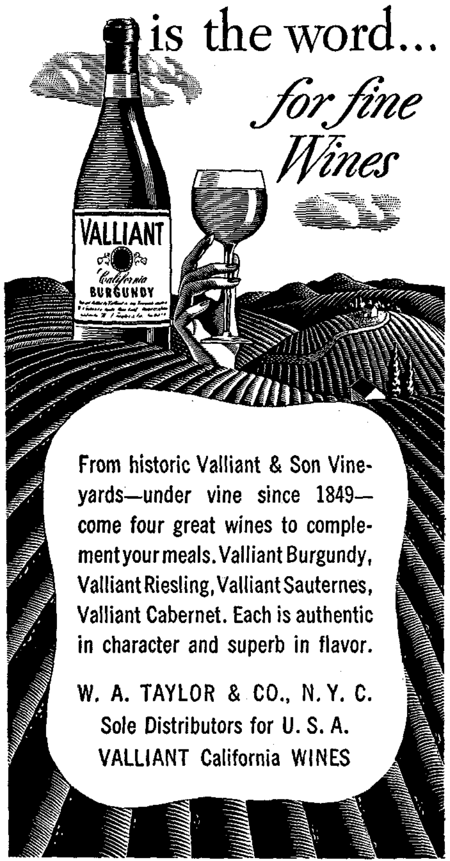

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was in the Metropolitan repertory last season, were recently presented there on the same bill. As you probably know, "Gianni Schicchi" is a well-turned but slightly unsavory farce, laid in the Middle Ages, about the successful impersonation of a wealthy Florentine who has just died after cutting off his worthless relatives without a lira. An able mimic, called in by the family, climbs into the deathbed and dictates a new will, bestowing legacies on the relatives but granting the richest bequests to himself. The composer makes a weak attempt to mollify the audience's sensibilities and end the comedy in an ingratiating manner by having the impersonator, Gianni Schicchi, step out of character at the final curtain and explain that he acted as he did in order to further a foolish romance between his daughter and the nephew of a cousin of the dead man, and encourage applause by beginning it himself. The opera was offered in a pedestrian English version that was very hard to follow. Salvatore Baccaloni, who played the title part and who had never sung an English role before, managed, in spite of his labored enunciation, to boom out the syllables with surprising distinctness. The performance went smoothly under Alberto Erede's musical direction.

The brilliance of "Salome" was caught and held throughout by Fritz Reiner, whose conducting of this score is little short of dazzling. (By the way, "Gianni Schicchi" and this masterpiece about Herod's flamboyantly unwholesome court were presented for the benefit of the Free Milk Fund for Babies.) Ljuba Welitch, in the demanding role of Salome, was less compelling than she was the last time she sang it, two seasons ago. Her voice, although sweeter than before, was not as powerful, and the intensity of her acting sometimes produced unintentionally comic moments, particularly during the dance. —DOUGLAS WATT

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President Truman had the following scheduled appointments at the White House yesterday:

11 A.M.—Budget Director Frederick Lawton.

11:30 A.M.—Representative Mike Mansfield.

11:45 A.M.—Maury Maverick.

Noon—Myron M. Cowen, ambassador to the Philippines, Admiral Raymond D. Spruance.

12:30 P.M.—Secretary of State Dean Acheson.

1 P.M.—Lunch.

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—*Washington Post.*

Potato chips?

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SHOP AT SMITH'S

JAMES RAFFERTY AND THE MUSE

JAMES RAFFERTY was the owner of a saloon on Third Avenue. Rafferty's Family Place, as it was called, had tables for ladies, at which few ladies ever sat; the back-bar was decorated with framed pictures of prizefighters, and there was a free lunch that consisted of a glass bowl full of hard-boiled eggs. It was a clean and dignified place, and the customers were soft-spoken people who drank their beer slowly and talked mostly about things that had happened long ago.

Rafferty himself was a large, pink-faced man with pale-blue eyes, and his hands had a wet, well-scrubbed look. He enjoyed talking to the customers and listening to their opinions, and he enjoyed also the occasional banter that went on across the bar, although he was not particularly adept at repartee. He seemed almost pleased when some of the older customers twitted him about his thinning hair, or his weight, or the fact that his sister had married a Canadian. His usual answer was simply to smile, or say, "The next round of Mickeys is on the house," and then let the matter drop, having satisfied everybody by acknowledging the taunt.

One afternoon, when two or three customers were standing silent at the bar, a man wearing a blue pin-stripe suit and an unbuttoned polo coat came into the saloon and asked to see the owner. Rafferty nodded and tapped his chest with a forefinger. The man leaned his elbows on the bar and looked around. "You usually have a pretty fair crowd here later on, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes, we do," said Rafferty modestly. "From five or so on, you'll generally find fifteen or twenty people here. Some nights are busier than others, of course."

"Well, what would you say to having a television show done here?" the man asked. "Say, for instance, tomorrow night."

Rafferty stared at him incredulously. "*Tele*vision?" he said. "In the name of God, what for?"

"Here's the setup," the man said, producing a business card that identified him with a local station. "Our special-features department has been doing a series of interviews with— well, the man in the street, you might call it. Maybe you've seen them." He looked around for a television set and saw none, and Rafferty shook his head. "Well, at any rate," the man went on, "what we want to get is a good, down-to-earth program, where the people act like themselves and say what they think. Within reason, of course." He laughed. "We've done it in Times Square, in Central Park, along Fifth Avenue, and God knows where, and now we want to do one in a good"—he paused—"a good, typical bar. Now, the—"

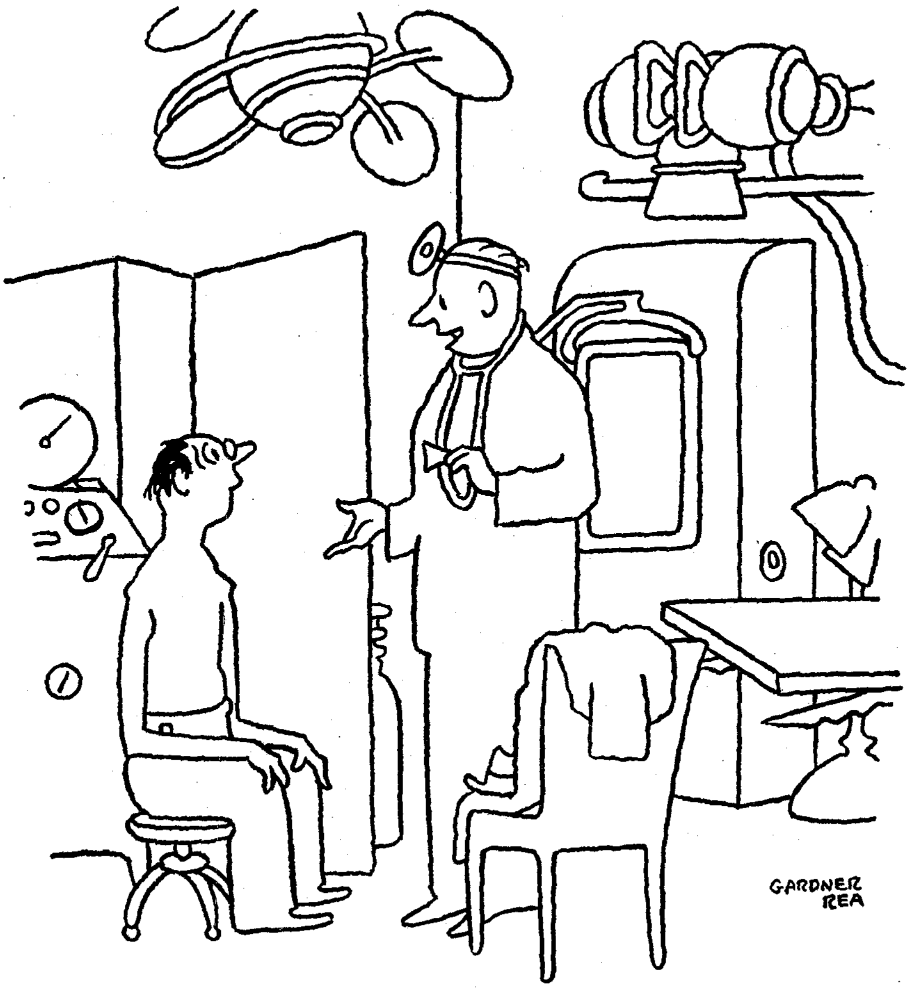
"What time would you be wanting to do this?" Rafferty asked.

"I see what you mean," the man said, and laughed again. "We'd shoot it at six in the evening, but we'd want to talk to some of the people first, to make sure we got a good, uh, representative cross-section. *You* know."

Rafferty was quiet for a minute or so. "All right," he said, finally. "I guess nobody would be hurt by it. Go ahead, if you want to."

A LARGE truck was parked in front of the saloon when Rafferty arrived next morning, and all during the day the place swarmed with engineers, technicians, and small, frantic men who supervised the laying of cables, the setting up of lights, and the installation of the microphones and cameras. By five o'clock, the place was full to the doors, and only the regular customers were allowed at the bar. They didn't get very much to drink, though, because Rafferty was in constant discussion with the producer, the director, and the announcer, all of whom had different ideas about how the ad-lib show should be run. Then, suddenly, it was five minutes to six. The bright lights were turned on, and everybody stood around in the blinding heat, waiting for the signal to go on the air. Rafferty felt a strange calm settle over him, and as a final gesture before air time he bought a round of drinks for all those at the bar. He was still serving this round when the announcer's voice broke the silence.

Everything considered, the program went off quite well. The announcer had to do a certain amount of prompting at first, but after two or three people had been interviewed, the tension relaxed, and then everybody wanted to talk. Rafferty was, to a great extent, responsible for this change. He moved up and down the bar, filling glasses and listening to



"Now, the first thing on the program is to get you in shape for a thorough checkup."

the talk, and once, when a man named McDermott was hesitantly giving his opinion of the United Nations, Rafferty interrupted him and said, "That's not what you were saying last night, Mac, and you know it." There was a roar of laughter, in which even McDermott joined, and from then on nobody had any trouble talking. Rafferty felt a glow of satisfaction, and he spent the rest of the program in range of the camera, smiling and wiping the bar.

Then it was over. The lights faded out, and in the comparative gloom men began dismantling the television equipment and loading it back into the truck. The producer, the director, and the announcer all shook hands with Rafferty and congratulated him, and Rafferty bought them a round of drinks before they left.

Within an hour, the saloon was nearly back to normal, but Rafferty was still in something of a daze. He was mentally reviewing all the conversation and thinking of other remarks he might have made, and when one of the customers asked if he wasn't glad that the whole thing was over, Rafferty thought for a while and then he said, "Well, you know, it wasn't as bad as I expected it would be."

THE following Wednesday, McDermott came rushing into the saloon, waving a copy of *Variety*. "Look at this, will you!" he shouted, holding out the opened paper and pointing to a small item at the bottom of a column. Rafferty took it and read:

> Rafferty's grog biz should zoom after TV plug last Fri. Rafferty sparked an average-plus ad-lib show that gave viewers the feeling they were in the saloon with him. Billingsley better watch out.

"Well, I'll be everlastingly damned," said Rafferty, and read the item again. "May I have this?" he asked. McDermott nodded, and Rafferty wiped his hands, carefully tore the notice from the paper, and then folded it once and put it in his wallet. "I'll be damned," he repeated as he drew a beer for McDermott. He flicked the head from the beer with a plastic stick and slid the glass across the bar. "This Billingsley," he said. "I've never seen him. Is he any good?"

"Search me," said McDermott, and took a sip of his beer.

The matter would probably have ended there, and Rafferty would have been content with his memories of the Night We Had the Television Show, had not the producer of the show remembered Rafferty, and the informal

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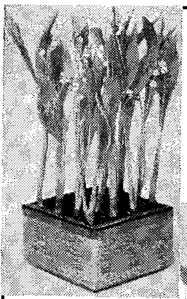

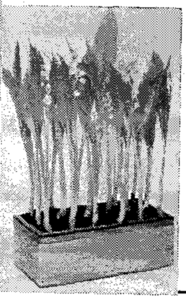

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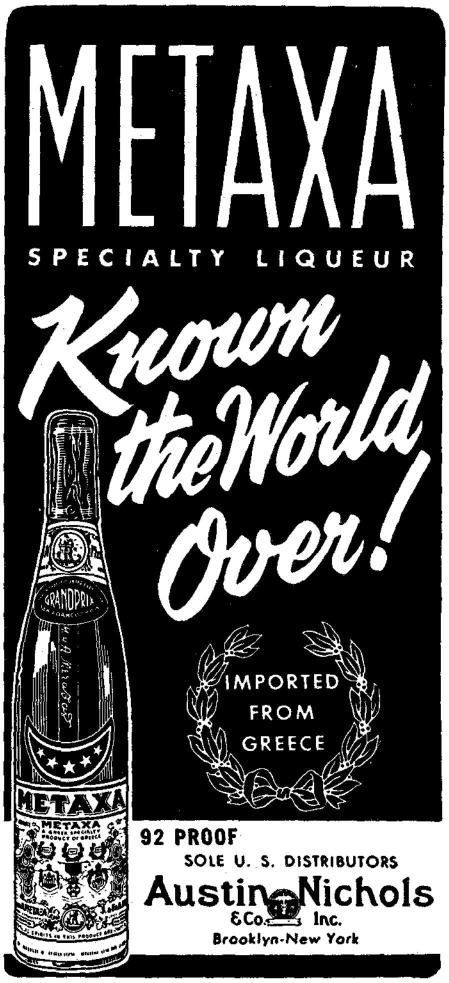

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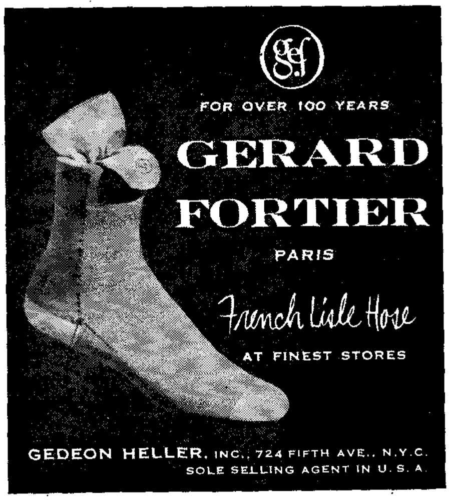

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way he had behaved before the cameras. When, a few weeks later, the program department was rummaging around in search of an idea for a Sunday-night sustaining show, the producer suggested that they try a semi-ad-lib show, in a set rigged to look like a saloon, and have Rafferty in the background as the bartender.

"He wouldn't have to do anything," the producer told the department head. "Except he could just hang around and act natural, and maybe put in a remark here or there if he felt like it. The thing is he *looks* like a bartender, and he could kind of give things that informal touch. You know what I mean?"

"We can get actors who look like bartenders," said the head of the program department. "Why not get an actor and tell him to look informal?"

"It wouldn't be the same," the producer said. "The way I see it, this show should look like everybody just came in off the street, only we script it up a little, just to give it form. An actor is bound to ham it up, but this guy will just be there, milling around like he did on the other show. He was damn good there—you saw the plug he got in *Variety*. Besides, we can cash in on the fact that he really *is* a bartender. That'll make it all ring sort of true, like."

"Well, maybe you're right," said the department head. "Work up a test show anyway, and we'll see what happens."

A test show was subsequently put together and filmed, and it was decided that the idea could be made into a weekly sustaining show. Rafferty was instructed to act just as he did in his own place, and the result was that for the first two Sundays he did practically nothing. He merely stood around and wiped the bar and pretended to mix drinks. On the third show, a couple of lines were thrown his way, and he handled them satisfactorily, although not brilliantly. By that time, the program had turned into something resembling a variety show, with each of the so-called customers exhibiting a special talent, and Rafferty's position was that of a mildly interested spectator.

Although his contribution to the program was a minor one, he was mentioned in a short *Billboard* review, and this clipping joined the *Variety* item in his wallet. The customers in his saloon knew both these reviews by heart, because Rafferty brought them out time and again, and passed them around for everyone to see. He also bought a television set and had it installed in the saloon, and he would watch other programs with professional interest and make critical remarks about the actors, some of whom he referred to by their first names.

One evening when McDermott came into the saloon, Rafferty turned from watching the television set and drew a beer.

"I caught that Billingsley's act," Rafferty said, handing the beer to McDermott. "I can't see why *Variety* compared me with *him*."

McDermott shrugged, and sipped his beer.

"For just one thing," Rafferty said, "you know how he looks like he was reading his lines out of the coffee cups?"

McDermott shook his head. "I never seen him," he said.

"Well, then, put it this way," said Rafferty. "You know how my show opens up, with a medium shot of me at the bar?" McDermott nodded slowly, and Rafferty went on, "Remember—last Sunday, it was—I'm coming on, tying my apron, and I say—"

"I didn't see it last Sunday," McDermott said.

Rafferty stared at him for a moment. "What was the matter?" he asked. "Why not?"

McDermott shrugged again. "I don't know," he said. "I was busy, I guess."

Rafferty was silent. Down the bar, a man named Morris said, "May I have another beer, Jim?," and Rafferty turned and walked slowly toward him. Rafferty took the glass and held it under the tap, and said to Morris, "You know what I'm talking about, don't you? You saw the show."

"Yes," said Morris. "I saw it."

"I thought so," said Rafferty, giving the beer to Morris and leaning his arms on the bar. "How did you like it?" he asked.

"Pretty good," Morris said.

"Of course, it could have been better," said Rafferty. "There ought to be more of me in the opening, sort of to set the pace, kind of, so that if one of the acts is bad, it won't matter so much. I think they're going to do that next time."

A man named Hawley, who was standing next to Morris, said, "Speaking of there being more of you, aren't you putting on some weight?"

Rafferty put one hand on his stomach and glared at Hawley. "Like hell I am," he said. "I've lost four pounds this last week." He turned back to Morris. "Now, here's what I'm getting at," he went on. "We open up on me, and in-

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stead of me just wiping the bar, I'm talking, or maybe humming a tune, or something. Then I tell what the first act is going to be—"

"By the way, who's going to play you?" asked McDermott, who had moved down the bar and joined the others.

"What do you mean?" Rafferty asked coldly.

"With all that talk, you're going to need a professional actor to play your part," McDermott said. "That's a job for a pro."

"Who the hell says so?" Rafferty exploded. "An actor wouldn't know how to do this. And what the hell do actors have to do with it, anyway?" His eyes were bulging with anger.

"All right, take it easy," McDermott said. "It was just a little joke. Don't go getting your switch in a flurry."

"Well, I'll thank you to keep your jokes to yourself," said Rafferty. "Until you know what you're talking about, that is."

"Let it pass," said McDermott. "For God's sake, let it pass."

BUT Rafferty didn't let it pass, and the next Sunday he determined to get as much of himself into the show as possible. He had three drinks on his way to the studio, and during the warmup period he was relaxed and confident. The director noticed the change in him, and just before air time he took Rafferty aside and said, "Let's give 'em hell tonight, Jim. We got a possible sponsor's going to be watching."

Rafferty made a circle with his thumb and forefinger and winked at the director, and the director went up to the control booth feeling that perhaps at last Rafferty was going to be worth the money they were paying him. He whistled a soundless tune as he sat down, adjusted his headphones, and watched the red second hand of the clock climb toward the upright position.

The opening announcement went off smoothly, and the cameras closed in on Rafferty and the first guest, an Irish tenor by the name of Danny O'Malley, né Kraus. Rafferty introduced O'Malley, and then, as the orchestra went into the opening bars of the tenor's song, Rafferty said, "Tell me, Danny, what part of Ireland would you be coming from?"

O'Malley looked startled, then cleared his throat and said "Dublin," and had opened his mouth to sing when Rafferty put in, "My folks are all County Cork people."

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told the orchestra leader to vamp softly, and out of the corner of his eye he looked at the producer and the potential sponsor, who were sitting slightly behind him. They appeared to be watching the show with interest, unaware that the script had already been left behind.

"It's funny you should mention Dublin," Rafferty went on, his brogue getting heavier. "I had a cousin once who went to Dublin when he was eighteen, and nobody's seen hide nor hair of him since. You wouldn't be knowing a Seamus O'Flaherty, now, would you?"

The singer shook his head, and a small glint of panic appeared in his eyes as he looked around for assistance. The director, seeing O'Malley's fright, told the orchestra to bring the music up again and start the song.

"Now, there was a strange lad for you," Rafferty began, but the music swelled and drowned him out, and the singer stepped gratefully forward and went into his song, which he sang badly and with obvious nervousness. During the song, the director instructed the floor manager, who also wore headphones and who was standing just off the stage, to tell Rafferty to take it easy. The floor manager signalled to Rafferty and made a palms-down gesture, which Rafferty acknowledged with a wink and a broad grin. Suddenly, the director began to perspire.

When O'Malley had finished, he stepped back and looked at Rafferty, who had thrown his apron over his head and was rocking gently back and forth on his heels, as though keening. Then Rafferty whipped the apron from his face and in a strangled voice said, "Danny, me boy, I haven't heard the likes of that since me mother, God rest her soul, used to take me on her knee and sing to me. It was—"

"Get O'Malley out of there," the director snapped to the floor manager. "And for God's sake tell Rafferty to shut up."

The floor manager flicked his fingers to attract O'Malley's attention, then motioned him to exit. O'Malley all but ran from the stage, and the floor manager signalled the next act to go on, and at the same time made threatening gestures at Rafferty, who paid no attention other than to smile and nod. In the control booth, the director and the producer looked at each other, and then at the would-be sponsor, whose expression was a complete blank. The director crossed his fingers and looked back at the stage.

The second act consisted of a man, called Thor Merkle, who brought with him, on a perch, a talking myna bird named Charlie. Rafferty got the bird so rattled that it didn't say a word. It whistled once, in reply to which Rafferty put two fingers in his mouth and blew a whistle that temporarily deafened the sound-control man. The bird whistled again, tentatively, and Rafferty had his fingers in his mouth when Merkle made a desperate lunge for the bird, picked it up, and said, "All right, Charlie, say good night to Mr. Rafferty and thank him for having you here tonight."

The bird whistled again, and Merkle bundled it off the stage.

The next number was a unicycle-and-juggling act, performed by a man named Minelli. As Minelli pedalled onstage, perched insanely on the high seat of the unicycle, Rafferty looked at him, then glanced back at the cameras and said, "You never know who's going to come into your saloon these days." He gazed up at Minelli and said, "Tell me, Mr. Minelli, how long have you been riding one of those things?"

"Twenty-three years," replied Minelli, rocking jerkily back and forth to maintain balance.

"What do you know about that?" Rafferty said reflectively. "I've been keeping bar for twenty-three years, too."

Minelli's assistant, a young girl wearing a bathing suit covered with pink sequins, came from the wings with six Indian clubs, which she threw, one by one, to the man on the unicycle, and he set them spinning in the air. Rafferty watched the process with interest. Then she tossed up several hoops, sticks, and balls, all of which Minelli worked into the routine, until he was surrounded by a blur of swirling, spinning, bobbing objects.

"Would you like a beer?" Rafferty called. "I could toss one up to you, if you're thirsty."

A small convulsion shook the frame of the unicycle; one of the Indian clubs went looping off into the wings, and for a moment it looked as though Minelli and all his accessories were going to crash to the ground. In the control booth, the director rose from his chair and shouted incoherent instructions; the floor manager waved frantically at Rafferty, and Minelli's assistant stood frozen with horror, undecided whether to flee to safety or stay and catch what she could of the act when it exploded.

Somehow, Minelli regained control of himself and his equipment, then threw the pieces, one by one, to the trembling assistant and, finally, with a small flourish, dropped to the stage, catching the

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unicycle as it came down with him. Rafferty applauded loudly and slapped the man on the back.

One more act had been scheduled, but by now there was time only for the closing announcement and the program credits, and when, at last, the program was off the air, there was a full minute of silence in the control booth. Then the sponsor spoke up. "It's unusual," he said. "I'm afraid it's not for us, though. We want something with a little more . . ." He paused, and made a gesture with his hand. "You know what I mean."

RAFFERTY was fired the next day. He didn't say anything about it at the saloon, but after a week or so the regular customers noticed that he'd stopped talking about the show, and, finally, one night, McDermott asked him how the program was doing.

"Oh, I'm not with it any more," Rafferty replied, carefully wiping a beer glass. "They wanted to change the part, and I told them I wouldn't play anything I didn't feel. They saw my point. They were sorry to see me go, of course, but what the hell. . . ."

"That's too bad," McDermott said.

"Oh, I don't know," said Rafferty, still polishing the glass. "That show was on the way out anyway. Next time, I'm going to wait until I get something solid—something I can really get my teeth into." He put down the glass and picked up another. "After all, I can afford to wait." He turned and walked slowly down the bar, polishing the glass as he went.—NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

•

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Nothing equivocal about that.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From the Schwenksville (Pa.) Item*]

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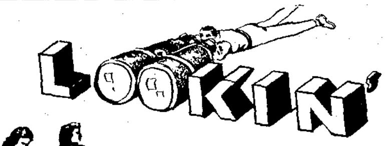

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

DeMille on the Sawdust

IN "The Greatest Show on Earth," Cecil B. DeMille attempts to do for the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey what he did for God and Moses in "The Ten Commandments." Mr. DeMille, who occasionally takes part in the film as an off-screen commentator, makes it clear from the opening frame that the circus created by the Brothers and B. & B. is an awesome affair, and for a while it seems as though the Master is going to do a straight documentary on the subject, to the chagrin of his expensive cast. But presently he gets out of the way and lets the performers go into action.

Four writers were involved with the plot of "The Greatest Show on Earth," but their collective ideas are much too meagre to give cohesion to a picture that runs on for more than two and a half hours. For a time, they keep things moving by establishing a rivalry between a lady trapeze artist and a gentleman in the same line. When this pair has just about exhausted the possibilities of doing tricks on a trapeze, the gentleman is inspired to try a double front somersault through a paper hoop. This turns out to be a bad idea, since he winds up on the sawdust with a shattered arm. His lovely rival, who is really enamored of the circus manager, is so sympathetic that she imagines herself to be in love with her disabled fellow-worker. Matters become even more complicated when a lady who serves as assistant to an elephant trainer decides to latch onto the manager herself, thereby infuriating her boss, who wants her for his own. (As you can see, there's an awful lot of love under this particular big top.) What with one thing and another, these star-crossed people don't get straightened out until their circus train is wrecked. Then, with bold cries that the show must go on, all hands disentangle themselves from the wreckage and their emotional confusions. I might add that one of the clowns proves a big help at this point by revealing that he is a famous surgeon, who has been hiding behind the greasepaint because the police are after him for practicing euthanasia.

As long as Mr. DeMille isn't bothering about the story, he makes an engrossing business out of the circus, but he's interrupted so often by the foolish mewlings of the various lovers that all the wonders of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey can't save the picture from becoming rather boring. In the cast of "The Greatest Show on Earth," we have Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, Charlton Heston, Gloria Grahame, and James Stewart. Miss Hutton is extraordinarily agile as an aerialist, and Mr. Wilde is ingratiating as her rival. Mr. Heston makes a satisfactory manager, Miss Grahame a handsome elephant girl, and Mr. Stewart a tolerable Pagliaccio.

IT'S somewhat difficult nowadays to get very worked up about the conditions that prevailed in British public schools in 1834, and for that reason "Tom Brown's School Days," an English film, may seem inconsequential. Actually, the director, Gordon Parry, has made good use of the material in the Thomas Hughes novel, and he is fortunate in having as his Tom Brown the capable young actor John Howard Davies. I doubt whether Master Davies' efforts to ameliorate scholastic rigors for himself and his fellow-students will have you breathless with interest, but you might find them moderately entertaining.

"THE MODEL AND THE MARRIAGE BROKER" offers Thelma Ritter as a tough but kindly matrimonial agent who decides to combine a model (Jeanne Crain) and an X-ray man (Scott Brady), because she thinks it will be good for both of them. But it all results in terrible misunderstandings. It also results in a fairly tepid picture, although Miss Ritter is always pleasant to watch.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

Today Stalin has atomic bombs and long-range bombers capable of delivering them on the United States.—*From "Foreign Policy for Americans," by Robert A. Taft, page 7.*

I somewhat doubt whether the Russians really can deliver an atomic bomb.—*Ibid., page 101.*

You ought to read your own stuff, Mr. Forgetful.

•

Today's meetings were described by British spokesmen as being both frank and cordial. President Truman sat in the center of the octagon-shaped oak table in the White House Cabinet Room . . . —*The Times.*

Cross-legged?

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–the Dry beer!"
says ANNE HOGAN
MISS RHEINGOLD 1952

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESSE

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JANUARY 9

THE main reaction of the British public to the Prime Minister's trip to Washington is, apparently, relief that he and the President are getting together to discuss some of the problems on which both the American view and the English need a little explaining. Even those English who fear Mr. Churchill as a peacetime leader concede that he has certain qualifications as an expounder of a situation, and the most that the Left could dig up by way of a sour crack was a few jokes about how he and his party, after all the Conservatives' talk of setting a top-level example of economy for the nation, crossed the Atlantic in slap-up style on the Queen Mary—instead, maybe, of pulling across in an old rowboat. Just to stop anyone from feeling too optimistic over the possibility that the meeting will iron out all the difficulties, the papers have been reminding their readers that Mr. Churchill's hosts, however cordially they welcome him, have plenty on their minds right now. All the same, if the discussions air only a few of the major worries, it will be heartening news for lots of English. And lots of English suspect that Mr. Churchill will be glad to have something heartening to buck them up with in the near future.

The general glum guess is that directly after Parliament reassembles at the end of the month, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Butler, will announce the unpopular domestic measures the Prime Minister hinted at in his unfestive Christmas broadcast, most of which the Opposition can be expected to fight determinedly. It's thought the Government may make the bitter decision to reduce the subsidies that keep food prices artificially low, that it may take some sort of pleat in the National Health Service (including, probably, charging foreign visitors, who have been finding England a hospitable country to be sick in), and that it will certainly make drastic cuts in the supply of machinery available to the home market. The farmers, who are being exhorted on all sides to produce more food, had a nasty little tipoff on this last measure in a recent speech by a farming colleague, Mr. Butler himself. There is also a dismal rumor that the travel allowance, which at present permits a Briton fifty pounds' worth of jaunting abroad a year, is to be cut altogether, though this would seem to be a curious way of assuring the Continental neighbors that this country, even though it won't unite with them, has a benevolent regard for their prosperity.

By far the loudest outcry, however, will start up if the Government decides to haul in on the cost of education by either lowering the school-leaving age for pupils at the free state schools (this was raised from fourteen to fifteen in 1947, under the Butler Act, sponsored by the present Chancellor) or advancing the age (five) at which a child must show up for school. The suspicion that something of the kind is brewing was already raising angry dust in the House of Commons before it adjourned for Christmas, with members shouting "Answer! Answer!" to Miss Florence Horsbrugh, the Minister of Education, who noticeably didn't. If Mr. Butler has the unenviable job of whittling down his own creation, there is no doubt that brickbats will rain on his and the rest of the Government's heads, not only from the Left but from the Right. Only a few realistic voices have pointed out that the row will be over the spirit of the thing rather than the facts, since in practice, what with the serious shortage of buildings and teachers in Britain today, many principals have had to postpone accepting children who have clocked five, all right, but can't be squeezed in. All in all, maybe the most encouraging New Year item to send from here is that people this year, instead of looking jumpily around the world for bad news, seem to expect it right here at home.

THE winter exhibition at Burlington House, headquarters of the Royal Academy, is an enormous, fascinating, and sometimes funny show called "The First Hundred Years of the Royal Academy: 1769 to 1868." Getting around the seven hundred or so entries happily entails a good deal of brisk tramping, for the heating in the galleries reminds one of the fuel shortage so sternly that it's a surprise to find the nudes on the walls as prettily pink as can be. The show itself, however, is warming, being a rich and wonderful collection of the work of the greatest English masters of the period, who—as some of the highbrow

Do you ski, skate, hunt, sail, ride, fish, etc.?

Here's how you can save $800 ...and your good coat besides!

BEING a custom tailor, I get to Europe frequently to look for new ideas. The first time I saw a fellow in Denmark wearing a duffle coat, I was intrigued; when I saw fellows at winter resorts like St. Moritz, Davos and other fashion spots . . . *all wearing the duffle coat* . . . I got hot on the idea.

So I started to make the coat in my own tailor shop; then a few merchants in other cities, who think I'm fairly hep on fashion, asked me to make some for them . . . and pretty soon I got orders from all over the country.

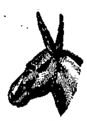
Here's Why the Great Outdoors is Wonderful When You Wear the Famous Duffer Coat

It isn't an overcoat, or a topcoat, or a raincoat . . . but when the weather is really rough, this coat takes the place of any one of them. I got the famous Baxter Mills in New Hampshire to loom up the special 100% pure wool cloth, a rough-pile fabric that sneers at rain or sleet or cold. The style of the coat is exactly (not approximately, but *precisely*) like the European original . . . right down to the whittled mahogany wood pegs and Dutch fishing-hemp button-loops. The length is right; the sweep is designed to keep rain or snow off your trouser legs. Has a hood, too, for middle-of-winter protection. It has all the little details that make *The Duffer* (that's the name I gave it) just as good-looking and just as practical as the one that's worn in England and Europe.

I know you'll want a Duffer. Well, I'll save you the $800-or-more it would cost you to go to Europe for it. Order the Duffer through Lord & Taylor in New York . . . or, send us the money and we will send you a Duffer in the size and color you specify. Originally priced higher, it is now a rare value at $16.95; and for that, you not only get a smart and serviceable rough-weather coat, but you also save your expensive overcoat. A good deal, isn't it? Sincerely,

Jonas Arnold

Note: The gals are going wild over the Duffer for themselves.



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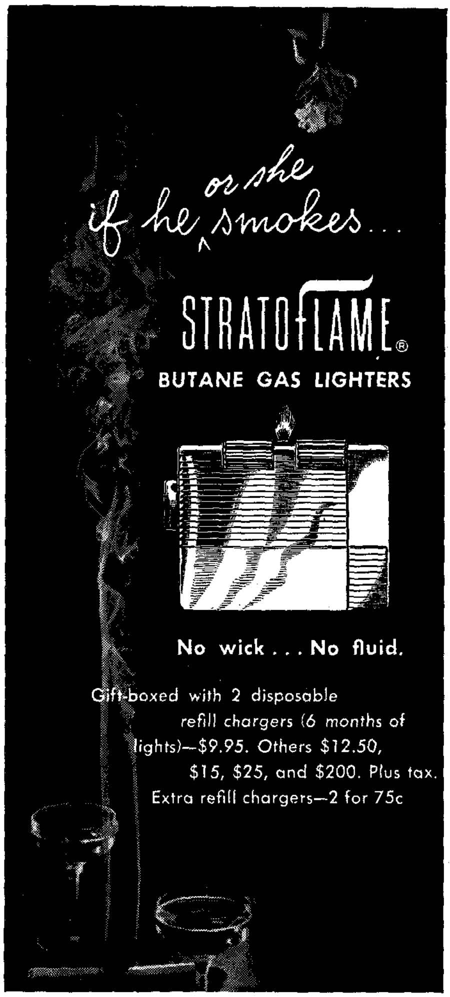

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young Londoners who wouldn't be seen dead at the Burlington House summer exhibition of present-day artists may recall with a shock—were Royal Academicians, too. Unfortunately, it misses out on Hogarth, who died too early to be included and without whom the eighteenth-century survey loses considerable bite, and also on Romney and Rossetti, neither of whom exhibited at the Academy. Portraiture having always been a major feature of the Academy tradition, the exhibition can be viewed as a hundred years of the British face—blooming, large-boned, and full of prime beef and calm certainty—and as a report on the equally glossy looks of the contemporary horses and dogs. Besides the splendid Gainsboroughs, Reynoldses, Lawrences, and Stubbses, some of the principal pleasures are the great Constables, which fix Dedham Vale and Salisbury Close forever in the glow of an English summer day. As a social-history record of the kind of pictures the English of the period liked to look at, the show is also absorbing. The funniest picture is by an eighteenth-century painter called George Carter, which depicts Garrick being wafted out of his tomb by angels—the illustrious actor wearing a clean nightshirt and a resigned expression—while famous theatrical folk of the day look on and the Bard and a couple of Muses come running down the hill from Valhalla as an advance welcoming committee.

IN the theatre world, Noel Coward's new comedy, "Relative Values," is a sellout at the Savoy Theatre. (Coward himself recently finished a highly successful season of singing his own little numbers at the Café de Paris, to the nostalgic pleasure of the middle-aged and the delighted surprise of the young.) "Relative Values" got a good press on the strength of a first-rate performance by Gladys Cooper, as an English peeress trying, with vague, amiable guile, to prevent a Hollywood film actress from marrying her son (who, heaven knows, appears moronic enough to dissuade the toughest girl), and on the strength of at least one act of first-rate light prewar-vintage Coward; the only thing is that the old bubbly dialogue is now in a postwar bottle, and it's not hard to determine, from Mr. Coward's tart references to social equality and all that, what he thinks of the new label. In spite of these clues to the presence of the welfare state lurking balefully somewhere off in the wings, the whole thing is spiritually

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situated in the twenties, and, in that context, is good fun.

A NEW feature has cropped up in London's streets and in Londoners' conversations. This is the painting of broad alleyways of bold white stripes across unpoliced street intersections, on which pedestrians have the right of way and may trip serenely under the very noses and radiators of advancing motorists. These strips, known as zebra crossings, have given a strange zoological twist to everyday chat (indignant citizens may stick their faces in a car window and desire the driver to note that he has trespassed on their zebra) and have resulted in a constant anguished screech of brakes from motor traffic, which hasn't yet come to a comfortable working agreement with the walking public. Because pedestrians know that motorists can be, and are being, daily pulled into court for failing to stop for anyone on a zebra crossing, some of them have evolved a pugnacious, hell-for-leather street-crossing technique, putting their heads down and charging without looking. Harassed motorists complain that the zebras, which are an attempt to cut down traffic accidents, are no real protection to the public, since on a wet night their stripes blend deceivingly with the shining road surface. The police efforts to do something about the alarming rise in street casualties are also resulting in a noticeable increase in the number of overconvivial drivers who are being run in and jailed for two or three months—not just fined—for dangerous driving. Over the holidays, the Beaverbrook *Express* plugged a campaign urging drinkers to refuse the "last one for the road" and steer clear of possible manslaughter. On New Year's Eve, the most sensible Londoners, taking into consideration the fact that parking in the narrow streets is now a nightmare, were probably those who left the car in the garage and went to their parties by zebra.

MOST of the news from the international conferences taking place right now being fairly depressing, it's cheering to report that a purely local one in London last week was a rousing success. This was the annual conference of thirty-five hundred school children from all over Britain, organized by the Council for Education in World Citizenship, at Central Hall, Westminster (where, by the way, the first United Nations General Assembly, which didn't sound half so jolly, was held). The delegates, who were most-

What will the New Year bring to Helena?

The dawn of a New Year—for 7-year old Helena and her mother—marks the beginning of another year—of what?

For them, the outlook is so discouraging, that most of the time they feel like giving up. Life holds no meaning beyond that of continued misery. And misery is all that Helena has known during her entire life, in her native village in Greece.

A lovely blond child, brown-eyed first grader, she already has infected glands. Her mother is unable to work because of chronic pleurisy. Her father died in 1948 from wounds suffered while fighting against communists. All they have to live on is a government "pension" of $15.33 a month, not even enough to provide the barest necessities in a country where prices are prohibitively high. Their home is a small dark room, where the sun never shines. There is no furniture.

What hope does '52 hold for them? That depends on **you.**

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You can help Helena or another needy child through the Federation's CHILD SPONSORSHIP project. For just $96 a year ($8 a month) SCF will send "your" child warm clothing, sturdy shoes, and supplementary food—delivered in your name, in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy and Lebanon.

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You may help a needy child in Austria, Finland, France, Western Germany, Greece, Italy and Lebanon.

NY 8

(*Advertisement*)

BORZOI BOOKS: THE CLOSE OF 1951

Probably the most important book we published in the last quarter of the best year we have had since the end of the war—and it proved to be the most popular—was Gods, Graves & Scholars by "C. W. Ceram." This is the first attempt, and a very successful one, at popularizing the work of the great archaeologists. The author, who uses a pen name, is a German editor and he has ranged over a vast and vastly exciting field—Schliemann's discovery of the ruins of Troy, Carter's discovery of the tomb of Tutankhamen, Stephens's adventures in Yucatán perhaps come first to mind. 29,000 copies are already in print ($5.75).

William Steig is well known to readers of *The New Yorker*. His inimitable drawings in The Rejected Lovers ($2.95) give a stabbing perception of the emotional states of people in love—a perception that could hardly be conveyed by words. This is Mr. Steig's first appearance in the Borzoi Kennel but it will not, I am happy to say, be his last—publishing him has been a satisfying experience.

Belles lettres was represented by two truly distinguished books—Elizabeth Bowen's charming history of Dublin's great The Shelbourne Hotel ($4.00) and Wallace Stevens's first prose collection, The Necessary Angel ($3.00).

Arnold Hauser's The Social History of Art—in two large and well-illustrated (145 of them) volumes ($12.50)—is perhaps the most comprehensive study of the social origins of art ever published in English. "A momentous work," the *New York Times* calls it. And the *Book-of-the-Month Club News* says, "the two volumes of Hauser's critical interpretation of the arts from the Stone Age to the Film Age probably rank with such works as Toynbee's and Spengler's . . . the most complete education in the arts presently available."

John Roy Carlson in Cairo to Damascus ($4.50) tells of his all but unbelievable adventures in the Middle East. He managed to live for months with groups which included an astonishing crew of political racketeers, religious fanatics, nationalist terrorists and would-be führers. Some striking photographs help.

Two new books dealt with the American scene: Erna Fergusson's New Mexico ($5.00), her best book and the best ever written on her native state. A handsome volume, beautifully illustrated. Richard Baumhoff of the St. Louis *Post Dispatch* wrote in The Dammed Missouri Valley ($3.75) a comprehensive and challenging full-length portrait of a much bigger area—probably no less than one-sixth of the whole United States.

The longest book of the quarter was Katherine Mansfield's Letters to John Middleton Murry, her lover and her husband ($6.50). I saw KM only once when in the summer of 1912 she came with JMM into a little London bookshop I was frequenting. The shop was Dan Rider's and on the first page of this collection Murry tells how he bought from Rider a reviewer's copy of In a German Pension, her first book, which had been published in December of the year before. Many, very many, of these letters are immensely moving—moving as so many of us this past year have found the story of Scott Fitzgerald's life.

The shortest book—and perhaps the most charming—was Oscar Lewis's The Lost Years ($2.50), a fantasy. It assumes that Booth's bullet was not fatal, describes a visit to California of the "Shogun" and somehow manages in an all too brief compass to bring Lincoln astonishingly alive.

Felix Morley expanded some lectures he delivered earlier in the year at Wesleyan University into The Foreign Policy of the United States ($2.50), a thoughtful and, to many, persuasive criticism of our conduct of affairs abroad. A controversial book surely, but one which deserves a wider reading than it will get. (Somehow we don't seem to relish *tough* books in this field.)

Gerstle Mack's Gustave Courbet ($6.00) is a fine, solid and perceptive biography of a very great painter—the first adequate treatment in any language. To date Courbet represents probably the most substantial sacrifice made by any author on our 1951 list (and by ourselves), for it has not yet sold 900 copies.

Edward Wenham's Old Silver for Modern Settings ($4.75) is wise, lucid, entertaining, authoritative and handsomely illustrated. Another standard work.

In The People in Your Life ($3.50) ten authorities deal with psychiatry and personal relations. Among the authors: Erich Fromm, Margaret Mead, Lawrence Kubie, and Clyde Kluckhohn; among the chapters: "Husband-Wife," "Mother-Child," "Race Majority-Race Minority."

Of Anthony Trollope's great classic of travel North America ($6.00) let Henry Steele Commager speak: "The format of this new edition is handsome, the illustrations well selected, the binding and typography distinguished, the editing full, accurate, discriminating and intelligent. Publisher and editor alike are to be congratulated on restoring to usability one of the most valuable and most neglected interpretations of America."

Fiction was represented by six novels, The Man Who Died Twice by George Harmon Coxe, and The Christmas Card Murders by a gentleman who calls himself David William Meredith; Week-end at Dunkirk by Robert Merle which was awarded the Prix Goncourt for 1949; and finally, the ever dependable and always beloved Angela Thirkell who did her stuff characteristically in The Duke's Daughter and with it retained all of her remarkably loyal audience. The season was made even happier for members of the Thirkell circle by new and attractive editions of two early Thirkells hitherto unavailable, Wild Strawberries and High Rising.

We also published five good books for young people but space has run out and I cannot even list them here.

Now for 1952!

ALFRED · A · KNOPF

ly around seventeen, sat for four days and listened, with critical expressions and occasional giggles, to speakers debate such weighty subjects as the human-rights program of the United Nations, freedom of the press, restrictive industrial practices, and racial and religious reforms, and afterward queued up to fire questions from the floor. On the day industrial rights were being argued, by a trade-unionist from Norwich and a Conservative Member of Parliament from Surrey, the assembly heckled them briskly, asking whether the trade unions had not become too political, whether the best administrative jobs still went to university-trained workers, and whether, output for export being so vital, the platform did not think a little unemployment might keep everybody healthily on his toes. The delegates showed themselves true children of the welfare age by giving the loudest, most relieved applause of the morning to the trade-unionist speaker when he said that in his experience output had increased per man (and not altogether for mechanical reasons) since full employment became a fact. In the session on the press, a small girl in glasses sharply asked why, if Fleet Street was really suffering from a shortage of newsprint, the papers took up so much of their space reporting sensational murders and the like. The journalists on the platform mumbled something. Altogether, everyone seemed busy and keen as mustard, vast quantities of coffee and buns were wolfed in the intervals between debates, and no one vetoed anything—just about a perfect conference, one would say.

—Mollie Panter-Downes

•

LOVERS IN WINTER

The posture of the tree
  Shows the prevailing wind;
And ours, long misery
  When you are long unkind.

But forward, look, we lean—
  Not backward as in doubt—
And still with branches green
  Ride our ill weather out.

—Robert Graves

•

A lovely 5-room colonial doll house with a second floor patio. Has removable plastic furniture, beautifully decorated with colorful draperies, pictures on the walls. Why there's even a car with a garage in it!—*Adv. in the Post.*

Some of those colonists were filthy rich.

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

JEFFERSON SELLECK, by Carl Jonas (Little, Brown). The memoirs of Jefferson Selleck, a successful Midwestern businessman, dictated by him to distract himself during his final illness. Mr. Selleck, who becomes extraordinarily real to the reader, seems to have been a good-hearted, rather obtuse man, whose life followed a rigidly conventional pattern, of which he entirely approved. He was almost loveless, and the little love he did know was hardly important, since it was allowed to exist only in subservience to the pattern of his life. The style of this engrossing case history is, as one might expect, flat and colloquial, and there is no humor, no rage, no passion of any kind to give meaning or joy to Mr. Selleck's lifelong struggle to provide his household with the good things in the advertisements. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection for February.

ROAD TO THE SUN, by Marjory Stoneman Douglas (Rinehart). This is a story of marriage and divorce. It is also the story of the Florida real-estate boom of the nineteen-twenties, and of the career of a successful businesswoman. And it is also the story of a murder, and of a man's conscience. Mrs. Douglas has tied all these subjects to the lives of just two people, Jason and Ellen Horne, and in doing so has created a many-sided narrative but one that has no center, because, except when these two are actually together and talking, it is hard to believe that they even know each other. The writing is both mournful and impatient.

COME, FILL THE CUP, by Harlan Ware (Random House). The story of a hard-bitten city editor who has been on the wagon seven years and hates it. Because of his early record as a drinking man, his friends, his friends' wives, and, worst of all, his bosses keep calling on him to help their inebriated mates and relatives take the pledge. He has to keep supporting uproarious drunkards in and out of bars, all the time steeling himself for another big glass of ginger ale. In the end, when we realize that our pursuit, which has been long, has also been vain, and that he is going to continue resolute and unquenched, we feel more thirsty than happy for him.

THE EARTHBREAKERS, by Ernest Haycox (Little, Brown). A story of pioneers in Oregon in the year 1845, told with intensity and conviction, and with furious action on almost every page, but somehow with not very much life or humor. The women among the pioneers are vigorous, and some are handsome, and the men are determined, and there is a good deal of unlawful lovemaking and some bitter feuding, but for want of one really sympathetic human character, the story is lost.

GENERAL

HITLER'S STRATEGY, by F. H. Hinsley (Cambridge University Press). An examination of the Führer's strategy—as distinguished from the actual operations of his armed forces—chiefly based on the author's study of the German Navy's archives, which were captured intact shortly after the surrender. Mr. Hinsley, an English historian and naval specialist, insists that sea power—or, rather, Germany's lack of it—was the decisive factor in Hitler's defeat, and goes as far as to say that this factor decided the outcome of the war as early as 1942. He credits Hitler with more military ability than most postwar evaluations do, saying, in effect, that Hitler got himself cornered strategically in the early phases of the war and that everything he did subsequently was according to the logic of his untenable position. A serious, even technical study, it also provides an answer to critics of the Roosevelt-Churchill unconditional-surrender policy, for it shows that Hitler would never have yielded to a compromise offer of any kind.

THE MARSHALL STORY, by Robert Payne (Prentice-Hall). A number of books have attempted to capture the personality of George Catlett Marshall, with a common lack of success, and while this biography is the fullest treatment yet and the product of much care and thought, it, too, ends without having created a lifelike portrait. The fact that this is not an official biography—Mr.

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E. J. Kahn, Jr. reports what is really going on in the Korean war.

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THE Peculiar War

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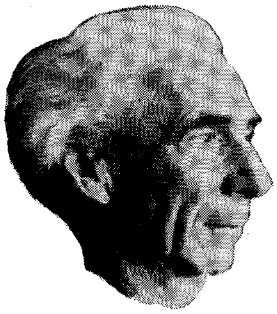
Bertrand Russell's new hopes for a changing world.

Bertrand Russell's new book was published Monday. It is called *New Hopes for a Changing World* (Price $3.00). Its heartening words will, we believe, cut right through today's doleful chant that All is Lost, or Anyway Hopelessly Mislaid.

This is, of course, no soothing syrup from some professional optimist. This is a book in which one of the great and clear sighted men alive in the world (and one who is quite aware of the long history of human folly) reminds us that today we are only inches short of the goal towards which man has toiled over the centuries: a world that is good for human beings. He thinks we can make it–if we choose to. He suggests ways. His book is an exorcism of the outworn fears that impede us. It can become a rallying point for brave and sensible men.

We ask those who have never before read Bertrand Russell, to forget for a minute that he is a great philosopher. It would be too bad if a seizure of philosophobia caused anyone to miss a text as lucid and alight with wit as any written in our time.

Simon and Schuster
Rockefeller Center,
New York 20, N. Y.



Payne had no help from General Marshall, and no access to his private papers—is, in a way, the reader's gain, for the author has kept himself unfettered and has written a balanced book, praising Marshall for his virtues, which he finds to be many, and criticizing him for his errors of judgment, which he finds to be few. These few, however, have been of "vast and tragic dimensions," the author says, particularly his handling of his mission to China. The book follows Marshall's career from his Rat days at V.M.I., where he became a devoted admirer of the Institute's sainted Stonewall Jackson, on through two world wars, and into civilian politics. Mr. Payne sees in General Marshall a humane, unusually selfless man, who, although he abhors war, made himself an almost perfect fighting machine—a man who is the least typical of generals but "knows more about war than anyone else in his generation." More's the pity that Mr. Payne hasn't been able to bring the General to life.

Voyage to Windward, by J. C. Furnas (Sloane). An exhaustive biography of Robert Louis Stevenson, aimed at dispelling once and for all the many misconceptions that the author feels have been obscuring his personality and reputation since his death. In order to demonstrate his own aptitude for sticking smack to the middle of the road, however, Mr. Furnas has felt it necessary to argue far too doggedly with his biographical predecessors. He has also produced some previously unpublished letters, written by Stevenson to an early inamorata, which don't prove much of anything except, possibly, that both parties rather enjoyed talking about the state of their bronchial tubes. While Mr. Furnas never quite gets around to proving his original and very grandiose proposition—that the course charted by Stevenson during his life wasn't as erratic as is commonly supposed but had "the asymmetric consistency of a great composition"—he has done a nice job of getting his subject out of limp-leather covers and into some sort of rational perspective. Illustrated.

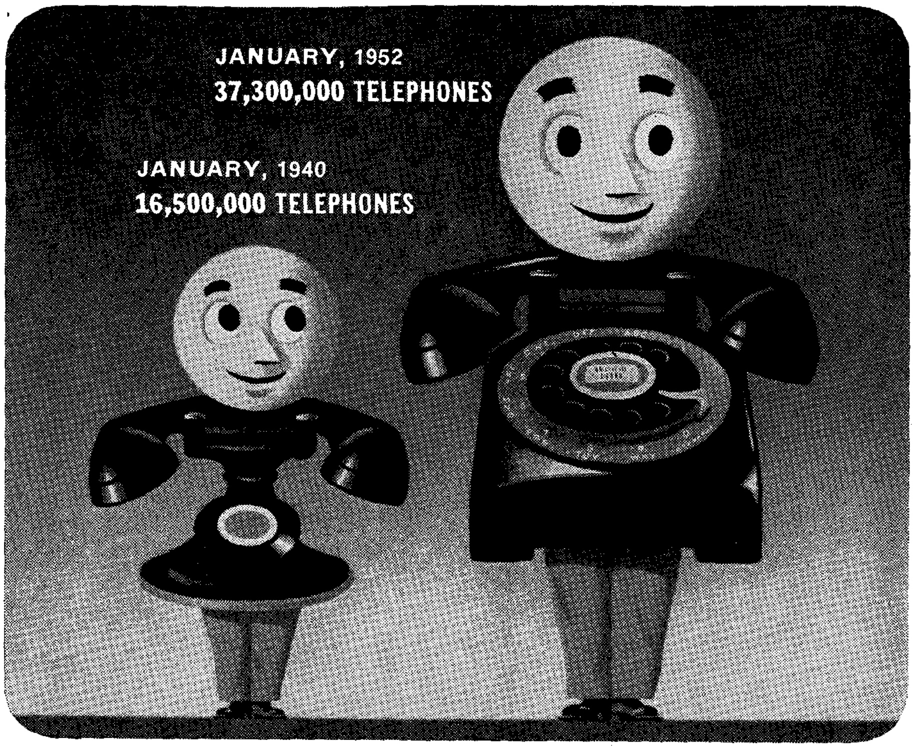
The Best of Defoe's "Review," edited by William L. Payne (Columbia). An anthology compiled from the files of the periodical written and edited by Daniel Defoe from 1704 to 1713. Like everything else Defoe wrote, these selections are the work of a moralist; unlike most other journals of the time, notably the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*, the *Review* was serious, for its editor considered his chief function was to point out what was wrong and evil in English life and to offer strong recommendations as to how things could be set to rights. "I saw a parcel of people," Defoe wrote of his work on the *Review*, "caballing together to ruin property, corrupt the laws, invade the government, debauch the people and, in short, enslave and embroil the nation; and I cried, 'Fire!' " These pages give one the reverse side of the image of the eighteenth century reflected in the fashionable glass of Sir Roger de Coverley.

THE PERÓN ERA, by Robert J. Alexander (Columbia). A sober and orderly examination of the phenomenon of Perónism, written by a specialist in economics and Inter-American affairs who is more interested in causes than in personalities or gaudy trappings. Mr. Alexander goes back to the immediately pre-Perón Argentina to set the stage for his description of the sleight-of-hand revolution in which a military adventurer took over control of a free people and then clamped down, all in the name of freedom and democracy. The author is far from underestimating the dangers to us of an expansion of Perónism, but he is careful with his epithets; it isn't right to call Perón a Fascist, he says, because that term does not explain, for one thing, the willingness of a large and politically conscious working class to hand over its prerogatives to a dictator. "Unless the United States is careful," he writes, "she will one day wake up to find a united front of totalitarian military dictatorships among the nations to the South, proudly headed and dominated by . . . Perón."

FIFTY YEARS OF POPULAR MECHANICS, edited by Edward L. Throm (Simon & Schuster). A guided tour through the files of the magazine *Popular Mechanics*, starting with the first issue, which appeared in 1902. The book constitutes probably the greatest existing pictorial collection of unlikely gadgets, modern artifacts, and inventions of genius and dementia, and the text, made up largely of facsimile pages from the magazine, deals with a staggering variety of subjects—the umbrella as a defensive weapon for women (with drawings illustrating its use), novel submarines, a false-arm arrangement to make life pleasanter and more fruit-

1· Cute Baby. *This is Betsy Helveston as she appeared in a Bell telephone advertisement in 1940.*

2· Big Girl Now. *Here's Betsy as she is today. She's grown a lot and changed a lot in the last twelve years.*



3· He's Bigger Too. *In the last twelve years, the number of Bell telephones has been increased from 16,500,000 to 37,300,000.*

We've Been Growing Along With Betsy

While Betsy has been growing up, the telephone system has been growing too.

The figures are impressive. But far more important is what they mean in service to the people of this Nation.

Millions who never had telephones before now have them because the Bell System has added nearly 21,000,000 new telephones since January, 1940.

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The new coast-to-coast *Radio Relay* system not only means better Long Distance service but also brings Television to millions more people.

Above all is the value of good telephone service to the productive capacity and security of the country.

Nothing is more important to defense than quick, reliable communication.

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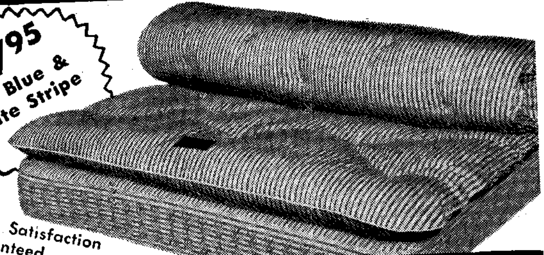

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ful for shoplifters, and the sinking of the Lusitania. There is even a pre-Pearl Harbor treatise on atomic explosions.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

DEADLY BELOVED, by John Stephen Strange (Doubleday). In this story about a dentist who has had his murderous way with rich and fairly unattractive women, Mr. Strange has obviously leaned heavily on the classic literature of crime, borrowing bits and pieces from the history of Landru, of Dr. Crippen, of the infamous George Joseph Smith whose brides drowned so conveniently in their bathtubs, and of various New York monsters as well. Nevertheless, it is a sound and interesting work, very much worth your attention. The dentist is finally brought to justice by Barney Gantt and his wife, Muriel, who are one of the more tedious couples in the detective business but not really hard to ignore.

THE SWIMMING POOL, by Mary Roberts Rinehart (Rinehart). Mrs. Rinehart, who may well be as industrious as Erle Stanley Gardner, has turned out another smooth, accomplished job, this time having to do with a celebrated beauty who can seldom be persuaded to leave the room she occupies in a Westchester mansion and who has a special horror of taxi-drivers. As usual, the author depends strongly on the had-I-but-known technique, and she has dragged in a romance more or less by its heels, but the fashionable atmosphere is still there, along with a satisfactory amount of violence, and it can probably be said that the old formula continues to work very nicely.

•

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•

MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Fresno* (*Calif.*) *Bee*]

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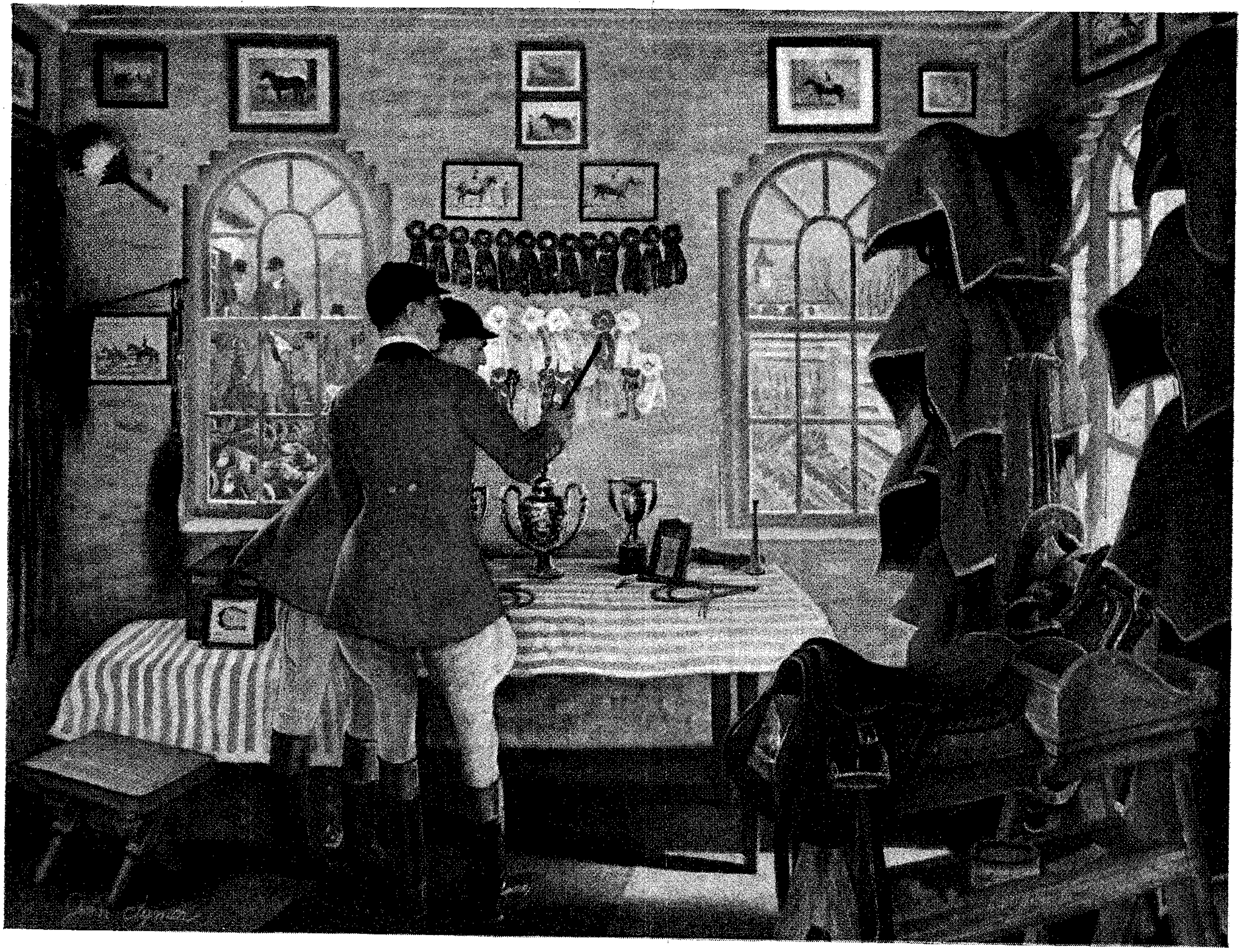

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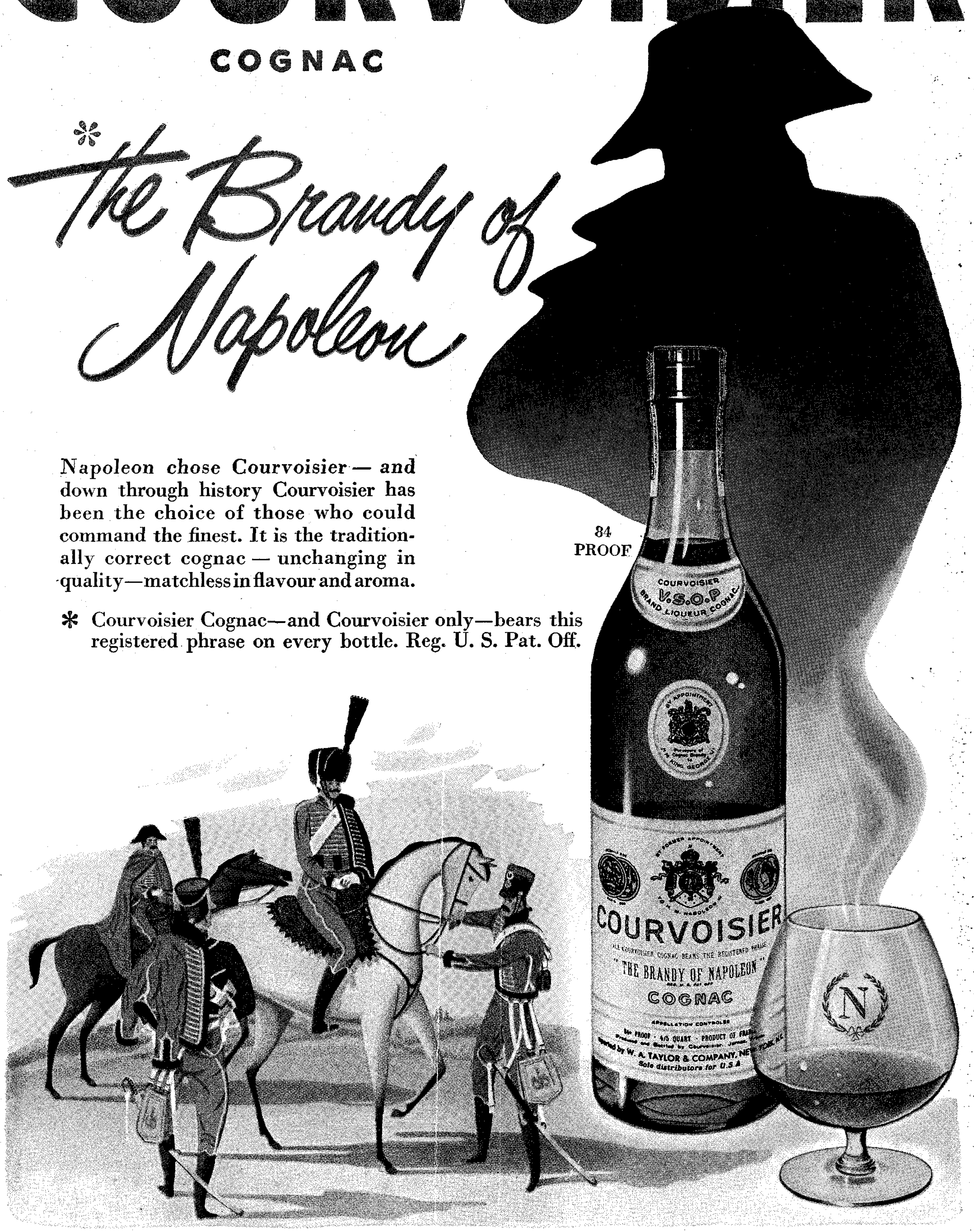
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